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chat

# CULTIVATION CHAT GROUP

BOOK 02

*Legend Of The Sacred Knight*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# Cultivation Chat Group

(修真聊天群)

by

## Legend Of The Sacred Knight

(圣骑士的传说)

# Synopsis

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On a certain day, Song Shuhang accidentally joined a deeply afflicted Xianxia chuunibyou(Year 2 middle school disease) chat group, the group members inside all address each other as ‘fellow daoist’. Their contact cards are all either Sect Master, Cave Master, Spiritual Master or Heavenly Expert. Even the group master’s missing pet dog named Great Devil Dog abandoned his home. They chat all day about things like concocting pills, intruding mysterious territories, martial arts experiences and more.

One day, he abruptly realizes after lurking for a long time that..... In this group, every single group member is actually a real cultivator, with the ability to move mountains and drain seas, the kind that can live for thousands of years!

Ah ah ah ah, My worldview has utterly collapsed in a single night!

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# Chapter 101: Cursed?

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The ‘him’ in his dreams, or you could say Altar Master had lived near Huang Dagen’s Tomb for around ten years. The senior expert he imagined had never appeared. While the spirit ghost was nearing maturity. ‘He’ was really ecstatic. It seemed that the senior expert did not care about the spirit nor the ghost cultivating paradise!

After some time, after the spirit ghost matures, he would finally be able to obtain it.

Perhaps, Luo Xin Street really was his land of fortune.

After living here for twelve years, ‘he’ actually acquired another immature spirit ghost. This was a great blessing from the heavens!

He became wild with joy!

When the two spirit ghosts matures, even if his Ghost Sect’s Ghost Summon techniques weren’t perfected, he could still use the spirits’ special abilities to breakthrough to the next major realm and extend his lifespan!

However, he ended up doing something that he would regret for a lifetime!

‘He’ happily sent his newly discovered spirit ghost into Huang Dagen’s tomb with the intention of exploiting this paradise to

quicken the spirit ghost's growth.

At that moment, tragedy occurred..... After sending the second spirit ghost into the tomb, it couldn't be taken out anymore! At this time, the sealing formation set up by Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage was activated.

There were a total of six powerful sealing formations that appeared one after another.

If not for his quick escape, he would have already been turned into dregs by the formation.

In the past, these six layers of seals were in a dormant state. Because they were inactive, Altar Master was able to enter the tomb and observe the spirit ghost. But now, he couldn't even get close to the tomb.

Moreover, the newly activated formations were not the same as the previous spirit sealing formation; it had attacking capabilities. One of the six formations even had a blood identifying component. If the expert that created the formation or his descendants does not appear, the six formations would forever be activated in this state.

It's no wonder that when he broke the spirit sealing formation, the spirit ghosts inside still stayed within Ghost Lamp Temple and didn't come out. It's simply because it could not leave!

The frightening Senior had given him a lesson.

These six formations' structure were so complex that he had no possibility of breaking the six formations with his abilities.

He could only helplessly look at the huge tomb.

Day after day, year after year.

Despair, he felt complete despair towards the world.

When he was preparing to give up or perhaps risk his life to attack the six formations..... One day, a man and woman arrived in Luo Xin Street and went to Huang Dagen's tomb.

The situation had changed!

Am I watching a tragic drama? When he reached this point, Song Shuhang already knew what was going to happen next.

He felt that Altar Master was really unique, for it was truly rare that a cultivator lived so miserably.

What happened next was as expected, the young man and woman took the spirit ghosts, while Altar Master was trembling in fear after Soft Feather exposed her strength.

Immediately afterwards, the scenery in the dream suddenly took a turn, skipping a good chunk of the plot.

“Path to survival? Hahahaha! However, this lord can give you one final chance!” A very domineering figure looked down at Altar Master within the dream.

The figure’s domineering attitude was so powerful it caused Shuhang to feel... shame, shame to the point that he wanted to find a hole and hide in it! This is a scene that makes me feel ashamed just from thinking of it, can you please stop replaying this?

At this time, the scenery in the dream took another turn!

“Sword! Sword!” The domineering figure waved two swords causing the dream ‘him’ to be sliced into pieces!

“I curse you... I curse you! After this, I will transform into an ageless ghost. I will haunt you eternally as revenge!” The dream ‘him’ screamed and shouted!

Hate Hate Hate Hate! Unimaginable hate! Limitless hate!

He hated his destiny, hated that he could not obtain the complete training method, hated the unjust world and most of all hated that guy for lying and breaking a promise!

I’ll transform into an eternal ghost; forever pursuing that guy’s



life!

The infinite hatred and the curse from the dream 'him' caused Song Shuhang to wake up with a start.

Raising his head and looking all around him, he saw his three roommates sleeping heavily. Tubo even snored rhythmically.

Song Shuhang worriedly operated the mental detection magic and examined the space around him. The dorm was very peaceful without a single abnormality whatsoever.

“Why would I have such a strange dream? Was it because I beheaded Altar Master during the day? Is the saying of what you think about during the day is what you dream about at night holding true?” Song Shuhang said inwardly.

Impossible... If it was due to my thoughts in the day, this dream should not have been so realistic.

This wasn't simply a dream, it was Altar Master's memories! The dream even frequently depicted situations that were completely foreign to Shuhang. He deemed that his brain does not have such a big space; it should be impossible for his brain to simulate Altar Master's entire life.

“Was it the curse? Or am I possessed by a ghost?” Song Shuhang finally thought of the curse from Altar Master right before the latter died.

Only a curse that contained such hatred could lead to a dream that was so strange.

“This won’t do. I must ask Senior Medicine Master tomorrow and find out what is the true cause of this dream. If I don’t figure out the truth, I will feel very bothered.” Song Shuhang muttered.

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The next day. June 8th, cloudy skies.

The weather was still hot and dry. However, as grandpa sun wasn’t showing his passion, the number of spectators for the sports competition increased.

After Song Shuhang woke up from the strange dream, he was unable to fall back to sleep.

In the morning, he originally wanted to find some time to go to Medicine Master’s place. However, who would have thought that he would receive a text message from him first.

In it was the mailing address of Great Master Tongxuan’s temple. Medicine Master said to return the black flying sword when he has the chance.

Additionally, it had a warning from Medicine Master stating that he had to go out on a trip to deal with something today, and may

not return.

Shuhang sent back two words, “Got it.”

He thought, I probably won’t have an opportunity to use this flying sword any time soon. I should just send it back.

Thus, after Shuhang found Feng Shou Courier’s Sima Jiang’s business card, he gave Sima Jiang a call, “Hello, is this Feng Shou Courier’s Little Jiang?”

The other person stared blankly for a while and then, as if he remember something, immediately replied, “Is this Student Shuhang? It’s me, It’s me. Do you have a package you want to send?”

“Yes, I have a small package to send. Do you have the time to pick up the package? Song Shuhang asked.

“No problem, I will be right there!” Sima Jiang quickly replied.

Song Shuhang added, “There’s no need to hurry, this is just an ordinary delivery, you can take your time.”

“It’s not a problem. I am not busy and will be there shortly.” Sima Jiang started laughing heartily.

.....

Song Shuhang wished that he could spend all of his spare time cultivating. If he didn't use the Qi and Blood Pill after obtaining it, wouldn't it be wasting time?

However, Tubo and the other two were competing today. As a good roommate, he had to go and cheer them on.

“There is still around half an hour till Yangde's competition. This fellow signed up for the men's 100 meter race.” Tubo's face was filled with envy. He also wanted to sign up for a competition that required less effort like this.

Sadly, he was one step behind Yangde and lost his chance. In the end, Tubo could only sign up for the 800 meter relay race.

Right now, Yangde had already changed his shirt and shoes and was warming up for the race.

Song Shuhang and his two roommates started walking towards the track to prepare to cheer for him.

While walking, Gao Moumou's phone started playing a song that was popular a few years ago... [Ifuudoudou](#)'s moaning sounds. To be able to use such a song as a ringtone, you must possess a certain standard in the art of the thick skin.

[TL: [Ifuudoudou](#) a.k.a 威風堂々 ]

Gao Moumou calmly groped for his phone. Surprisingly, it was a

strangely unfamiliar number, which he hadn't received for a long time. With a joyful expression, he answered the call as fast as possible.

Nowadays, most phone calls from unfamiliar numbers were made by swindlers.

If it's a swindler who called, then it would be a perfect time to take advantage of this chance to senselessly chat and gossip. In any case, incoming calls do not cost a cent. If the caller was a lady and a swindler, then it would be even better as Gao Moumou would be able to display three times the fighting strength! If the caller was the type to cut the call after a few rings, then it would be even better, make them pay calling fees!

“Oh! Hello, Hello!” After the call connected, Gao Moumou quickly replied, afraid that the caller would immediately cancel the call.

“.....” The call was quiet for a while, then the caller tried asking, “Gao Moumou?”

“Eh? That's me, who are you? Gao Moumou felt a sudden burst of disappointment. It was actually not a swindler? During such a boring summer why won't the swindlers just give me a call and relieve me of my boredom?

## Chapter 102: Zhuge Zhongyang

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“Haha, I thought I had the wrong number.” The caller sounded as if he just released a huge burden and replied, “I am almost at Jiangnan University City, come pick me up!”

“Huh? Pick you up? May I ask who this is?” Gao Moumou felt a burst of suspicion. Someone would come all the way to Jiangnan University City? Who on earth could it be?

“You’re breaking my heart! How could you not recognize my voice?” The caller spoke in an exaggerated manner, “It’s me, your best friend, George!”

“George?” Gao Moumou tried his hardest to remember, but he could not remember anyone with this name, “I’ve never heard your name before!”

“.....” The caller fell silent once again.

“Don’t spout bullshit, just tell me who you are, otherwise I am ending the call.” Gao Moumou replied.

“It’s me, Zhuge Zhongyang!” The caller helplessly announced his Chinese name.

After Gao Moumou heard this name, his complexion suddenly went pale. He recalled an incident where his chastity was ruthlessly tainted by being forcibly wrapped in cling wrap.

Zhuge Zhongyang who is Zhuge Yue's older brother was also one of Gao Moumou's childhood friend.

Like Zhuge Yue, Zhuge Zhongyang was biracial.

Like Zhuge Yue, Zhuge Zhongyang was also very annoying!

Gao Moumou took a deep breath and abruptly moved his phone away from his ear and shouted at it, "HELLO HELLO~~ WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?~~ WHAT? THE SIGNAL HERE IS BAD, I CAN'T HEAR YOU~~ I AM VERY BUSY RIGHT NOW, CAN YOU CALL AGAIN IN A BIT!? AH, MY PHONE IS ALSO RUNNING OUT OF BATTERY. THEN THAT'S THAT, I'M ENDING THE CALL!"

Finishing his speech, the call was cut without the slightest hesitation.

During the sports competition, I absolutely don't want any contact with these two with the surname Zhuge!

Yet, right after ending the call, Zhuge Zhongyang immediately called back!

You're not giving up? After Gao Moumou's complexion drastically changed, he, once again, rapidly answered the call and said in Mandarin and English, "Sorry, the number you are dialing is out of service."

After repeating this twice, Gao Moumou wanted to turn off his phone.

“Bastard, Gao Moumou, go ahead and end the call, I dare you! The Chinese and English automated voices for phone calls are definitely done by a male then a female! Although I’m not too educated, don’t even think about tricking me!” The caller said with an angry voice, “If you don’t want to answer the phone, just tell me straight, why on earth are you using such an indirect way!?”

“I’m just worried of hurting your frail heart. Fine then, I will just honestly tell you this. I, don’t, want, to, pick, you, up!” Gao Moumou said while grinning.

“Bastard, just you wait!” Zhuge Zhongyang fiercely hung up the phone.

Gao Moumou had a smug face.

“Who was it?” Song Shuhang curiously asked; there were very few people who could cause such a change on Gao Moumou’s face.

“A super annoying guy!” Gao Moumou said with pain: “He’s extremely narcissistic, and thinks too highly of himself. From my speculations he is also extremely fussy at everything, no matter what it is, he has to criticize it with a demeaning tone. Even if it is just a simple noodle stand from the side, he would still nag and point out a dozens of shortcomings. Even more importantly, that fellow has no filter and a particularly annoying mouth! In short, I really can’t stand him!



Gao Moumou used ‘extremely’ a bunch of times just to describe his feelings.

“I can feel the annoyance just by listening to your story.” Lin Tubo sighed.

Song Shuhang stroked his chin, “If this guy really is so bothersome, then how can it be this easy to get rid of him?”

“.....”Gao Moumou paused for a moment, How about I submit a leave of absence so we bros can go find a spot and have fun for a day? It’ll be my treat, okay?”

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Fifteen minutes later, a skinny and tall biracial blonde appeared at Jiangnan University City and found Gao Moumou without a hitch.

“Gao Moumou, you are too naive. You actually believed that you could get rid of me with just a phone call?” The handsome blonde flipped his long hair and exposed an evil and charming smile.

Song Shuhang saw Gao Moumou shudder for a second.

The blonde hair Zhuge Zhongyang took out his phone, tapped on the screen a few times, opened an app, and proudly showed it to Gao Moumou, “Do you see this? This is an app that I paid to be

especially customized just for me! With this app and your phone number, I can narrow down your location to within five meters! I called you just to give you a chance to pick me up; even if you didn't come, I could still find you in minutes!

Are programs that can determine another's location with just a phone number so common these days? No wonder I feel like my privacy is compromised.

After showing off, Zhuge Zhongyang expressed a happy face seeing Gao Moumou's incredibly black face. Afterwards, he excitedly ran next to Tubo and warmly shook his hand, "Haha, bros, are you all Gao Moumou's friends? Hello everyone, I am Zhuge Zhongyang, a close childhood friend of his!

His warm attitude was very baffling.

Looking at him, he doesn't seem as annoying as Gao Moumou made him out to be? Tubo secretly said. After shaking hands with Zhuge Zhongyang, he introduced himself, "My name is Lin Tubo, you can call me Bo Zai or Little Bo; either is fine.

"Tubo? Hahaha, this name of yours is really funny. It is a rival for Gao Moumou's shitty name! I have always suspected whether Gao Moumou was birthed by his parents. Ever since I was a child, I suspected that Gao Moumou's parents received him as a free gift while buying yogurt. What about you? Were you a free gift when your parents topped-up their prepaid card?" Zhuge Zhongyang laughingly replied.

The veins on Tubo's forehead started popping out– I take back my words, this fellow is indeed annoying. With just a single meeting, he can cause a person's blood pressure to soar! This guy's mouth is such a loose cannon that it's a miracle he managed to live till now!

After that, Zhuge Zhongyang warmly shook hands with Song Shuhang, “Bro, what is your name?”

“Song Shuhang.” Song Shuhang still decided to announce his own name. My name doesn't have anything worth ridiculing right?

“Good name. This is obviously the kind of name a biological child should have. Bro, you're really fair-skinned; it gives me the pretty boy feel. You must be very well-received by the ladies, right? These days, Huaxia ladies like pretty boys a lot.” Zhuge Zhongyang said with a laugh.

“.....” The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched, “I currently don't have a girlfriend.”

“Huh? Do girls have such high standards these days?” Zhuge Zhongyang said unconvinced. He Song Shuhang's shoulders, then asked, “Do you need my help, bro? I'm not trying to boast, but I only need to make a single call and regardless of whether it's a fresh pure girl, a beautiful young lady, a devoted loli, or an elegant and indifferent lady, none of them will reject me. Instead, they will all come to me in high spirits!”

This fellow is already acting like we are super familiar!

“So incredible?” Song Shuhang couldn’t help but crack a joke, “Zhuge, could you possibly be working in the courier industry?”

This was because Zhuge Zhongyang was practically describing the job of a courier, who could make ladies of all ages and personalities come to him in high spirits with a single call... to receive a package.

Zhuge Zhongyang stared blankly for a while and then flipped his hair and said in an narcissistic manner, “Shuhang ah, have you seen anyone doing express delivery that is as good looking as me? In this world, which courier could be as handsome, elegant, young, and rich as me?”

At this very moment, a distant Fengshou delivery van suddenly stopped. A very charismatic and handsome uncle stepped out of it.

## Chapter 103: Family Of Weirdos

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After the handsome courier uncle exited his van, he took out his phone and dialed a number. In a loud and clear voice, he asked, “Hello? Is this Student Shuhang? It’s me, Feng Shou Courier’s Little Jiang. I have arrived at Jiangnan University City. Where are you? I will come to you immediately!”

After answering the phone, Song Shuhang quickly tracked down Sima Jiang’s location, “Little Jiang, I’m actually at the hundred meter track across from you.”

After that, he faced Sima Jiang and beckoned him.

As he watched Song Shuhang walk into the distance, Gao Moumou laughed. Gao Moumou took a step forward, patting Zhuge Zhongyang’s shoulder. With a queer expression, he pointed at the distant Sima Jiang, “Look at that courier! His looks aren’t any worse than yours, right? Furthermore, at his age he even has a more manly charm than you. Your handsomeness and elegance are as weak as shit in front of him!”

Gao Moumou’s words were directed at Zhuge Zhongyang’s previously stated ‘In this world, which courier could be as handsome, elegant, young, and rich as me?’

Do you understand now? Because of your extreme narcissism, you received humiliation like instant karma as soon as the charismatic and handsome courier uncle made his appearance!

Gao Moumou secretly praised Shuhang deep in his heart.

“Fine, so what if he’s as good looking as me?” Zhuge Zhongyang flipped his hair with a laugh, smugly saying, “I am younger than him. Furthermore, I definitely have more money than a mere courier.”

How can it be so easy to give someone this narcissistic a setback?

.....

During the conversation, Song Shuhang brought Sima Jiang to them and said, “Tubo, Gao Moumou, I need to return to the dorm to pass Little Jiang a package. If I do not return in time, you guys have got to put in extra effort and cheer my share for Yangde!”

“Just leave it to us. Courier Uncle, you really came at the perfect time.” Tubo gave the courier uncle a thumb’s up, expressing his tremendous praise.

Sima Jiang couldn’t make heads or tails of what Tubo was trying to say. However, since this person was Student Song Shuhang’s roommate and acted very amiably to him, Sima Jiang laughed and said, “I am in the courier service industry, it is only natural that I make my appearance in a timely manner.”

As he said that, he took out a business card and presented it to Tubo and introduced himself, “This lowly one’s surname is Sima, and first name is Jiang. If you have any needs, do give me a call.”

“Uncle, you’re too modest, I’m Tubo. However, I don’t have a business card to give you.” After receiving the business card, Tubo replied with a grin.

Sima Jiang laughed brightly and handed business cards over to Gao Moumou and Zhuge Zhongyang as well.

Afterwards, he accompanied Song Shuhang to his dorm.

Only after they left did Gao Moumou hold the business card and ask, “Why does the courier uncle’s business card only have a name and a phone number?”

“It’s probably because couriers only need to leave a name and phone number.” Zhuge Zhongyang consciously kept the business card.

When someone presents a business card to you, it doesn’t matter if you use it or not, you must first accept it as a form of courtesy.

“His name is rather familiar.” Tubo laughed as he kept the business card.

“Come to think of it, Zhongyang, why have you come all the way to Jiangnan University City? Speak truthfully, otherwise, don’t blame me if I abandon you!” Gao Moumou went back on topic and inquired.

The moment Zhuge Zhongyang heard the question, his face became incomparably gloomy, “I secretly came here to take a look at my future wife.”

“What?” Gao Moumou was stunned, “When did you get a wife? Or have you gone crazy from thinking about one?”

“Go to hell.” Zhuge Zhongyang depressingly replied, “This is what happened. While I was having lunch the day before yesterday, my father suddenly told me that he will find me a wife and settle my wedding before the end of the year. He even wants to see a grandson within two years. He said this in such a staunch manner, and that scared me to death, alright?! If I wasn’t seated at the dining table, I would’ve knelt in front of him there and then!”

“Therefore, you want to be like the main character in a drama, running away from home because you don’t want to get married, and because you’re in the rebellious stage of life?” Gao Moumou asked, “Wait, that’s not right, how do you even know what your future-wife looks like? And why did you even travel all the way to Jiangnan University City?”

“What kind of nonsensical conjectures are you making? I’ll just tell you directly. That night, I went to my father’s wine place and secretly mixed some clear distilled spirit into his ‘Deer Island Tonic Wine’. My father was also amazing for not noticing a difference in the taste. After drinking two glasses, he became drunk and dazed. Then, I used all methods at my disposal to pry all of the information out of his mouth.”

“My father prepared a total of five wives for me, they’re all from



Huaxia. One of them is a chick with the surname Lu and is about to graduate from Jiangnan University City.”

Zhuge Zhongyang wiped his face and continued, “I wanted to personally see what my five wives are like. I will try interacting with them one by one. If one of the five ladies is to my liking, I will make do with her and marry her, having a kid wouldn’t be a problem either.

However, if all five of them aren’t to my liking and our personalities clash..... Then I’ll immediately go back to find a lady who is to my liking before the year ends. The two of us will hold hands and quickly have a kid, satisfying the old man’s wicked desire of having a grandson! That is the reason why I rushed through the night to get here!”

“You’re also being pretty reckless.” Gao Moumou sighed, “What if your father was just saying that on a whim?”

“Impossible, he definitely has a plan. If it was just a whim, why would he go out of his way to prepare five suitable wives for me?” Zhuge Zhongyang coldly snorted, “Furthermore, when I was ten, my father had already started discussing about finding a wife for me. After planning for so many years, he must be determined to get a grandson.”

He was thinking about finding his son a wife when he was just ten years old?

And there’s a son who would pour a drink with high alcohol

contents into his father's medicinal wine?

Gao Moumou rolled his eyes at him. As expected, the Zhuge family is filled with weirdos!

Just how goddamn blind was I as a kid to have hung out with this family?

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In a different place, Sima Jiang glanced at the recipient's information after taking the lengthy package from Song Shuhang.

[Recipient: Master Tongxuan.]

It's another influential person! This time, I must personally deliver the package and become acquainted with Master Tongxuan! Even if I don't become acquainted with him, I must make him remember my name at the very least!

"Student Shuhang, if that's all, I will take the package. I guarantee that I will personally deliver this package at the fastest speed possible!" Sima Jiang firmly held the package in place and said.

"There's no need to hurry, you can just deliver the package normally. By the way, how much is the delivery? Shuhang asked.

"For an ordinary delivery, 10 RMB is enough!" Sima Jiang

replied.

Song Shuhang paid the delivery fee, “Thanks for coming all the way here.”

“Don’t mention it, if Student Shuhang is ever in need of another delivery, please don’t hesitate to call me. I’m available 24/7!” As he carried the package away, Sima Jiang slapped his chest in assurance.

After saying farewell to Shuhang, he cheerfully entered his delivery van and drove towards the Feng Shou Courier Headquarters in Jiangnan. At the headquarters, there was already a private plane waiting for him that had the take-off procedures completed and was ready for take-off.

The delivery van sped on the road, Sima Jiang was in a pleasant mood.

.....

When Sima Jiang drove past the intersection close to Fortune Street, a man on a sidewalk suddenly raised his head and stared at the delivery van with suspicion.

“Is this reaction coming from this delivery van?” He touched a precious crimson colored talisman that was faintly heating up on his chest.

“Is the Su Clan’s descendant inside? Why leave in a delivery van?”

With no time to think, the man quickly got on the nearby scooter, maxed out the accelerator and chased after the delivery van.

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Time quickly flew by.....

The morning passed, and the three roommates had already finished taking part in the sports competition.

During the afternoon, Zhuge Zhongyang dragged Gao Moumou away to help him think of ways ‘to ask his future wife candidate out for a date’. Gao Moumou would not be able to come back anytime soon.

On the other hand, Yangde decided to turtle up in his room after completely exhausting the calories he had saved up for years in the hundred meter race.

Tubo took his laptop and followed Yangde to turtle up..... This was because Yangde’s internet was faster than the school’s.

Shuhang gazed at the sky which was rarely cloudy. Nice weather.

I should go cultivate.

Now, he can finally test the effectiveness of the Qi and Blood Pill he had obtained yesterday!

# Chapter 104: Oh, Chinese Kung Fu!

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1PM in the afternoon, at the abandoned school building in the third district of the University City.

Before this area gets torn down by the school or discovered by others, it serves as a great training spot.

As before, Song Shuhang first practiced the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, causing the qi and blood in his body to boil. He then used the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 to lead a strand of qi and blood into his heart acupoint.

The 1st Stage of cultivation was split into six minor realms. Opening the heart acupoint, eye acupoint, nose acupoint, mouth acupoint, and the final realm of Leaping Dragon Gate.

The realm of heart acupoint opening was also known as the hundred days of foundation building.

On the other hand, Leaping Dragon Gate was the realm between the 1st and 2nd Stage. Going past it would be akin to a fish transforming into a dragon, advancing to the 2nd Stage. If a cultivator fails to leap over, all of the qi and blood in the cultivator's body would be expended and their cultivation level would drop to the mouth acupoint realm. The only thing that could be done is to accumulating enough qi and blood and attempt to leap over that mysterious dragon gate.

Shuhang was currently in the 'opening heart acupoint' realm.

Normally speaking, without the assistance of external materials, it would take about a hundred days to open the heart acupoint.

During the first thirty days, one could accumulate approximately one strand's worth of qi and blood every day. After that, following the strengthening of their physique, they could cultivate every day and the amount of qi and blood they could accumulate also slowly increased. Each person could accumulate about 3 to 10 strands' of qi and blood each day.

It would take approximately 300 strands of qi and blood to fill the heart acupoint.

For some cultivators with great innate talent, the strands of qi and blood they could accumulate after each practice would be much stronger than those of cultivators with more average talents. Some geniuses that were carefully picked by sects might only need about 170 strands of qi and blood to open their heart acupoint.

There were also some cultivators with great innate talent who could produce more qi and blood with each day's practice, and could similarly open their heart acupoint earlier.

These people had talents in terms of quality and quantity, and were geniuses that any sect would greatly desire.

Song Shuhang had only accumulated his fourth strand of qi and blood so far, and had a long way to go before he could open his heart acupoint.

After resting for a moment, he brought out a bottle from his pocket and took out a Qi and Blood Pill from the bottle.

A faint herbal scent filled the air.

The Qi and Blood Pills he had obtained from Altar Master were of such quality that even the Medicine Master had deemed them passable. Compared to the worst quality of qi and blood pills, they were much better. Each pill could even be used multiple times.

After taking out the Qi and Blood Pill, he held it in his mouth without swallowing it, using his saliva to slowly melt it before swallowing the dissolved liquid.

With this grade of Qi and Blood Pills, it would be a little wasteful if Song Shuhang swallowed them in one shot. If he swallowed the entire pill, no matter how great the pill quality was, it would only be able to restore Song Shuhang's body's state once. Any extra qi and blood would simply overflow and scatter, and that would be such a waste.

He would keep the Qi and Blood Pill in his mouth until his body's state was restored, then he would spit it out.

Pills that weren't used up had to be finished within three days, and it wouldn't affect the effectiveness of the pill. This was the same method as the Seclusion Grain Pill.



Approximately 17 minutes later.

Song Shuhang spat out the half of the Qi and Blood Pill that was left. His vitality had been restored to the best condition!

“Restoring my vitality for 17 minutes, then practising the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 and 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 for about 40 minutes. If I take away the time taken to eat, drink, poop and sleep, and I cultivate for about 12 to 13 hours a day, I can probably produce 18 strands’ worth of qi and blood!”

If I have enough Qi and Blood Pills, I just need to cultivate repeatedly every day and night to complete the hundred days of foundation building in half a month!

By comparing half a month with a hundred days, it was directly shortened to a sixth of the usual time!

“In the idiom ‘wealth, spouse, luck, and land’, it was no wonder that wealth came first.”

“If I subtract the time taken to go to class and socialise with friends, I have at least 6 hours a day to practise. If I have enough Qi and Blood Pills, I’ll be able to complete my foundation in a little more than a month!”

Song Shuhang was brimming with excitement while thinking of that.

However, right after, he sighed and deflated—— he only had 2 bottles of Qi and Blood Pills at hand, with a total of 26 pills. Although the quality was quite high, he could only use each pill about 3 times. Even if he practised 5 or 6 hours a day, he could only keep this up for 8 to 9 days.

Too little.

Before he had attained the Qi and Blood Pill, he was at peace with himself, and had no expectations of getting Qi and Blood Pills.

Now that he had gotten the Qi and Blood Pills and tasted the sweet rewards—— he couldn't stop his thirst and desire for more Qi and Blood Pills.

He could only take on the mission for White True Monarch.

He had to make arrangements to finish learning how to drive, then prepare to receive White True Monarch out of closed door cultivation. When the time comes, perhaps he could receive some Qi and Blood Pills from that senior. Furthermore... within this week, he could hang around in the group more. He might even be able to get some tasks from some of the seniors.

Perhaps I truly have a chance of completing the hundred days of foundation building within a month?

Once he thought that way, he received a huge wave of motivation!

“Foundation Building Fist Technique One!”

“Foundation Building Fist Technique Two!”

With a happy heart, as he went through this round of 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, each of his moves held the might of a tiger, ferocious and domineering.

When he was executing Foundation Building Fist Technique Seven... Shuhang was completely immersed in the world of the fist technique, his heart followed the fist, the fist followed his thoughts!

Without paying attention to his surroundings, he only had eyes for himself and the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》!

Pow! With each punch, it was as if the air was exploding!

The wind from the punches whizzed. Before a punch lands, the pressure from the punch had already arrived!

After he finished practising the《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, he immediately moved on to the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 to store the qi and blood into his heart acupoint. He had collected the fifth strand of qi and blood!

After resting for a moment, he placed that Qi and Blood Pill in his

mouth again and restored his vitality.

Then he started another round of practice.

Delightful!

This kind of feeling was akin to running an important mission in a game with in-game purchases which normal players could only play once a day. Meanwhile, pay-to-win players could use money to keep running the mission and grab all the rewards within, grabbing until their hands went weak!

To a cultivator who was opening the heart acupoint, the Qi and Blood Pill was like the ticket for repeated missions!

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Time flew.....

In the blink of an eye, it was already 5pm in the afternoon.

It was close to the end to the second day of the sports competition.

Many of the parents who had come to watch their children participate in the competition had already left, some were accompanying their children for dinner. There were also some who were strolling about Jiangnan University Town alone.

Joseph was the latter. Early on at noon, he was heartlessly dumped by his cute daughter, and strolled around Jiangnan University City all alone. He had even gone through a lot of trouble to take leave to fly from overseas to Huaxia to see his cute daughter.....

While strolling, he had unwittingly reached an abandoned school building. Since the walk had tired him out, Joseph wanted to rest for a while in this quiet area.

It was at this moment that he suddenly heard strange noises coming from the abandoned school building.

Joseph was an inquisitive person. Since he was a kid, he had loved Huaxia's martial arts movies. He liked the strong kung fu skills that the main characters had and all the dangers they faced. He especially liked the scenes where the main characters dropped down cliffs and had fortuitous encounters.

After quietly walking up to the abandoned school building, he saw it. The scene he desired in his dreams!

A young man was currently practising his punches in the wide area of the school building. His sweat rained down like bullets, and he didn't seem to have noticed his arrival. It was as if he was in his own world, and there was only him and that magical fist technique in that world!

Yes, a magical fist technique!

When those slender fists struck out, a distinct blast sounded in the air. Pow pow pow!

Every punch had the might to crush steel and split rocks!

The young man's footwork was even more exquisite. Joseph could feel both agility and heaviness from the young man's movements, yet they blended together seamlessly.

Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee!

"Oh, Chinese Kung Fu!(In english)" Joseph secretly gasped.

This was the real Chinese Kung Fu, unlike those shown in movies!

# Chapter 105: Secret Martial Arts Technique

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Joseph put his hands together to pray. God, thank you for fulfilling my wish.

Thirty years ago, when he was still a teenager, he loved watching Wuxia films. After the film, he would constantly pray to God, hoping for a chance to have the eye-opening experience of seeing authentic Chinese Kung Fu, like moving without a trace or punching a fluttering golden dragon out of the sky!

For this one request, he had begged for more than ten years!

That was a true manifestation of perseverance and determination. Every night he dreamed about falling off a cliff and returning with miraculous powers. Every night he dreamed about entering a mountain and inheriting an old, white-haired elder's tremendous power. Every night he would have dreams just like this.

Unfortunately, God was very busy and never noticed his small request.

Now, twenty years later, his daughter had already grown into a beautiful young lady and he had nearly forgotten his old wish. But at this moment, God finally noticed his wish; God had noticed his ten years of bitter begging.

Since it was very rude to disturb a training martial artist in wuxia films, Joseph did not disturb Song Shuhang.

Instead, he sat on the side to silently watch Song Shuhang finish his fist technique.

In fact, the moment the foreigner entered the abandoned classroom, Shuhang had already noticed him.

However, he was almost finished with a cycle of the <<Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique>>. If he suddenly stopped training, the effects of the Qi and Blood pill and the effort he put into practicing would all go down the drain.

In any case, it was impossible for the foreigner to secretly learn this technique. As long as he didn't take out his phone and start taking pictures, it would be best to endure.

He had already received remarkable benefits from cultivating ever since noon. He had already taken his second Qi and Blood Pill and was currently on his seventh round of the <<Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique>>.

En, while using the Qi and Blood Pill I can practice each set even longer than I expected...

After finishing the last two moves, he sat down and started using the <<True Self Meditation Scripture>>.

I can't believe I was still discovered even after hiding myself in such a remote school building. Seems like I will have to find a new



cultivating area.

After sending the qi and blood into the heart acupoint, Shuhang finally finished his training and began to slowly open his eyes.

Right after his eyes had opened, he noticed a tall foreigner squatting not too far in front of him with a fawning expression. Shuhang felt his fist become restless; he had an urge to punch him!

“Great master, have you finished practicing?” The fawning foreigner greeted him in awkward Chinese.

The corner of Song Shuhang’s mouth twitched as he waved his hand, “Hello”.

“Great Master, can you teach me Chinese Kung Fu?” The foreigner asked expectantly while also striking Huang Feihong’s classic wuxia pose. Since his childhood, he had always dreamed of leaping onto roofs, jumping over walls, and using nunchucks like real Chinese Kung Fu!

“....” Song Shuhang massaged his temples. As a newbie, how did he have the qualifications to teach others? Furthermore, he didn’t even have the copyrights to teach the <<Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique>> to his own birth parents, so how could he start teaching foreigners?

He found a random excuse, “Sorry.... My family’s martial arts cannot be taught to outsiders”.

“I can be your... disciple! If that doesn’t work... I am willing to join your family tree! I at least understand Chinese customs to this extent.” The foreigner seriously tried to win him over. In order to learn martial arts, he had become pretty desperate.

You want to enter my family tree? Too bad! I am unwilling to let you! Song Shuhang sighed, “Sorry, I do not have the qualifications to receive you as a disciple.”

“Sire, you can just take me in as a disciple in name. After that... you can first teach me an incomplete technique! What do you think?” The foreigner said, unwilling to give up.

“Impossible, even if it’s just a disciple in name, I still do not have the qualifications!” Song Shuhang flatly rejected.

However, the foreigner was still unwilling to give up.

Chinese Kung Fu! Genuine Chinese Kung Fu! Chinese Kung Fu that can produce explosions just from a punch to the air!

How can I possibly give up? This has been my dream since childhood!

This was a middle-aged foreigner obsessed with Chinese wuxia films.

He had spiraled into such an extreme obsession towards Kung Fu. Even if he could only learn some fragments of martial arts from this master, he would still be content! At the very least, he needed learn something, otherwise he would have regrets for the rest of his life!

Song Shuhang never would have imagined that, in the end, he would change Joseph's name to Mo Bosang and take him in as a disciple in name.

On this day, Song Shuhang had finally experienced the true horror of a 'stalker'. If the stalker was a pretty lady, then whatever. However, it just had to be some middle-aged uncle that wasn't even a bit attractive.

In the end, Song Shuhang seriously taught Joseph a secret martial arts technique called << Mainstream Summoning Technique>>.

Perhaps most of you have not heard of this name, but that is because it actually has another name.

Many, many years ago, it was called the Second Set of Broadcast Gymnastics by Huaxia middle school students...

Broadcast gymnastics: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zuiKDPoQoz4>

Following the morning broadcast, the middle and primary school

students, regardless of the burning heat or the freezing cold, would have to leave the classrooms, line up in the sports field, and exercise according to the sound of the broadcast.

Surprisingly, this set of broadcast gymnastics actually had a hint of martial arts to it.

“One two three four five six seven eight, two two three four five six seven eight.... Four two three four five six seven eight! Great! Do it again! Everyone follow the beat; your rhythm and posture must be correct! One two three four five six seven eight.....” Song Shuhang shouted the beat while also displaying the correct forms to the entire <<The Times Are Beckoning>>!

<<The Times Are Beckoning>>: Famous broadcast gymnastics routine

Joseph acted as if he had received the most precious treasure.... and followed Song Shuhang’s posture from start to finish.

His comprehension was not bad! After only going through it twice, he could already imitate the form!

“This set of secret techniques is for building your foundations. You must practice it every day when you get back. Only when you start feeling a warm stream of qi circulating within your body can you be considered a cultivator.” Song Shuhang seriously faced his ‘disciple’ and said.

This broadcast gymnastics thing is quite useful in improving your health, but don't even think about becoming a martial arts master.

“Yes, Master! I will definitely do this thirty times a day!” Joseph's eyes shined as he shouted.

Thir... thirty times? This guy really is tenacious.

Cough Cough! Song Shuhang couldn't help but clear his throat while patting his 'disciple's' shoulder, “Practice hard and show me your value!”

Then, with his two hands behind his back, Song Shuhang swaggered out of the abandoned school building as if he was some great scholar!

Behind him, Joseph could only force himself to nod with eyes full of emotion.

Will there be a day when I can punch the air and create explosive sounds like my master?

I really can't wait!

“Ohoho, feels like my body is still empty. Let's do it again! One two three four five six seven eight ..... two two three four five six seven eight”! Joseph started seriously practicing this set of 'secret martial arts technique' again. In his heart, he was already

fantasizing about the day he would become a martial arts expert.

For a promising future!

Unfortunately, his promising future was only visible when pressed against a glass wall because in reality, there was no way there.

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After Song Shuhang left the abandoned classroom, he secretly wiped his sweat, "I have seen stalkers, but not stalkers like this. Luckily, when I was small, I seriously learned broadcast gymnastics; otherwise I would have had nothing to teach him".

"Hehe... Little Shuhang, I would never have thought that you would have a crafty side too". At this moment, Jiang Ziyan quietly appeared besides Song Shuhang and laughed evilly.

"Miss Ziyan, how come you are here?" Song Shuhang noticed that even after entering the 'alertness state', he still couldn't feel the approaching Jiang Ziyan.

These seniors, they are completely unfathomable.

"Heehee, I am only helping Medicine Master send you some things. He is busy with important matters and won't be back for a couple of days. So, you can go ahead and get a few days of rest." Jiang Ziyan took out an iron fan and gave it to Song Shuhang.

“What is this?” Song Shuhang took the iron fan. My God, it’s so heavy!

“A fire manipulation artifact. Didn’t Medicine Master tell you he would give you one so you could familiarize yourself?” Jiang Ziyang picked her eyebrows and replied with a laugh.

# Chapter 106: This Fire Controlling Artifact Is Very Modern Yo!

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“An artifact?” Song Shuhang clasped the metal fan with both hands. “For me?”

“You wish! This Three Star Imperial Fire Fan is an experimental product that Medicine Master and another great alchemist jointly created not too long ago. It’s been lent to you for a while after which it has to be returned to that other alchemist,” Jiang Ziyang chuckled.

Nothing in this world was for free, especially within the Nine Provinces (1) Group. It’s always been you get what you give.

“Hehe,” Song Shuhang was slightly embarrassed. The moment he heard the word “artifact”, he no longer wanted to let go. After all, an artifact was a piece of equipment practically every cultivator possessed. As a cultivator himself, how could he have neither an artifact nor a treasure!

“Miss Ziyang, how do I use this Three Star Imperial Fire Fan?” Song Shuhang asked, hugging the metal fan. He wondered if he should find a suitable spot to get Ziyang to teach him.

“Here, this is the instruction manual!” Jiang Ziyang pulled out a sheet of A4 paper and passed it to Song Shuhang. “Go find a place by yourself and gather some flames. Follow the manual and give it a shot. It’s very simple, you’ll probably get it once you look at it.”



Instruction... ma...manual...

When Song Shuhang took the instruction manual, he didn't know why he felt an illusion slip over him– that the object he had received from Jiang Ziyan wasn't an artifact but some merchandise bought over the Internet inclusive of shipping costs.

Just as a wave of emotion surged within Song Shuhang, he heard Jiang Ziyan remind him, “Oh right, remember to recharge it every time you're done with it. Charging takes about three hours, then you can use it for about twenty-four hours. The runtime is a little short but it's more than enough for a refining newbie like you.”

“Yeah, I got it,” Song Shuhang nodded from force of habit.

Eh? Wait what, did I hear wrongly?

“Charge?! I need to charge this artifact?” Song Shuhang's jaw dropped.

He raised this “Three Star Imperial Fire Fan” and closely examined it. Indeed, there was a charging port on the shaft of the fan!

Instantly, he felt quite faint from head to toe.

“What a strange question! Where did you expect to get energy if

you don't charge it? Haven't you learned the Law of Conservation of Energy?" Jiang Ziyan rebutted him.

"No... what I mean is, you're saying artifacts don't require "spiritual energy of heaven and earth", "immortal might", "spirit rocks" or stuff along that line as sources of energy? The kind of spirit rocks or crystals where just one can last a few hundred years." Song Shuhang stuttered hastily.

"Spirit rocks?" Jiang Ziyan giggled and replied, "Spirit rocks are considered a non-renewable resource. They're extremely rare and rising in value all the time. Right now, just a single low-quality spirit rock costs the same as ten bottles of Qi and Blood Pill. The word "wastage" won't be enough to describe using a spirit rock on this kind of low-level artifact. Also, why would you want to use spirit rocks over such a handy omnipresent energy source like electricity?"

Song Shuhang grasped the "Three Star Imperial Fire Fan" with a marvelous expression on his face. "I understand. I'll remember to charge it."

A rare treasured artifact that needed to be charged, have you seen one? If you haven't, then I'll show you one right now!

"Since you're pretty free recently, take this chance to study this fire-controlling fan. I'll report back to Medicine Master now. If there are any questions, contact Medicine Master or any of the other seniors via the chat group," Jiang Ziyan chuckled.

As Song Shuhang grasped the fan artifact, he suddenly asked, “Right, Miss Ziyan, will the other alchemy master ever sell this kind of ‘Three Star Imperial Fire Fan’?”

“Of course it’ll be put on sale afterwards, probably not too expensive either. Purchasable with three spirit rocks or less. If you really can’t master the secrets of controlling fire after this, you can consider buying one.” Jiang Ziyan waved a hand, “Any other questions? If there’s none, I’m leaving, yes?”

Recently Medicine Master has been employing all kinds of excuses to send her away but she was certainly not someone who gave up easily. There will definitely come a day where she would convert Medicine Master from a teacher-in-name-only to a cultivation partner.

Song Shuhang blurted out again, “What’s Senior Medicine Master gone to do?”

“I’ve also only heard him say over the phone that he’s gone to check on some little problems for some cultivator friends. Those friends recently found a secret exploration site and got into some trouble upon exiting. I’m not too clear on what happened. Yesterday, I was retrieving that fire fan for you from the alchemy master. If you want to know the details, you can ask Medicine Master directly,” Jiang Ziyan replied.

Song Shuhang nodded silently.

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After Jiang Ziyan left, Song Shuhang put away the Three Star Imperial Fire Fan and its instruction manual with a sober expression.

A good while later when he gathered his wits, he called up his three roommates and invited them out for dinner.

Since the abandoned school building had been discovered by the foreigner, there were temporarily no other places in school that were suitable for cultivation. He would stop training for the moment and resume at Medicine Master's place that evening.

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Present time, a thousand miles away, within a Daoist Temple in a small town of J City.

Medicine Master furrowed his brows as he examined the bodies of his four cultivator friends.

Those four cultivators were a taoist priest, a female principle and their corresponding male and female disciples.

When he had completed his examination, Medicine Master doubtfully said, "There doesn't seem to be anything unusual about your physiques. Why don't you start by telling me when you lost

your memories?”

“The last memory this priest has terminates at the time I entered that “mysterious island” with Priestess Xuanxuan,” The taoist priest frowned as he replied. “The next thing this priest remembers is being on a small island off the East China Sea with Priestess Xuanxuan and our two disciples, who’ve similarly lost their memories. How we entered the mysterious island, what happened there — I’ve no impression at all.”

The female principle, Priestess Xuanxuan, took over, “The memory loss this priestess lost experienced was somewhat more severe... I only remember arranging our journey to that mysterious island with Priest Kunyi. I’ve can’t remember anything from the time we set out... I also came to my senses on that island in the East China Sea. I remember nothing about how we arrived on the island or what we did there.”

The mysterious island they were referring to was the “mysterious island floating above the East China Sea” that the Daily Cultivators’ News had recorded not long ago. One could faintly see the natural beauty, abundant spiritual energy and various extinct organisms that existed within the island.

Because of this report, there were many cultivators who ventured forth to explore the East China Sea. At that time, the Nine Provinces (1) Group had also discussed the formation of an exploration group.

However, there was barely anyone who managed to find the mysterious island.

These two priests were among the luckier cultivators who had entered the mysterious island. But... to have actually lost all memories of the island!

“How about you two disciples?” Medicine Master queried.

The male disciple shook his head. “Senior, I remember a little more. The moment we entered the mysterious island with our master and Master Xuanxuan, we encountered an anti-flight displacement technique. We had no choice but to descend into the jungle along the borders of the island, where all kinds of precious herbs grew. The four of us gathered some medicinal ingredients before heading further into the island. I don’t remember most of what happened in the middle but later, I vaguely recall being chased for a long time by a frightening monster and losing many materials. After that, it’s another blank in my memory. My last impression is of us finally finding the skywards stairway leading out of the island. That last memory is the same as master’s — we bizarrely appeared on a small island in the East China Sea. Of all the items we gathered from the mysterious island, only a few stalks of herbs remain.”

“This disciple somehow remembers more than the two of you do? Don’t tell me that on that small island, the stronger you are, the heavier your memory impairment?” Medicine Master wondered.

“If that’s the case... Priest Kunyi’s memory loss should be more severe than mine. Moreover, my disciple remembers even less than I do. She’s lost an entire month’s worth of memories!” Priestess

Xuanxuan replied, shaking her head.

# Chapter 107: A Mournful Ghost's Wail

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Priestess Xuanxuan's female disciple was rather dazed from head to toe as a result of losing too many memories... Although, she had been a very absent-minded person to begin with.

“Still, that mysterious island is really weird. Please relax, my friends. When my disciple brings some talismans and apparatus over, I will carefully diagnose the two of you again,” Medicine Master could only console the other party.

Now, one could only hope that the memory loss from the mysterious island would not cause any side effects to the cultivators.

Priestess Xuanxuan and Priest Kunyi were both cultivators of the 5th stage Spirit Emperor realm, existences who were able to create gold dust. This realm was known amongst some ancient sects as “Golden Dust Cultivators”, and the first such golden dust cultivator was the True Authority Elder of said sect.

The ability to secretly wipe the memories of two 5th stage Spirit Emperor cultivators was no small feat.

Could it be a large-scale illusion that messed with the memories of his two cultivator friends? Or was it a direct effect of being hit on the head by the island's monsters?

The cure to a problem like memory loss is challenging, especially a cultivator's memory loss. Even Medicine Master did not have



enough confidence to help these cultivator friends recover their memories.

In addition... if this was just an accidental memory loss, that was still fine. What would be really bad was if these two cultivator friends saw some forbidden things on the mysterious island, causing some powerful existence on the island to take action and seal their memories. If that was the case, then recovering those memories would be extraordinarily difficult.

At this point, Medicine Master could only do his best.

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Jiangnan University Town cafeteria.

Li Yangde was dispiritedly shovelling rice into his mouth. That morning's 100 meter race had consumed an excessive amount of his physical and spiritual energy that he had yet to recover from. Especially his spiritual energy, so much had been used!

Tubo tapped at his phone with a passion as he ate. Who knows what game he was playing.

As for Gao Moumou, he had yet to return after being pulled away by Zhuge Zhongyang. He had said that he needed to help Zhuge Zhongyang find a home and then needed to plan meetings with all his fiancée candidates or something. This was something that required extensive planning so for the next few days, Gao Moumou would certainly be relentlessly bothered by this \*\* Zhuge

Zhongyang.

“Right. Tubo, Yangde, do you two want to learn to drive with me?” Song Shuhang asked casually.

Learning to drive just by his lonesome self was very boring... especially the practical lessons later on. The instructor had more than one student.

With four or five people taking turns, one person could only study for an hour each afternoon. If he did not find someone to talk to for the remaining three or four hours, he could only sit there blankly.

“I’ll pass. I’ll find some time to learn when it’s closer to our graduation. I’ve been pretty busy recently.” Li Yangde adjusted his glasses. The small programme that he had developed with some other people had received high praise within the industry, causing his business to blow up suddenly.

“Shuhang, you’re going to learn to drive?” Tubo asked.

“Yeah, I’ve already more or less mastered the theoretical parts. I was preparing to sign up sometime these few days,” Shuhang replied.

“Done! Call me when you’re going to learn. I’ll come with you. Anyway, I’ve had so much free time recently,” Tubo laughed loudly — Learning to drive would come to him at the snap of his

fingers.

This was because that he had already learned to drive two years ago. If he hadn't been underage then, he would have received his license a long time ago.

“Then, let's go tomorrow. Tomorrow is the last day of the sports festival. We all don't have any events left so let's go sign up, then find some time to pass theory part 1 first,” Song Shuhang confirmed the date and replied.

Who knew when White True Monarch would arrive so he had better get his license as soon as possible to prepare himself. He had 24 Qi and Blood Pills left. If he consumed 3 a day, he could use them for 8 days.

“Cool, no problem,” Tubo nodded.

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8th June, 7pm.

Song Shuhang came alone to the house Medicine Master had bought.

Medicine Master and Jiang Ziyang were both not there so it was a

perfect place for him to test the capabilities of the “Three Star Imperial Fire Fan”.

A small wave of anticipation rose in his heart.

Although this thing needed to be charged, it was still a true and genuine artifact! In a bit, he would attempt to use this artifact by himself without anyone’s supervision. Would it be dangerous?

But when he pulled out that piece of A4 instruction manual and scanned it from top to bottom once, the little thread of anticipation and anxiety was instantly tossed a hundred thousand miles away!

“It’s really just an idiot’s way of activation! No wonder Miss Ziyan was so relaxed about letting me self-study!”

The contents of the entire piece of A4 paper could be summarised in three points!

There were three star-shaped markings on the side of the Three Star Imperial Fire Fan. These three markings were precisely used to operate the fan.

Pressing the red star-shaped marking could increase the intensity of the flames... there were a total of six levels of intensity.

Pressing the blue star-shaped marking could decrease the intensity of the flames...

And the final jade star-coloured marking was a battery indicator. The depth of the colour reflected how much energy was remaining. Conveniently, pressing down on this marking could also switch the “Three Star Imperial Fire Fan” on and off — a two-in-one function, how fantastically futuristic.

Overall, this was approximately what the instruction manual spoke of.

Did this perhaps sound very familiar?

That was because every electrical appliance in a modern house possessed similar capabilities! Increasing or decreasing temperature levels, switching the power source on and off. Even an idiot could master it after using a few times!

“This is the illegal technology of the cultivation world?” Song Shuhang muttered weakly.

— No matter a black cat or white cat, if it can catch mice, it is a good cat!

— No matter illegal technology or legal technology, if it is effective, it is a piece of good technology!

“Pull yourself together, Song Shuhang! Even if it is a simplistic imperial fire fan that requires charging, it’s still a treasure! Don’t give up!” Song Shuhang gave himself a pep-talk.

After that, he found a room on the second storey that had to be renovated and dumped a pile of non-smoke charcoal from his backpack.

This was the fuel he had found specially for testing the “Three Star Imperial Fire Fan”.

After igniting the charcoal with waste paper, Shuhang opened the Three Star Imperial Fire Fan, pressed down on the red star-shaped marking and waved it gently.

Hongg! What had originally been a small lick of flame suddenly exploded in volume, immediately engulfing the entire pile of charcoal blocks and starting to burn brightly.

Unexpectedly, it was pretty powerful!

Song Shuhang continued to press the red star-shaped marking and waved the fan again.

This time, the flames shot skywards, directly reaching a height of more than a meter as they raced towards the ceiling.

Song Shuhang was shocked speechless before he rushed to press the blue star-shaped marking and fanned vigorously to reduce the strength of the fire.

Following this wave of the fan, the soaring flames defied common sense as they quickly shrunk into a size that could be covered by the charcoal.

“Fire-controlling artifacts are truly worthy of their fire-controlling name! Such power!”

Song Shuhang’s eyes glittered. Even if it required charging, even if it was so simplistic it could be used by an idiot, it was still completely qualified as an artifact!

But increasing the intensity of the flames just twice on a small pile of charcoal had nearly torched the ceiling of the house. If he strengthened the flames six times, wouldn’t the entire building be burnt down?

Moreover with this artifact, if he encountered a catastrophic fire, could he compress the size of the fire with by just pressing the blue marking and gently wave the fan?

A mere basic artifact could already produce such formidable power.

Then what kind of inconceivable might would real superior artifacts or master cultivators’ treasures possess?

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While the charcoal had yet to be burnt clean, Shuhang tested the functions of the “Three Star Imperial Fire Fan” several once times.

However, he was limited to using the strengthening function twice. If he wanted to understand the maximum power output of the Three Star Imperial Fire Fan, he would have to find some other place to try it out. If he used it here, Medicine Master would return to witness the scene of a fiery disaster.

Then, seeing that it was still early, Song Shuhang used a Qi and Blood Pill to cultivate three cycles of the <Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique>.

He continued this until 9pm before he finally emerged from Medicine Master’s building to return his dorm in Jiangnan University town.

As Shuhang walked, he entered a stretch of unpopulated alley. Suddenly... his vision was swathed in darkness!

Immediately after, a mournful ghostly wail began to resonate beside his ear.

That voice was filled with bitter resentment and endless hatred...



# Chapter 108: Altar Master's Vengeful Ghost?

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Song Shuhang did not panic as he used <True Self Meditation Scripture> to scatter his spiritual energy so he could scout the area. In circumstances where he couldn't see, he could fall back on the spiritual energy "scouting" technique he had dabbled in to avoid sinking into complete helplessness.

At the same time, he quickly reached into his pockets with both hands. With his left hand, he pinched a "sword talisman" and with his right hand he pinched an "exorcism talisman". Ever since that bizarre dream the day before, he had carried these two precious talismans around just in case.

"Even if I never enter the cycle of reincarnation and stay as a ghost forever... I will demand your death for an eternity!" An overflowing torrent of hatred surged towards Song Shuhang, causing the hairs on his body to stand up involuntarily.

No doubt, this was Altar Master's voice!

Had his hatred and curses before his death caused Altar Master to transform into an immortal ghost thirsting after his life?

What a joke. He hadn't even been afraid when Altar Master was alive; how could he be scared of the dead Altar Master?

"Since it's a vengeful immortal ghost... Dispel!" Song Shuhang

raised the “exorcism talisman” and shouted steadily. The frantic spiritual energy morphed into a hurricane that swept across the area in a 10 mile radius from him.

Within this hurricane of spiritual energy, all impure ghostly existences and demonic energy would be torn into shreds by the power of the maelstrom. Complete obliteration!

The darkness that had been covering Song Shuhang’s eyes vanished like smoke, along with the hateful cries of Altar Master.

When Song Shuhang’s vision was restored, he saw a ghostly humanoid figure floating five meters directly above him that looked exactly like Altar Master. The howling winds of the hurricane rolled past this ghostly body but... the ghost was actually unharmed!

One must know that the power contained in this “exorcism talisman” could easily tear apart a demon of 2nd Stage True Master realm!

“It endured the exorcism tooth talisman head on?” Song Shuhang hurriedly grabbed the sword talisman, covertly sealing the Altar Master’s ghost.

At that moment, Altar Master’s ghost opened its eyes. Its eye sockets were empty holes; its face was expressionless — it was completely devoid of any sentience.

After the hurricane of spiritual energy dispersed, Altar Master's ghost was no longer restricted. With a sharp wail, it extended its hands that were curled into claws and pounced towards Song Shuhang. This assault was akin to the strike of a wild beast, completely unpredictable.

“Foundation Building Fist Technique 3!” Song Shuhang pinched the “sword talisman” and maintained a battle-ready stance. He curled his other hand into a dragon's claw and struck the sharp claws of Altar Master directly.

He did not use the “sword talisman” straight away — in his scouting state, he saw that the Altar Master's ghost was in a rather strange condition.

Peng peng!

As the claws of a ghost and a human collided, there was a heavy crash. Song Shuhang could not help but take two steps back.

And Altar Master's ghost similarly somersaulted backwards three times before steadying its form.

“So weak!” Song Shuhang understood. Altar Master's ghost was still a newborn and thus extremely weak! Its potential was comparable to back when he was opening his heart acupoint under the hundred days of foundation building. In fact... it was weaker!

More importantly, Altar Master's ghost did not seem to possess a

mind. It could only attack him using its instincts, just like a wild animal.

“Chiiii!” Altar Master released a piercing shriek and rushed towards Song Shuhang again. Its attack was the same as the one just now as it swiped at him with another ghost claw.

“Foundation Building First Technique 1!” This time Song Shuhang chose to meet the claw with his fist. His right fist shot outwards like a bullet. Simultaneously, he silently recited the Fist Scripture Chant.

After practising it so many times, he had long since been able to effortlessly incorporate the Fist Scripture Chant into his fighting technique.

As his fist exploded outwards, all of the nature’s spiritual energy around him was drawn towards him and compressed on top of his fist.

Since he had already cultivated three rounds at Medicine Master’s residence, his body’s vitality, Qi and spirit were all near depletion. Nonetheless, since he had absorbed the natural spiritual energy of his surroundings, executing a technique or two was no problem.

Hong!

As claw and fist collided, this time, Altar Master’s ghost’s entire

hand was shattered by Song Shuhang, dissolving into particles and scattering into space.

However, Altar Master's ghost was completely incapable to feeling pain. Its broken claw did not affect it one bit. Moreover, the shattered ghost claw had, on the contrary, resisted the force behind Song Shuhang's fist!

Altar Master's ghost screeched and seized the opportunity to throw itself at Song Shuhang's body. Opening its mouth revealed sharp ghostly teeth that it used to bite at Song Shuhang's neck. If this bite connected, a large hole would definitely be torn on his neck.

If that moment came, headlines along the line of "Frightening! Man Encounters Apocalyptic Dead Body!" would probably appear on the news the next day.

"My combat experience is completely insufficient... Ultimately, practising my techniques on ordinary goons is different from a battle between cultivators," Song Shuhang sighed below his breath.

It was clear that Altar Master's newborn ghost was much weaker than himself but its berserk assault had easily forced him into dire straits.

"Armour!" he shouted evenly as the precious talisman he raised with his other hand began to glow.

Clack!

Altar Master bit onto a thin layer of light armour but was unable to break this layer of armour with its teeth. Instead, its mouthful sharp teeth had collapsed from the impact.

However... Altar Master's ghost possessed no consciousness. It continued to cling onto Song Shuhang's body, relentlessly gnawing on the light armour around his neck like a rabid dog.

"It's over," Song Shuhang voiced soft. "Foundation Building Fist Technique 2!"

Fists like a shooting stars, every fist was imbued with natural spiritual energy. In the blink of an eye, more than twenty fists smashed into Altar Master's ghost.

Altar Master's ghost was fundamentally incapable of evasion as it ate all twenty fists like a target board. Its body was instantly pounded into bits and pieces before slowly dissolving into particles.

Even at the last moment before its body completely dissolved, it was still ferociously and doggedly gnawing on the light armour that covered the exterior of Song Shuhang's body...

The light armour sparkled slightly but remained intact.

Not even the pinnacle of the Altar Master's assault back when he

was alive had broken through the defense of this “armour talisman”, not to mention the ghost that was formed from the hatred and curses leftover from his death.

Song Shuhang exhaled a mouthful of stale air as he stood silently for a brief moment.

Then, he took a deep breath and proceeded forward towards Jiangnan University town without even a second glance back.

This time... Altar Master must be well and truly dead, right? Without even a ghost left, there's no way that Altar Master will scamper here to find him again, right?

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None of his roommates had come back yet. It seemed like they had no plans to return for the day.

Song Shuhang switched on his computer and by force of habit, logged on to the Nine Provinces (1) Chat Group.

The groupchat had been very busy today.

Shuhang scrolled up through the chat history.

First, it had been Medicine Master who had logged on and drew out the subject of discussion. “In this group, who has recently searched for that mysterious floating island above the East China

Sea?”

“I was just about to head over. Has anything happened?” North River Loose Practitioner replied. Previously, he had been the one who had organised group members to find the mysterious island and investigate it thoroughly.

“On my way to the East China Sea right now,” A senior with the ID Ancient Lakeview True Monarch smiled and replied.

To be able to use True Monarch as an username suffix, this was a 6th Stage Spirit Monarch in the same realm as White True Monarch! But his status in the chat was similar to North River True Practitioner etc. since he had only broke through the 5th Stage and squeezed into the 6th Stage about ten years ago.

“Ancient Lake, you’re also going over for fun? I’ve already reached the vicinity of the East China Sea but haven’t found the mysterious island yet. Let’s meet up after you reach, ok?” Mad Saber Three Waves immediately responded.

Drunk Moon Resident Scholar surfaced, smiling, “Three Waves bro, didn’t you go into seclusion?”

“Hahaha, aren’t I out of seclusion again?” Mad Saber Three Waves laughed — the task of receiving White True Monarch had been pawned off to little friend Song Shuhang, why the hell would he still be in seclusion?



Drunk Moon Resident Scholar posted a smiley face before submerging.

Medicine Master's specialty of slow typing showed itself again. Only after a long round of boasts from a bunch of seniors did he upload a second message, "That mysterious floating island is very odd... I have two cultivator friends and their disciples here who just exited the island. But, they've lost all their memories about what happened there with the exception of one disciple who remembers fragments of his experiences, but his memory isn't intact either. So before you all step onto the island, please be absolutely prepared."

# Chapter 109: Group Owner's Heavenly Tool, Mass Chat Restriction Technique!

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North River Loose Practitioner replied, “What’s the cause of their memory loss?”

“I’m still looking into it. We can’t confirm the reason yet. Perhaps it’s a special technique on the island or perhaps there’s a terrifying monster... If we come to a conclusion, I’ll let everyone know,” Medicine Master answered.

“Thanks for your warning, Medicine Master bro,” North River Loose Practitioner said.

As long as they made preparations, they would not be caught off guard even if the mysterious island was very strange.

After thinking a while, North River Loose Practitioner reminded Three Waves, “Three Waves bro, you’re already at the East China Sea. Best be a little careful”.

“Relax, this Wave is not part of the careless generation!” Three Waves laughed loudly.

“Three Waves, relax and go forth! I just divinated your future. Your luck is pretty good recently so this trip should be quite gratifying,” Bronze Trigram Immortal Master suddenly popped up and quietly posted.

Once this sentence had been spoken by Immortal Master, Mad Saber Three Wave's complexion did an immediate 180.

“Wait... wait a minute! Hey fortune teller, what did you just say? My luck is pretty good recently?” Mad Saber Three Waves replied at lightning speed, “Are you sure you aren't looking at the wrong diagram? Why don't you divinate it again and see? You must have drawn the shortest straw! Don't lie to me! It's definitely an ill omen, am I right? At least a [G-cup sized ill omen](#), no?”

\*TL: In Chinese, ill omen has the same pronunciation as bra :/

A vein bulged in Bronze Trigram Immortal Master's forehead. “Get lost!”

“Hahaha,” North River laughed before copying what Mad Saber Three Waves had said previously and pasted it five or six times in the chat. Then, he proudly said, “Just admit it, fortune teller. Your divination will be shady for as long as you live!”

“Bastard!” Bronze Trigram Immortal Master had been stabbed where it hurt most. “North River, you old fool, you've gone too far!”

North River Loose Practitioner posted a smirking face, “You're unconvinced? Then in two months, let's have a duel at Forbidden Violet Summit!”

“Hn! Two months later, I will naturally experience your “teachings” from your techniques. However, my revenge cannot wait a second more!” Bronze Trigram Immortal Master expanded

his “Custom Emoticons” list and pulled up the page marked “North River” with a frigid smile.

Then, he posted a number of chatlog screenshots in rapid succession.

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[xx Year xx Month.

North River Loose Practitioner: Last week, I was lucky enough to attend Celestial Ladies Sect’s feast where I saw Senior Little Skylark of the sect with my own eyes. Senior’s elegant bearing is truly an unforgettable sight! (PS: Celestial Ladies Sect Little Skylark, Nine Provinces (1) Group moderator.)

Mad Saber Three Waves: You’ve fallen for Little Skylark?

North River Loose Practitioner: Of course.

North River Loose Practitioner: Bastard... Don’t randomly interrupt me!]

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[xx Year xx Month, again.

Su Clan's Ah Qi: North River, that stalk of "Cloud Spiral Thrice-viewed Moon" is sincerely beautiful. I'm not the only one who thinks so. No need to be humble!

North River Loose Practitioner: Fine then, I'll admit that I'm very beautiful!]

.....

A string of five or six pictures were posted, all of them out-of-context screenshots of North River's black history.

North River Loose Practitioner could no longer contain himself after seeing this row of chatlog screenshots. "Shady fortune teller, enough from you! When did you take so many screenshots?"

"Hmph hmph." Bronze Trigram Immortal Master's face was a mask of triumph. "I have even more ruthless ones."

"Don't think you're the only who has these!" North River Loose Practitioner was furious as he also rummaged through his own custom emoticons page and pulled out the tab labelled "Bronze Trigram" before rapidly posting five or six.

This post meant irreconcilable war.

You post four pictures then I'll post five pictures — it became a flaming competition between the two to see who had saved more black screenshots.

As the two smeared each other's reputations, they could not avoid bringing other members of the group into the picture. Hence, the number of members taking part in this flaming competition expanded like a rolling snowball.

Nine Provinces (1) Group became a group full of flammers.

Gradually, North River Loose Practitioner was beginning to weaken.

Bronze Trigram Immortal Master's stock was too big. This time's Grand Flaming Competition seemed to be indicating his loss.

What should he do? Could it be that he needed to use the heavenly tool Photoshop to post fake black screenshots?

“Hahaha, North River, you've already run out of stock?” Bronze Trigram Immortal Master's spirits soared. “This isn't even my final form yet. Come, have a taste of my ultimate! This is an imprint from several hundred years ago that I've preserved using magic — Settle down everyone, look at something juicy — Ding ding ding~~ The year when North River was receiving White True Monarch!”

This Magic Imprint Technique was equivalent to modern day video recording and the like. In the ancient world where there had been no way to record anything, the Magic Imprint Technique had been very much treasured amongst cultivators.

“Damn it, it can’t be!” As North River Loose Practitioner heard this, his heartbeat increased rapidly. This unscrupulous shady fortune teller — that year he actually secretly used the Magic Imprint Technique to record the scene where he received White True Monarch?

No, he could absolutely not allow this shady fortune to post that embarrassing picture!

North River Loose Practitioner immediately bowed his head to evil forces. “Immortal Master, please show some mercy. I’ll admit my mistake, is that not enough?”

He would find someone to hack that guy’s computer and delete that thing in the next few days. Then he’d come up with some way to destroy that magic imprint! North River Loose Practitioner silently steeled his resolve.

“Too late!” Bronze Trigram Immortal Master cackled before triumphantly posting a short video on the chat.

The video was a little blurred. Since it was a video recording of the magic imprint, it was not clear.

In the video, a man’s figure shook his head and sorrowfully sighed before saying in archaic language, “I think, if this guy had White True Monarch’s looks... as well as that infinite charisma, even if he was a man... Fuck, what the hell are you guys recording!”

“Hahaha, North River, look at your dumb face back then,” Bronze Immortal Trigram Master wildly laughed as though he could already see North River drooping with defeat, like a lost dog.

“...” North River Loose Practitioner fell silent for a few moments as he repeatedly stared at the sighing man in the video.

Even when that man’s face was filled with sorrow, he was still extremely handsome.

Then... North River Loose Practitioner breathed a sigh of relief.

Yup, this was great! The man in the video was not him!

Great misfortune was about to fall upon this guy Bronze Trigram! This he could swear upon his name!

As expected, five minutes later.

[System Announcement: (\*\*\*\*\*) Bronze Trigram Immortal Master has been muted by Group Owner Mt Yellow’s True Monarch for 30 days.]

Woah, muted for 30 whole days!

North River Loose Practitioner’s heart exploded with glee.



If the chatting software had not limited bans to 30 days, Bronze Trigram Immortal Master would have been banned for much longer!

— Because that guy Bronze Trigram had posted a piece of black history just now!

That man in the video was not North River, but the Group Owner several hundred years ago — Mt Yellow True Monarch. This was akin to poking a sleeping dragon and looking to be shat on!

Mad Saber Three Waves immediately popped out, praising Mt Yellow True Monarch, “Good ban, True Monarch! Guys like Bronze Trigram should be banned for ten or twenty years!”

Mt Yellow True Monarch, whose embarrassment had morphed into rage by now smiled coldly. Without hesitation, he also sent Mad Saber Three Waves a slip.

[System Announcement: (\*\*\*\*\*) Mad Saber Three Waves has been muted by Group Owner Mt Yellow’s True Monarch for 30 days.]

You will not die if you do not seek death. Sigh, Wave bro, why do you still not understand this?

North River Loose Practitioner exclaimed in his heart — Talking like that is equivalent to telling Mt Yellow True Monarch, “True

Monarch, I also watched that video just now!”

Who would True Monarch ban if he didn’t ban you?

If you all learn to conduct yourselves like me, you definitely won’t court death. When one should be low-profile, absolutely do not raise your profile! I’m the happiest motherfucker here now that that guy Bronze Trigram has been muted but still, I won’t talk!

North River Loose Practitioner barely refrained from praising himself!

[System Announcement: (\*\*\*\*\*) North River Loose Practitioner has been muted by Group Owner Mt Yellow’s True Monarch for 30 days.]

As one of the chief barbarians who had instigated this flame war, no matter how low-profile North River Loose Practitioner was, he was still unable to escape the ban hammer...

North River Loose Practitioner felt like his balls had been laden with grief...

Song Shuhang who had read everything to this point had laughed to the point of internal injury.

He had originally wanted to post something but immediately retracted his hands from the keyboard. At this point, Mt Yellow

True Monarch was still seething with rage and embarrassment. No matter who it was that posted, they would still be banned.

But then again... why were the group's seniors so terrified of this this senior White True Monarch? It seemed that even Mt Yellow True Monarch had once suffered from the same predicament?

# Chapter 110: Shush, A Wild Uncle Appeared!

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From that half-sentence that Mt Yellow True Monarch said, one could only deduce that White True Monarch was incredibly charismatic and gendered male. The other true monarchs had not had time to provide more information.

In the end, why did White True Monarch who was “generous with money, respected by the group’s members and a role model for his juniors” so feared by numerous seniors?

It can’t be that someone died? Song Shuhang began to worry a little.

“Whatever, nothing will come out of thinking too much. I’ll naturally find out when the time comes!” He shutdown his computer and crawled onto his bed.

He slept dreamlessly until the sky brightened.

There were no nightmares — It seemed that this time, Altar Master was finally completely dead.

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The next day, morning.

It was the last day of the sports festival, and the last day of final exams.

After today, the bitterly suffering high school students would finally be released from the prison of final exams. Then... those joyful kids would enter another hell called “waiting for results” and continue to suffer various forms of torture.

“Shuhang, let’s go to sign up!” Tubo who had returned in the early morning called as he rushed towards Shuhang.

That’s right, yesterday he and Tubo had agreed to sign up for driving lessons today...

Jiangnan University Town had a subdivision of the Automobile Management Bureau(AMB) which specially serviced students looking to obtain a driver’s license.

There weren’t many students who came to register in the early morning. Shuhang and Tubo first approached the front desk to queue up. Finally, they filled up a form and registering at an AMB lady’s booth.

Then they underwent measurement tests, hearing tests and physical examinations. After that, a few profile pictures were snapped before they headed back to the front desk to pay their fees and collect their materials.

The big sister at the front desk kind-heartedly helped Shuhang's group out by explaining, "Tomorrow, Monday, there are will be two theoretical lessons on driving cars at 8am and 1pm. After you have participated in theoretical studies, you can sign up for the theory part I exam at any time. However, you'll only have two chances for that exam and you'll have to resubmit the registration fee if you cannot pass. So don't squander your chances."

"Thank you," Song Shuhang smiled bashfully.

In the recent two years, China's administration work had become simplified.

It was said that five to six years ago, anyone who wanted to learn to drive could only arrange to undertake theoretical lessons ten to fifteen days after registering for the course. After one completed the lesson, he would have to wait another ten to fifteen days before he could take the exam... Even thinking about it made his liver ache for those seniors who had learnt to drive back then. The prime of your youth had been wasted through waiting.

Now, the process had become very simple. As long as one felt that he had already mastered the theoretical knowledge, he could take the exam immediately afterwards with no issues. If he failed, he could register for another try immediately, until he eventually passed.

Once the theory part was over, he could proceed to the second practical part at any time he wanted.

If he was lucky, he could get his license in just one or two months.

“You’re fine with the theory exam, right? Shuhang?” Tubo asked. He had long since taken to heart all these traffic rules and knowledge.

“No problem. The moment we finish the theory course, let’s sign up for the first exam straight away!” Shuhang replied.

He had not rubbed against all those books in the bookshop for nothing. All the theoretical knowledge was printed firmly in his heart.

“Ok, after the exam, we can register for practical lessons straightaway. Let’s try to get our licenses as soon as possible,” Tubo rubbed his hands together. “I’ll ask around our school as to which instructor is the best so we can just learn from him when the time comes.”

“Isn’t the instructor assigned randomly?” Shuhang questioned.

“Of course it’s assigned “randomly”. No worries, leave it to me,” Tubo chuckled.

“Sure,” Shuhang laughed.

Hm... after he received his driver’s license, should he go and learn to pilot an aeroplane? The ability to soar in the air on the

gleam of a sword's blade was still so far away from his current level; the only way for him to circle around the sky was through an aeroplane.

Hm, well there was no rush. He would take it slow and think about it after he received his license.

Just then, Turbo casually asked, "Shuhang, I want to take a stroll around Luoxin District and buy some snacks. Wanna go together?"

Shuhang thought for a bit. With the exception of his training, he did not have anything else to do today. Taking a stroll would also not be too time-consuming.

Let's go together. It just so happens I also need to buy some things," Shuhang smiled.

Luoxin District was known as the good food street, and also one of the places where his fortune had taken a massive turn!

If it wasn't for this Luoxin District, he would not have had the chance to run into Soft Feather, no way to receive the two boxes of Body Tempering Fluid. That would mean losing his chance to come across the cultivation world!

Shuhang felt that Luoxin District was definitely his lucky place.

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Good Food Street.

After Shuhang and Tubo had walked around for a while, Tubo had already bought plenty of things in shopping bags of various sizes. It seemed that he was planning to hermit in the dorm for a few days? Had he come across some game that would keep him up all night again?

Shuhang only whimsically bought some snacks to eat as he walked.

After strolling around like this for a bit, the corner of his lips twitched suddenly as his gaze fixed onto a figure not far away.

Misfortune, hello! I see you everyday!

On the streets near him, there was a working-class man in a suit rushing along. After he had walked a brief distance, he then sneakily hid behind a corner while shrinking his body into a ball. Who knew what he was doing?

How should I put this, the world is so wide — According to a rough summary, last year in 2018, there were already almost 8 billion people on our planet. A theatre containing 5 thousand people was already enough to give a vast overwhelming feeling. If 8 billion people stood together at the same time, that would truly

be an ocean of people!

But still, the world is so tiny. Because a string called fate winds around us, causing two bodies to meet each other again and again, even amidst a staggering 8 billion people.

Song Shuhang had seen this uncle more or less everyday for a few days now.

Regardless whether he was in an alley, in the subway or hospital, even on the Good Food Street right now, he would always run into that man.

Song Shuhang was immediately suspicious. Could it be that there were numerous “uncle” clones or reproductive duplicates scattered around Jiangnan University town and the surrounding areas? Was that why he ran into this man so often?

Fine, regardless. Misfortune was still misfortune!

Since I ran into him today, I won't let him off the hook so easily anymore!

Song Shuhang started to rotate his shoulders and exercise his muscles.

Tubo stared at him confusedly and asked, “Shuhang, what are you doing?”

“Haha, don’t mind me. I saw someone I know so I’m going over to “greet” him!” Song Shuhang replied between gritted teeth.

“Oh? Then, I’ll go into this shop to buy some things. Come find me after you’ve greeted him,” Turbo nodded before turning around and entering a shop beside them.

Shuhang bared his teeth and crouched down, displaying the standard pose for a 100 meter sprint — I’m coming, uncle!

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“Su Clan junior, let’s see how you’ll wriggle out of my clutches this time!” The uncle said coldly.

After losing track of the “junior from Su Clan” last time, he had been depressed for a long time. Today he had finally found Su Clan junior again! The uncle quietly trailed his target, preparing to find an abandoned place to grab them!

At this moment, the uncle suddenly rather uncomfortable from head to toe. His cultivator’s sixth sense told him that some trouble was approaching him.

The uncle’s eyes were as keen as an eagle’s as he turned around to check and very quickly pinpointed the source of the discomfort — Not far away, a delicate youth was shooting towards him at the speed of a 100 meter sprint!

It was him!

That super troublesome swindler!

That guy had bothered him for so long and was still unwilling to let him go! The last time, Su Clan's junior had escaped because of this swindler. This time, he had come to foil his plans again?

But this time, I'm not going to hide anymore.

The uncle's gaze was resolute. This was the moment of revelation!

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As the two people's eyes met, Song Shuhang realised that the other party had noticed him.

Then let's do this face-to-face!

Song Shuhang covertly clenched his fist and controlled his strength, preparing to throw a punch at the uncle and beat him into the ground. Then, when he admit defeat, they would have a good "chat" about respecting the private space of other people..

With the speed at which he was running, he soon rushed right in front of that uncle.

“Uncle!” He grimaced and wound his right hand into a fist, preparing to attack!

At that moment...

A “Peengg!” resounded.

Shuhang felt his left eye blacken as a fist slammed into his eye socket... before a wave of intense dizziness swept over him!

# Chapter 111: The Robbed Delivery

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And then, Song Shuhang felt the world become black, and even his consciousness became hazy.

He was whacked by the uncle? To think that he and the uncle had the same thoughts.

That wasn't right.....An untrained ordinary person, could strike out with punch so fast that even he couldn't notice it? And the force behind this punch was making his head hurt alot.

An expert?

Not good, I'm about to faint~~I'm really going to faint.....

This was Song Shuhang's final thoughts before fainting.

At the side, the uncle coldly smiled. Under the shock of the surrounding crowd, he left with large steps. Song Shuhang was left unconscious on the ground, unresponsive to the world.

The surrounding crowd had originally thought this uncle and youth were acquaintances who hadn't met for a long time, which was why this young man had dashed forward to passionately hug the other party. Unexpectedly, before the youth had reached, the uncle had heartlessly sent a punch flying out, knocking him out clean.

What was news? This was news!

Many people quickly took out their phones, and took their photos, spreading this matter to their circle of friends.

Tonight's incident of 'The Uncle of Luoxin Street defeats youth with one punch' would definitely spread far and wide. It could be expected that many would praise the fighting prowess of this uncle.

As for the youth, Song Shuhang, he was of course fated to just be a supporting character to the domineering might of the uncle.

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Sometime later, after making a full round inside a shop, Tubo came out from it. However, he still had not found Song Shuhang.

He was finally able to, with great difficulty, find the Song Shuhang who was lying crumpled on the street and surrounded by a crowd.

Tubo was frightened.

He quickly threw down all the stuff he had bought, and began to wildly shake Song Shuhang upon grabbing him. Err.....would everyone not learn from Tubo's actions. Don't immediately go and wildly shake someone, just because you saw them fainted on the street. It was still fine if it was a friend, but if it was someone you

didn't know, you may even have to pay medical bills.

Song Shuhang opened his eyes in a dazed manner, and then saw the spectators who had filled up a street and the concerned Tubo.

After thinking through the cause and effect..... It's impossible! Arrrrgh I really want to die!

It really was too unfortunate to make such an error of judgement. That idiotic uncle was actually an expert in the end. With that one fist, normal people would probably faint for a day and night. Fortunately his body was quite strong, which was why he could wake up so quickly.

Tubo exhaled in relief after seeing Song Shuhang wake up. "You scared me to death. Shuhang didn't you say you had run into someone you know? How did you ended up fainted on the ground?"

"Let's not dwell on the past, it's a bit uncomfortable to think about." Song Shuhang picked himself up from the ground, dusting his butt off.

The gazes of the surrounding crowd were filled with curiosity, like they were waiting for an explanation on what had happened from Song Shuhang.

The Song Shuhang as of now really wanted to say to the surrounding spectators, the crowd who was taking pictures,



“Sorry, we’re filming a show now!”

It was a pity his skin wasn’t thick enough to say out this kind of blatant lie.

“We’ll talk as we go.” He pulled Tubo out of the crowd, bringing along the large amount of snacks that Tubo had bought.

On the way, Tubo still had some worry, “What exactly happened? Do we need to go your big sister Zhou Yaya for a check-up?”

“No need, there’s definitely no need.” Song Shuhang hurriedly put a stop to this.

It wasn’t because he was afraid of a scolding. But, if she were to find out he got one punch KOed by this idiotic uncle who mistook him for a scammer, she would definitely use all sorts of methods to make fun of him for over a month. If that happened, he really couldn’t live on!

“Then you have to tell me, how did you faint?” Tubo still had some worry in his heart.

“Didn’t I meet someone I was familiar with before? That person has some misunderstandings towards me. Song Shuhang grit his teeth. “I hadn’t even had a chance to explain myself, before he viciously sent a punch flying out. After that, I unknowingly fainted.”

Half suspicious, half believing, Tubo nodded his head. Come to think of it, would one punch even make you faint onto the ground? Song Shuhang wouldn't be lying right? Does he think this is some kind of wuxia show?

Tubo had been in no small number of fights since young. Being sent flying to the door immediately had happened before, but he had never fainted after just one punch.

As soon as he thought so, his phone began to ring.

Tubo opened it, but it was just Gao Momo sending a message through a chatting software. "Tubo, where are you? Aren't you out with Ah Hang registering for driving lessons? How did Ah Hang end up fainting on the ground after one punch from an uncle?"

Below, there was even a news link.

The accompanying photo was Song Shuhang crumpled on the ground, with an uncle coolly leaving the place with the airs of a king. There was even text describing the whole process of how the uncle knocked out the passionate youth with one punch.

"My god, you really were knocked out by one punch!" Tubo said.

Song Shuhang hurriedly turned his head to see, and saw the image of himself crumpled on the ground.

He was finished. He had really become famous now.

Song Shuhang's chosen tactic was to cover his face and no longer look straight, as just covering his face was no longer enough to show his pain.

How unfortunate ah!!

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On the other side.

Jiangnan area's No.4 People's Hospital, a quiet single person ward.

Sima Jiang's face was dark. Leaning on the sickbed, his head was wrapped thickly with bandages.

At his side were four men with serious expressions in western suits, not saying a word.

"Has that thief been found?" Sima Jiang said coldly, his tone suppressing rage like that of a volcano!

That's right, he was robbed.....

Some bastard who had a lot of guts had dared to do a highway robbery on him!

The incident had happened yesterday afternoon, after he had happily received Song Shuhang's delivery.

Then, he had driven to the delivery point in the Jiangnan area. On the way, a man driving a motorcycle had chased up to his car, before inserting itself right in front of him.

Then, that motorcyclist had after driving in front of him for a while, had suddenly braked.

The man had jumped out from his motorcycle, jumping far away.

Sima Jiang hadn't had time to avoid, and could only crash into the motorcycle, and was forced to brake.

And right when he had stopped, that man had used some unknown methods to force open his car door. A stick in hand, the man had used the stick to whack him on the head, causing him to faint.

Then. That man had snatched away the sole delivery on his car.

This matter, Sima Jiang was still too embarrassed to call Song Shuhang and tell him about it.

Confidently saying that he would deliver the package to the customer, and in the end getting robbed immediately after

stepping out——his face had really been slapped completely!

Before catching that damnable bastard who robbed him, how could he make an account to Song Shuhang?

No matter what that delivery had inside, and no matter whether that motorcyclist had already harboured bad intentions on this delivery package, or had just happened to want to rob a delivery car, then happened to take the package.

Anyways, as he was the one who lost it, he needed to get it back!

“Yes, we’ve already found the other party.” A man in a western suit said deeply. In this technological age, it wasn’t that hard to find someone if you truly wanted to.

This culprit, had he really thought that just because there wasn’t any cameras around there wouldn’t be any way see his robbery? Too naive!

As long as he had the money, even if the culprit was doing his big business in the toilet, he could find out!

“Work with the police, and quickly catch this thief. Bring him before me.” After thinking, he added. “Be careful while catching him. He isn’t just any ordinary person.”

He himself also had quite a strong body, and knew some capturing methods. But as soon as that thief had swung his stick,

he couldn't even resist and had been knocked out in one strike.

And when he had jumped off that motorcycle, it had been done stably, which showed he had some foundations.

“Tell me after you catch that bastard.” So saying, Sima Jiang leaned on the bed to recuperate.

After catching those robbers.....then I'll make a call to Song Shuhang.

# Chapter 112: Capturing The Culprit

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The culprit who had snatched the delivery..... was really in the toilet when he was caught!

At that time, the thief had been singing while he had been sitting in the toilet in a rented apartment. Suddenly, a group of armed policeman broke through the door, quickly surrounding the toilet of the small apartment room.

With this lineup and equipment, those unaware of the circumstances may have thought the police were about to catch an internationally wanted criminal. No one would have thought that.....this was all just to catch a delivery package thief!

Outside the small window of the toilet, there was even a bunch of muscular men wearing suits and shades. They were expressionless, and were unbelievably cool.

When the toilet door was opened, the thief was still trying to furiously wipe his butt.

“I say.....police, what are you trying to play at.” The thief had a composed look on him, releasing a thick smell of old youtiao<sup>1</sup>.

“You’re being arrested, come with us for a trip. This is the arrest warrant.” One of the policeman said coldly, while at the same time taking out handcuffs, and then..... looking with some disgust at the thief’s hand which had just wiped his butt clean.

“Arrest? Why? I haven’t committed any crimes, have I?” The thief said stubbornly.

“Yesterday afternoon, you blocked a delivery car, injured a deliveryman, and snatched a delivery package. Did you think that just because there wasn’t any cameras there, it wouldn’t be possible to see you?” The policeman laughed coldly.

If it had just been an ordinary delivery car, or just one package robbed, the police wouldn’t have sent out such a line up. The problem was, the one who had been robbed was one of the local hegemony who had a lot of face. The other side had money, and even their power wasn’t so bad. You didn’t just rob this kind of people, but even whacked them on the head with a stick. Did you really naively think you could escape?

“Obediently follow us, and return all the things you stole, and your coming days in jail may be more comfortable.” The policeman took a step forward, and gestured for the thief to extend his two hands.

The thief’s facial colour changed——just thinking of that delivery made his heart hurt.

He had originally come on the orders of the higher ups of the Moonsabre Sect, tasked to come to Jiangnan University City to keep watch on a Su Clan descendant. These kind of tough errands, surveillance missions, would only be passed on to Outer Sects disciples like him.



As an outer sect disciple, his strength wasn't great, and could only reach Rank 1 Second Eye Acupoint.

So that he wouldn't lose track of the Su Clan descendant, the sect had given him a one time use treasure talisman.

It was a treasure talisman in the form of a red paper, and when stuck on the body, it could allow the sensing of magical treasure auras above Rank 3 within 800 metres. It's usage time was one week.

In the Jiangnan University City area, only the Su Clan descendant would have magical treasures above Rank 3. So as long as he relied on this talisman, he could always lock onto the position of the Su Clan descendant.

But yesterday, as he was keeping tabs on that Su Clan descendant, he had sensed a magical treasure of above Rank 3 from the delivery car!

His first thought had been that the Su Clan descendant had brought yet another magical treasure, and set out with it on a delivery car.

So he had immediately chased after.

But after following for a while, he had realized the car only had a deliveryman, with no sign of the Su Clan descendant.

It was only a normal deliveryman? But he was carrying a high grade magical treasure!

His heart began to stir.

If this wasn't a heaven sent chance, then what was?

Immediately, evil thoughts began to form in his heart, and he found a chance to use a rod to knock out the deliveryman, before snatching away magical treasure in the parcel.

When he finally opened the package, he discovered what was inside was actually a godly invisible sword!

Naked eyes couldn't see it, and not even him who had opened his Eye Acupoint could see it. He wouldn't be able to even sense it's aura without the treasure seal!

But it was something real that could be touched, and was something that could chop steel like it was dry wood.

At that time he had been unbelievably happy.

But at this time, the senior apprentice brother who had taken on this 'Su clan descendant surveillance' mission had come over.

This senior apprentice brother was an Inner Sect disciple of the

Moonsabre Sect, an elite figure. This senior apprentice brother coming together this time was in truth just to steal credit. All the dirty matters would be done by the pitiful him, while this senior apprentice brother would claim most of the credit for the results.

This senior apprentice brother had viciously scolded him for his dereliction of his duty, for not keeping track of the Su Clan descendant during his shift.

Then.....during the scolding, senior apprentice brother had discovered he was holding something in his hand.

And then..... this invisible treasure sword which hadn't even been warmed up by him yet, was thus seized by senior apprentice brother. And he even sprouted some lines about gifting it to Sect Leader?

If not for senior apprentice brother having Rank 2 strength, he would have fought him to the death there and then!

He had originally thought that this invisible treasure sword being snatched away was already unlucky enough. But the matter wasn't over yet. The treasure was taken away, but he was still the one who had to clean up the mess left behind in the end!

"I can't be taken away by the police. If I'm locked away without having completed the mission left by the Sect Leader, I may really have to serve the full sentence." He gritted his teeth.

And when the dirty goods had been taken away, how long would the him who couldn't hand back the goods be locked away for?

Thinking to this point, he pulled up his pants, and stood up, kicking towards the police! He still had a chance to escape, as long as he could kick these police away. He could use the window of time while the police outside were stunned, and squeeze out through the blockade using the strength of his body.

Whatever the case he was still a Rank 1 cultivator, and with one kick, the policeman in front was unable to resist, and were knocked away to the walls.

“Assaulting the police!” Before falling, that policeman grabbed his chest, shouting.

Assaulting the police in China wasn't a matter to play around with.....if the situation was serious, the police could fire back with their guns!

When the policeman in front had just fallen down, the policeman behind actually all raised up their guns together and pointed them at him. It was obvious they had long since been prepared. They weren't flustered at all, and it was even possible they had actually just been waiting for the thief to make a move!

The thief immediately froze. He was just a cultivator who had opened his Eyes Acupoint, and was only slightly better to the complete rookie Song Shuhang. But he definitely didn't have the capabilities of blocking bullets and knives with his body. A bullet

would still open a hole in his body like usual!

With so many bullets, wouldn't he becoming a sieve in the end?

So, he could only obediently raise his hands.

Then, he was handcuffed, and brought to the police station. He was questioned about his name, identity and address etc.

He reported all his legal information truthfully.

After everything was over, he was strangely then loaded onto a car, transported to some unknown place.

On the car, he didn't move as usual.

His entire body was tied up, to the point where he was trussed up like a dumpling. The surrounding four black suited man had traces of unkindness in their eyes, and were staring straight at him.

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Jiangnan No.4 People's Hospital, a sick ward.

A man in a western suit wearing shades received a phone call,

then turned towards Sima Jiang who was lying on the sickbed. “Mr Sima, the thief has been caught, and the procedures to bring him out have already been carried out. He’s coming over now.”

The convalescing Sima Jiang opened his eyes, nodding. “Be more careful on the road. You definitely can’t let him run!”

“We’ve already secretly done some tricks on his body. If he dares run, we’ll break both his legs.” The man in a suit pushed up his sunglasses, saying blandly.

“Then it’s fine, I’ll first make a call.....You all go out first. When that fellow comes, then come in and tell me.” Sima Jiang said deeply.

“Yes.” The people in the ward packed up, then left the room.

“Sima Jiang took out his handphone, organised what he wanted to say, then called Song Shuhang.

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Medicine Master’s five floor apartment.

“Hi? Is it Little Jiang? Is anything the matter?” Song Shuhang said weakly. The current him, had a look of suffering while

charging the “Tristar Ruleflame Fan”.

“Haha, student Song Shuhang. It’s a slightly embarrassing matter. I have something I need to speak to you about.” Sima Jiang continued. “Yesterday, I was knocked out by someone, and robbed.”

# Chapter 113: [Temporary Remote Sword Art]

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After returning from Luoxin Street and separating from Tubo, Song Shuhang had come to Medicine Master's place to use his free time to rest.

Then, he had received this call from Sima Jiang.

“Huh? Where was it stolen?” Song Shuhang subconsciously asked.

“Soon after receiving your delivery, while on the way to the delivery point, someone blocked my car. I was then knocked out, and your delivery.....was stolen by the thief.” Sima Jiang said haltingly.

“.....” Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang really didn't know how to put what he wanted to say into words to comfort this pitiful Little Jiang.

Sima Jiang's voice then changed, saying, “But don't worry student Song Shuhang! Right just now, we already caught the thief. We're now in the process of bringing him back, and I will definitely get your package back! If you still trust me, then I'll definitely send this package to the end!”



The thief was caught?

Although he had already long knew that Little Jiang wasn't just any ordinary deliveryman, but he hadn't expected his abilities to be so great.

“Alright. Then I'll have to trouble you for this matter, Little Jiang.” Song Shuhang replied.

Sima Jiang exhaled in relief. “Then I'll contact you again after I've retrieved the package.”

“Alright, no problem.” Song Shuhang laughed.

After hanging up, Song Shuhang considered. It would still be best in the end to send a message to Medicine Master, and report what had happened. It wasn't that he didn't trust Sima Jiang—it was just that the flying sword was an item Medicine Master ‘borrowed’ from Great Master Tongxuan. It was best not to hide this kind of thing from the people really involved.

Also, according to Medicine Master's introduction, the flying sword had Great Master Tongxuan's insurance measures on it. Even if it was lost, the imprint Great Master Tongxuan had left behind on it could be used to find it.

At the same time, he could ridicule that stupid idea of senior Medicine Master to use a delivery service to return a flying sword!

A long time after his message had been sent out, Song Shuhang finally received the laborious reply of Medicine Master. “Little friend Song Shuhang, I’ve sent flying swords out using delivery services tens of times and nothing has happened before.....your luck is just really bad!”

Senior Medicine Master, you can just use voice messaging you know. Just thinking of the image of you trying to type, even I feel tired.

“But, if speaking of my luck, then it really isn’t that good today.” Song Shuhang laughed dryly, thinking of that ‘Uncle PKs Youth’ incident that was trending among circles of friends now.....Time to change this topic!

My stomach hurts a lot.

After another long time, Medicine Master replied again. “I called Great Master Tongxuan about this matter. That monk is now training silent meditation. Everytime I call there’s no sound or reply. I thought I was chatting to the air.”

Song Shuhang “.....”

Song Shuhang honestly felt that Medicine Master and Great Master Tongxuan were two of the same kind. The way the two conversed in the chat group, the people inside the chat group could only rely on mostly guessing.

The worst part was, Medicine Master and Great Master Tongxuan may sometimes only use a single word or emoticon to start a conversation, and the rest would have absolutely no idea what they were talking about.

Perhaps it was because their brainwaves were on a completely different frequency that couldn't be understood by other people?

“Shuhang, after a while someone would contact you from Great Master Tongxuan's side.” After a long while, Medicine Master finally sent another message.

But as soon as his message came, there was immediately someone with the ID ‘Little Monk Threedays’ who added Song Shuhang as his friend.

This was absolute proof of how slow Medicine Master's typing was.

Song Shuhang accepted the friend request.

“Is this fellow Daoist Great Pressure of Mt Books? Your Daoist title is rather strange.” Little Monk Threedays asked.

“This is just a nickname.....just directly call me Song Shuhang!” Song Shuhang felt that it would be best to quickly come up with a Daoist title soon, or else there would no longer be any hope when his Daoist title was recognised as Great Pressure of Mt Books by others.

“I heard you’re still a student? Then I’ll be a bit shameless, and call you junior apprentice brother Shuhang. I am the sixth disciple of Great Master Tongxuan.....Mm although I’ve already returned to my parent’s home. Master originally already said that our destiny already came to an end, and kicked me back out to my parent’s home. You know my Master is a bit of an eccentric, and no one knows how many years he hasn’t spoken for already. So, us disciples will take charge whenever there’s a need to communicate with anyone.” Little Monk Threedays laughed. “Right, I have some files to send you, accept it using the chat software.”

“What’s that?” Song Shuhang asked with some doubt.

“It’s a spiritual energy technique. Using the imprint left behind by Master on the flying sword, it allows the flying sword to be sensed. With your current spiritual energy, you should be able to sense imprints within several tens of metres around you. Accept it, and learn it whenever you are free. Perhaps you’ll have the opportunity to use it next time.” Little Monk Threedays explained.

“If that delivery company takes too long to find back the flying sword, this technique may have some use. Mm, if within a month, this flying sword hasn’t been found back, then junior apprentice brother contact me again. I’ll go there when I’m free and help you look for it. It’s just a spare flying sword for book delivery anyways. If it’s lost, at most Master will feel slightly regretful. There’s no need to worry.” Little Monk Threedays said as he sent a compressed folder to Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang pressed accept.

For minor cultivation techniques where there were no worries if it leaked out, it would all sent out online directly. Only those kind of secret martial arts would be sent out using flying swords.

The compressed folder wasn't that big. Upon accepting it on his phone, it completed downloading within ten seconds.

After opening the folder, three files appeared on his phone.

[Spiritual Imprint Art]

[Imprint Sensing Art]

[Temporary Remote Sword Art]

“Why are there so many things?” Song Shuhang had some doubts, but still replied Little Monk Threelives, “Received.”

“Confirm it, is there an [Imprint Sensing Art] among them? There are many compressed folders in my computer.” Little Monk Threedays said.

“Mm, there's an [Imprint Sensing Art].” Song Shuhang confirmed. Then he typed, “But there's also a [Spiritual Imprint Art] and.....”

Before he had even finished typing, Little Monk Threedays had

already replied, “Good. Then there’s no problem. Learn it when you’re free, it may be useful. If there’s news about the flying sword, notify me. I come online every few days.”

Finished, Little Monks Threedays went offline.

“And [Temporary Remote Sword Art].” As Song Shuhang finished typing, Little Monk Threedays went offline. He could only bitterly laugh, how could this apprentice brother Threedays be as fleeting as the wind?

He could only send these words offline to Little Monk Threedays.

Then, he opened the three folders.

[Spiritual Imprint Art].....According to the introduction it was a technique a senior with poor memory created.

The trait of poor memory was common among ordinary people, but an anomaly among cultivators. With their brains undergoing enhancements multiple times, basically all of them had good memories.

As for this senior, after tossing something to the side, he would often times forget where he had thrown them to, and waste a lot of time looking for them.

After much headache, he had invented this [Spiritual Imprint Art], and left a spiritual imprint on all his important things. And

the [Imprint Sensing Art] was its complementary technique.

This way, no matter where he threw his things to, with a mere sensing he could find it! How convenient!

Later on, this spiritual imprint technique was freely spread by this senior to fellow members of the cultivation world, becoming famous. Slowly, it had become the [Spiritual Imprint Art] of today.

Just like Great Master Tongxuan's flying sword, it was paired with a special tracking treasure, and could easily be found no matter where it was in the world.

These two techniques were a set, so apprentice brother Threedays sending them together was understandable. But what was the final [Temporary Remote Sword Art]?

He could understand what a remote sword art was. It should be a technique something similar to flying sword book deliveries, and using flying swords to achieve flight.

But the problem was, did remote sword arts have a division between permanent and temporary?

Harbouring curious feelings, Song Shuhang opened this file.

Even if it was a temporary one, it was still a remote sword art.

# Chapter 114: So It Was Actually An Experimental Edition!

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Song Shuhang happily opened the last folder, and soon closed it with a look of disappointment.

This set of [Temporary Remote Sword Art] was a failed product from a time where Great Master Tongxun had attempted to lower the rank requirements for arts to remotely control swords.

Later on, the Great Master had altered it a bit more, to give disciples the ability to experience remote sword arts earlier.

First, Great Master Tongxuan would put a special formation into a flying sword, thus storing some of his own energy into the flying sword. Then, lower ranked disciples could use a set of activation passwords, incantations or hand seals to temporarily use and experience the wonder of remote sword arts.

But the amount of spiritual energy stored inside was limited, and this [Temporary Remote Sword Art] could not last for long. So it was then called [Temporary Remote Sword Art Experimental Edition].

This set of remote's sword art was really too 'temporary', and it wouldn't be useful for Song Shuhang even if he learnt it. He just read it from start to finish once, before closing the folder.

“The greater the hope, the greater the disappointment. I already



promised to treat Yang De, Tubo and the rest of them Ten Fragrances Fish Head tonight. There's still six or seven hours left. I can get in a few rounds of cultivation in. Time is money. If you don't work hard during your youth, all you can do when you are old is regret!"

For some reason, when starting this round of training of the [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique], that idiotic uncle's face kept appearing in front of Song Shuhang's eyes.

So he struck out with more effort for every fist!

When the final set of punches were over, the amount of Qi and blood generated seemed to be greater?

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Jiangnan No.4 People's Hospital, a sick ward.

Sima Jiang stood up from the sickbed, and lit a cigarette while gazing out of the window.

"Mr Sima, we've brought the man." The suited man wearing shades outside the door said.

Sima Jiang grit his teeth. "Bring him in."

The door was opened, and a bunch of muscular men brought the heavily trussed up thief into the ward.

Sima Jiang turned his head coldly glaring at the thief. “Idiot, remember me?”

The thief lifted his head to gaze to look at Sima Jiang, suddenly mischievously laughing. “I remember.”

Before, facing so many guns, his strength had been insufficient and he could only admit defeat. But now..... This small ward and the bodyguards outside couldn't block him!

To defeat the enemy first capture the king! As long as he could capture the handsome uncle in front of him, he could use him as a hostage to escape.

As for the ropes binding him, how could it actually bind and stop him?

All that could be seen was the thief slightly struggling, and the ropes on him coming off. With a flash of his body, his entire body shot out like an arrow towards Sima Jiang with terrifying speed.

His right hand became a claw, striking towards Sima Jiang's throat, attempting to capture and make him a hostage.

However, upon seeing the thief escaping his bonds, not a single trace of fear appeared in Sima Jiang's eyes.

At the door to the ward, that suited man pushed up his glasses. His right hand lightly pressed a remote control button.

“Bang! Bang!” Two barely heard blasts sounded out.

The eyes of thief who was in midair widened, and his knee was directly broken, blood flowing continuously.

These were the underhanded preparations Sima Jiang’s underlings had done beforehand. Not only could it stop the thief from escaping, it could prevent any accidents.

“AHHHHHH.....” Sounds like those of a pig being slaughtered sounded out, and the thief fell down from the air, rolling on the ground in pain.

Sima Jiang nodded his head to give a signal, and two men who looked like doctors went forward, who calmly gave injections and began to dress the wound.

After a long while.

The thief was silently leaning on the wall, staring blankly into space. His legs, broken?

It was over. Everything was over!

Without his legs, what was the point of talking about cultivation?

His life, his everything, was completely over.

Sima Jiang extinguished the cigarette flame. “Idiot, not going to continue jumping around already?”

The thief had an expression that seemed to lack any life, and he said nothing.

“I’m too lazy to ask about your name and origin. I just want to ask, the package you stole from my hands, where is it now?” Sima Jiang asked.

“Ha ha.” The thief showed a contemptuous look.

“Not saying? I just like stubborn people like you the most!” Sima Jiang gave a thumbs up. Then, from who knows where, he took out a steel rod, viciously striking the thief’s head, causing his head to bleed. “I’ll return this strike to you!”

“Then you’ll say everything you know, I promise!”

“Bring him down, and give him a taste of our methods!”

.....

Not even tens minutes later, the thief started to confess.

He confessed very frankly and forthcomingly. It was not because he was scared of the strength of Sima Jiang and the others. He simply wanted revenge!

He gave away the location and completely described the appearance of his senior apprentice brother—all that was left was to wait for Sima Jiang and the others to look for him!

His senior apprentice brother was an Inner Sect disciple of the Moonsabre Sect. With a Rank 2 cultivation, was there anything difficult in capturing ordinary people like these.

And even if senior apprentice brother was plotted against by these ordinary people, and suffered a miserable defeat—that was also something to celebrate joyously!

That bastard, stealing that godly invisible sword of his, and even fakely saying he would gift it to Sect Leader! If he didn't lack the strength, he would have fought him to the death long ago!

Sima Jiang's side and his senior apprentice brother were all targets of his hatred! The two sides biting at each other like dogs was something he would be happy to see! Both sides suffering mutual injuries couldn't be any better.

Naturally, he wouldn't be stupid to the point where he would tell them the identity and high fighting prowess of his senior apprentice brother. He only said that it was an accomplice staying with him, and that the delivery and everything else was with him.

Sima Jiang lit up a fresh cigarette, and viciously inhaled.

“I hope that everything you said is the truth. If you dare lie to me, I’ll make sure you suffer a fate worse than death!” Sima Jiang said viciously. In a lawful society, killing someone was a big no no. After all, they were still good law abiding citizens.

Still, there were more than enough methods to make someone suffer a fate worse than death.

For example, throwing him into a special cell and locking it for a period of time. During this time change his views on romance..... then let people line everyday to help him pick up his soap.

“Using his description, hunt down his companion!” Sima Jiang said quietly.

“With such a detailed description, we’ll be able to find this fellow’s companion by tomorrow latest. Leave it to us.” The suited man pushed up his shades, full of confidence.

“The faster the better!” Sima Jiang nodded.

Hopefully no new problems would crop up.....

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Nighttime 4:30.

Song Shuhang had practiced seven rounds of the fist arts, and used two Qi and Blood Pills.

The quantity of Qi and Blood pills was getting less and less. However, the amount of Qi and blood in the Heart Acupoint was more and more now. There were about twenty strands of Qi and blood by now.

Now as long as he closed their eyes and paid attention, he would be able to feel that there were warm currents flowing in the Heart Acupoint! Now he just had to wait for the body to condense thirty more strands of Qi and blood, before the body could undergo another qualitative change. At that time, the amount of strands of Qi and Blood that could be formed in a day would become even more.

Seeing that the time was almost up, Shuhang ended his training.

Song Shuhang found a bathroom to take a shower, getting rid of the impurities and sweat formed from the training. He then changed to clothes he had already prepared in the morning.

Then, he ran in one shot to the Ten Fragrances Fish Head, reserving a table.

“Yang De, bring Tubo and Gao Moumou to the Ten Fragrances Fish Head in a while. I’ve already booked a room, Room 303!” Song

Shuhang called Yang De.

“No problem, we’ll reach soon!” Yang De laughed, turning towards his roommates. “It’s ready, let’s go to Ten Fragrances Fish Head. Ah Hang is treating.”

Tubo, Gao Moumou and Zhuge Zhongyang were all by his side.

“Ah Hang is treating us at the Ten Fragrances Fish Head?” Gao Moumou eyes shined, and he took out his phone to dial a number.

“Hey, is this Lu Fei? It’s me Gao Moumou. Do you still remember Shuhang saying he was going to give a treat at the Ten Fragrances Fish Head? That’s right that’s right, you’ve been invited as well. Could you come over when you’re ready? Room? Mm, it’s Room 303!” Gao Moumou pushed up his spectacles, the light of intelligence flashing.....



# Chapter 115: Could We Just Hold Hands?

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Song Shuhang first ordered the shop's specialty of fish head and beef soup as well as about ten dishes. He would let his roommates order the rest when they came.

The prices of this shop were rather value for money..... Also, he had recently earned some money from defeating that miniboss. He could treat something of this level.

It was just that this room was a bit stuffy. The air conditioner had been on for too long, and the air was slightly dry.

Song Shuhang willed it, and adjusted his spiritual energy to slightly release cold air from the Spirit Sealing Ice Pearl. The room's temperature became more comfortable.

Fifteen minutes later, his three roommates came together to the room with Gao Moumou's loli girlfriend. There was also the tag along Zhuge Zhongyang.

"Shuhang, I hope you don't mind a few more people." Gao Moumou pushed up his spectacles. "Although It doesn't matter even if you mind."

"After you've said that much, how am I supposed to respond?" Song Shuhang laughed.

"No.....I was actually hoping you'll mind a bit. It'll give me a

good excuse to chase away this big bother.” Gao Moumou heartlessly pointed at Zhuge Zhongyang.

This big bother was really too much. When he had finally gotten a chance to spend some time with his girlfriend, this fellow had come to be an unwanted third wheel.

Zhuge Zhongyang shook his head. “Gao Moumou you’re being a tsundere again. How could someone as handsome as me be a big bother?”

Gao Moumou’s face twitched, and ignored this narcissist. He changed the topic, “Also, Shuhang. Your big brothers have already helped you invited that little miss Lu Fei.”

“Huh?” Song Shuhang froze.

Tubo patted Song Shuhang, “No need to thank us, we can only help you this much. Work hard!”

“.....” Song Shuhang laughed dryly. “I have to thank you guys?”

Li Yangde also patted Song Shuhang. “You’re welcome. Just treat us at the Ten Fragrances Fish Head when you succeed.”

As they were saying so, someone outside the room knocked on the door.

“Please enter.” Gao Moumou immediately called out, and gave a surreptitious wink to Song Shuhang.

The room door opened, and a girl with a rosy blush on her face and a well-developed body was standing there. She was shyly smiling at everyone. This was indeed that little miss Lu Fei.

She was T-shirt with black and white stripes. Her shorts showed her long legs. Her long hair was done up in a ponytail slanted to the left, the picture of youthful beauty.

“Hello everyone! It seems I’m the latest person here.” She waved towards everyone.

Tubo gazed over, and discovered that this girl was actually alone. This amount of courage..... was really quite big. Or was it that she had a lot of trust towards Song Shuhang?

“We just reached. Everyone here just reached. Come come! Sit down, and wait for the dishes.” Gao Moumou enthusiastically waved towards Lu Fei, directing her towards the seat next to Song Shuhang.

“Shuhang, good evening.” Lu Fei tried her best to sit near Song Shuhang. Sure enough, she could immediately feel that cooling feeling.

“Good evening.” Song Shuhang smiled warmly.

However, he was sighing internally, he had already understood his roommate's intentions in his heart. The unfortunate thing was, he had no time at all recently for a girlfriend. Cultivation was the number one most important thing as of now, and girlfriends or whatnot were temporarily of no interest to him whatsoever.

“Come, let's dedicate a toast to Shuhang, the champion of the five kilometre race!” Tubo raised his wine cup, and made a hint to Gao Moumou and Yangde.

The last time they all had drank together, they had all been drunk under the table by Song Shuhang. Today, they planned to take shifts, and wipe away their past shame.

The sounds of joy and happiness continuously rang out, and the laughter never stopped.

Under the guidance of the three roommates, Lu Fei was very quickly inducted into Song Shuhang's small circle of friends.

After three rounds of wine, Lu Fei clasped her small hands, formulating a plan in her heart.

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After they had their fill of wine and their stomachs were full, Song Shuhang asked the service personnel for the bill.

“Ah Hang, tonight I still have some matters to settle so I'll have to return to the rented apartment first. I won't be returning to the

dormitory.” Li Yangde stood up, and made some hints to his fellow accomplices with his eyes.

Tubo immediately responded, “Let’s go together. I just happen to have somethings on tonight. I’ll sleep at Yangde’s place tonight!”

“I’ll be accompanying my girlfriend. I’ll bring this fellow Zhuge Yangde away too.” Gao Moumou pushed up his spectacles. “Ah Hang, you’ll be the only one who’ll be returning to the dormitory. Send Lu Fei back on the way. It’s dangerous for a girl to be alone on the road at night.”

Without waiting for Song Shuhang’s reply, he put his arm around his companion’s shoulder, and quickly scrambled.

Song Shuhang laughed as he shook his head, saying to Lu Fei, “Lu Fei, let’s go.”

“Mm.” Perhaps it was because she had drunk wine, her small face was slightly red.

Leaving the prosperous Ten Fragrances Fish Head, and the two began to walk on the road shoulder to shoulder.

“Shuhang, do you have a girlfriend?” Lu Fei suddenly asked. Her voice was extremely soft, and if not for how good Shuhang’s voice was, he would have missed it.

“Not as of now.” Song Shuhang replied honestly.

Lu Fei smiled, showing her dimples. She secretly sighed in relief.

After the two had walked for a short distance, Lu Fei gathered her courage again. “Shuhang.....How about we try dating?”

Song Shuhang froze, staring at Lu Fei with shock.

For the first time in his life, he hadn’t been given a good person card by a girl, but was confessed to? If Mama Song knew about this, then there would definitely be a family wide celebration.

After being dazed for a while, Song Shuhang asked a stupid question. “You like me?”

“Mm!” Lu Fei put strength into nodding her head-it was an extreme like. Especially summer, anyone who was there would know that Song Shuhang was a human shaped air conditioner!

Song Shuhang froze again.

Then he scratched his head, “Thank you.....But recently, because of various reasons, I have no plans to start a relationship. It’s not you that’s the problem, it’s really just some personal reasons on my side!”

After all, all his free time from now on would be poured into cultivation. He had plans to spend over six hours a day

cultivating..... As for time wasting things like girlfriends, he really couldn't afford any time for such things.

He was a complete novice when it came to relationships. However, even he knew that he couldn't drag his feet in such matters, and had to cut off problems at their root.

“Ah?” Lu Fei's expression became dazed, and her face showed her lack of knowledge on how to continue the conversation.

Based on the gossip with her roommates this was completely wrong. Don't they say that if you wanted to chase a boy, all a girl had to do was confess? That saying was too unreliable!

Then, her mind flashed with inspiration, and she asked. “It's fine not to date. However, could we hold hands on normal days?”

“Huh?” This time it was Song Shuhang's turn to freeze, not knowing how to reply.

After a while, he gingerly replied, “If it's just holding hands, then there shouldn't be any problems.”

“Then it's good!” Lu Fei's expression was happy, seemingly without any feelings of disappointment. Her primary objective had been obtained, as she really just wanted to hold hands with Song Shuhang every day.

The two of them could go to class together, leave class together,

return to the dormitories together, and that was about enough already. At the times without Song Shuhang, she could just use an air conditioner. Although it was inferior to Song Shuhang, it could still work. She spent the majority of time in her room anyway.

“Then let’s go back!” Lu Fei happily held Song Shuhang’s hand, and seemed like a girl who was very content after she had received a toy. Her steps even sped up in her enthusiasm.

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After sending Lu Fei back to her dormitory, Song Shuhang returned to his own dormitory.

He switched on the computer as usual, and refreshed the Nine Province Number One group.

The front part was all about the conjectures and analysis Medicine Master had made after examining the fellow Daoists and their Dao Children who had entered the Mysterious Island. However, a concrete explanation about the reason behind the memory loss had not been found yet.

At this time, a person who hadn’t appeared in the chat group for a while showed up.

It was Su Clan’s Ah Qi, a well renowned battle maniac in the chat group.



“Ah Qi, why haven’t you come online for the past two days? How are Ah Shilu’s injuries?”

Loose Practioner Northriver had been muted yesterday for thirty days. He had actually unexpectedly been released earlier today?

Su Clan’s Ah Qi sighed. “Ah Shilu.....has run away from home.”

# Chapter 116: Not Bad Abs

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“Isn’t Ah Shilu injured?” Loose Practitioner Northriver said disbelievingly.

Su Clan’s Ah Qi sighed. “For the past few days, I’ve been searching afar for methods to heal Ah Shilu’s injuries. Then today when I finally returned to the Su Clan, I finally found out she had disappeared. According to the clan members, as soon as I left, she immediately ran away.”

Loose Cultivator Northriver frowned. “Ran away? Your Su Clan is so big and you couldn’t keep watch on a single injured Ah Shilu?”

Su Clan’s Ah Qi said slightly embarrassedly. “Ah Shilu’s secret method to escape from home was one left behind by me in the past. Also.....when the family had discovered she disappeared, Ah Shilu had already ran off to god knows where. They haven’t been able to find her after several days of searching.”

“So many people couldn’t find one injured Ah Shilu?” Loose Cultivator Northriver could no longer keep his suspension of disbelief.

Su Clan’s Ah Qi sighed. So as soon as he had returned to the Su Clan, he had viciously scolded those four bastards of the clan. However, he couldn’t air his clan’s dirty laundry out in public, so he had troubles saying anything out.

Loose Cultivator Northriver no longer pursued the internal affairs matters of the Su Clan. “So is there any news now on Ah Shilu?”

“Mm I left an imprint on one of Ah Shilu’s magical treasures. Although it’s not as accurate in pinpointing as the Spiritual Imprint Art, but I can roughly tell that Ah Shilu is in the Jiangnan area.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi said. Because it was Ah Shilu’s treasure, leaving a spiritual imprint would affect the owner’s usage. Thus, he could only imprint a lower tier kind of imprint. But this kind of lower tier imprint could only give a rough gauge of the location area.

As for those magical treasures Ah Shilu had personally imprinted, they were all behind at the Su Clan. Ah Shilu was quietly running away after all, so how could this kind of items that could expose positions be brought out?

Then, Su Clan’s Ah Qi said, “I’ll be setting off tonight to go over there to quickly bring Ah Shilu back. I’ll also like to ask if any fellow Daoists in the group are nearby the Jiangnan area now, and could help me with finding Ah Shilu. I give you my thanks.”

This was also his main reason for coming online.

Song Shuhang paused on seeing this. Su Clan’s Ah Shilu had also run over to the Jiangnan area?

Upon hearing Ah Qi had some methods to find Ah Shilu, Loose Cultivator Northriver sighed in relief. He said. “Why is everyone

running over to the Jiangnan area now? Speaking of there, I do recall a little friend there.”

“Little friend? Has True Monarch Mt.Huang added yet another new fellow Daoist?” Su Clan’s Ah Qi asked.

Loose Cultivator Northriver sent an emoticon of a shaking head. He then laughed, “Still remember that Great Pressure of Mt.Books?”

“Oh? The one True Monarch Mt.Huang mistakenly added?” Su Clan’s Ah Qi asked. After all, such an exotic Daoist title was hard to forget even if he wanted to.

“He’s now a little fellow Daoist, the process was rather interesting. I’ll tell you more when we’re free. I remember that he is at the Jiangnan University City. If fate wills it you may just have the chance to meet.” Loose Cultivator Northriver laughed.

When Song Shuhang read till here, he immediately showed his face. Everyone in the group was a great senior. Getting familiar would make it easier to accept tasks in the future!

Great Pressure of Mt.Books, “Good evening senior Ah Qi.”

“Speak of the devil. That’s right this is the time students end class after all.” Loose Cultivator Northriver laughed.

Song Shuhang replied, “Today is a rest day, and I just finished

cultivating and coming back from dinner with friends.”

“This little friend is from the Jiangnan area? Haha, if we meet due to fate, I’ll give you a meeting gift. I can’t talk anymore, I need to get ready to set off. I need to quickly get to Jiangnan area to find Ah Shilu. You all carry on slowly chatting.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi immediately went offline afterwards.

He didn’t have time to spend in the group. He had went online mostly to ask the fellow Daoists in the group to take note of news regarding Ah Shilu.

Sighing, Ah Qi lightly whistled. His body shot up towards the sky along with his magical sabre, transforming into a streak of light. Ah Qi stepped onto that streak of light, and disappeared into the night sky.

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Song Shuhang hung around in the group a while longer, and also accepted a few new senior’s friend requests. After he had accepted the mission of receiving True Monarch White, the seniors in the group had started to add him as friends.

Song Shuhang suspected these seniors had ill intentions. They most likely just wanted to know first thing what his state was after receiving True Monarch White. It was even possible some seniors

would want to record him, just like the True Monarch Mt.Huang of then.

And some seniors added him as a friend just to go to his online farm and ranch.

To think that a farm game could help him acquaint himself faster with these seniors. ....Song Shuhang casually opened his space before he went to sleep, preparing to enter his farm.

When he had opened his space, he saw his already friended Madsabre Threewaves had sent a picture to the space.

The scenery was that of an endless sea, and even a giant whale breaking the surface of the ocean. A handsome man with a grin was floating in midair. He had a streak of light formed from a sabre beneath his feet, stably supporting his figure.

“The East Sea is really beautiful! Just gazing at the grand sea absolutely widens one’s breath of vision!”

Below, there were the praises of Loose Cultivator Northriver, True Monarch Mt.Huang, Immortal Master Copper Trigrams, Roamcloud Monk Tongxuan.....etc., a whole bunch of seniors.

Loose Cultivator Northriver: And here I thought you would post a picture of the East Sea scenery. An unexpected idiot appears in midair to ruin the photo.

Great Master Tongxuan: Thumbs up emoticon.

Fairy Ye: Eh? Little Waves has not bad abs. No wonder he dares claim [he has 'abs'olutely widened his breadth of vision.](#)

Oh my god the goddamn wordplay. In Chinese, the word for breadth of vision(胸肌) shares a word with abs(胸). She's trying to say he has good abs(胸) so his breadth of vision(胸肌) is thus good. Obviously, the original wordplay that Fairy Ye tries to do can't survive a translation to English. I spent like twenty minutes trying to come up with a wordplay in English that makes sense and lets you know she was trying to make a play on words. Sorry Fairy Ye for turning your wordplay into a lower level wordplay.

Seven-Seven: Not bad abs +1

Immortal Master Copper Trigrams: I'm here for the abs.

Immortal Master Copper Trigrams: @True Monarch Mt.Huang, I know my wrongs! Please unmute me! Thirty days is too long!

True Monarch Mt.Huang: HAHA!

Immortal Master Copper Trigrams: @True Monarch Mt.Huang, it's unfair! Even that bastard Northriver got unmuted, why am I still banned?!

True Monarch Mt.Huang: HAHA!!

Madsabre Threewaves: @True Monarch Mt.Huang, True Monarch, you need to mute that black fortune teller for another ten days or half a month. But can I be released? And Northriver you bastard, who did you say is an idiot? FIGHT ME!

True Monarch Mt.Huang: HAHA!!!

Song Shuhang thought about it, and silently gave a like to the photo. He didn't dare say anything else, and then went to his farm to plant a few more valuable plants.

Then, he switched off his computer and went to sleep.

When Song Shuhang sank into a deep sleep, near his bed a black dot appeared, slowly becoming bigger. Song Shuhang was constantly maintaining a spiritual energy 'alert system' art, but he actually couldn't sense anything!

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June tenth.

Song Shuhang applied for leave for another day, then went with Tubo to the driving centre to learn his theory lessons.

Of course.....in truth this theory class didn't force you to join. You just had to swipe a card in the morning, and swipe it again at two in the afternoon.



Whether or not you learnt theory was your own matter. Anyways if you couldn't pass the test when the time came, you would be the one paying money for the retest.

“Since we already applied for leave, I'll be going over to Yangde's to play. What about you Shuhang?” Tubo asked.

“I need to make a trip to the hospital, and send big sis Zhou Yaya to the station.” Song Shuhang laughed. Now that the sports meet was over, Zhou Yaya's practical had also come to an end.

Right now she was at Jiangnan University City Hospital saying her goodbyes to several acquaintances. She would take the train to leave Jiangnan University City after eating lunch. He had to send her on her way.

“Alright, then I won't accompany you. See you in the afternoon!” Tubo still had some fear in his heart when he thought of Zhou Yaya.

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Ten minutes later, Song Shuhang reached the hospital, and went to the resting room to find Zhou Yaya.

Fifteen minutes later, at the hospital door, an office worker uncle who seemed to be in a hurry entered the hospital. He paused, then

quickly walked towards block 8B.

# Chapter 117: Sevenshine Wonderfruit And Immortal Farming Sect!

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Song Shuhang headed to the resting room to find Zhou Yaya.

He met a bespectacled female doctor at the door. She just happened to have finished her word and had come over to the resting room. When she saw Song Shuhang, she waved in greeting. “Hello student Song Shuhang.”

“Hello doctor Li.” Song Shuhang smiled shyly. He had to be slightly shy, or else this doctor Li’s gaze would have long since had pressure.

In the resting room, Zhou Yaya had already prepared her items. She waved, “Shuhang, you’ve come.”

When Song Shuhang saw her smile, he actually felt slightly flustered——Zhou Yaya wouldn’t have had seen the headline of ‘Uncle PKs youth in one punch’ yet, would she?

“What time is the ticket for?” He purposely changed the topic. He couldn’t let Zhou Yaya bring the topic to that of the ‘Uncle PKs youth in one punch’.

Zhou Yaya took out her handphone and checked her booked ticket, replying, “Three o’clock in the afternoon.”

“Then big sis Yaya, I’ll go to the driving centre to sign something first in the afternoon before bringing you to the train station. I’ll be going out for a walk now!” Song Shuhang resolutely decided to scam.

Without waiting for Zhou Yaya’s reply, he had already disappeared without a trace...

“What kind of show is your little brother playing?” Doctor Li looked at Zhou Yaya with a look of incomprehension. Song Shuhang had so hastily come, then just as hastily ran away again.

‘I’m also not sure.’ Zhou Yaya was also confused, then asked. “What about you? Have you settled the patient at block 8B room 570?”

“I just gave her another two shots of anaesthesia...The times she’s coming is starting to get more and more frequent, and the effectiveness of the anaesthesia is starting to lessen as well.” Doctor Li rubbed her temples.

Everytime she saw that little miss and her strong determination, she couldn’t bear it as she thought of how the little miss was getting to death closer day by day.

Why exactly would she have suffered such serious injuries. Also, in this long period of time, why hadn’t any of the little miss’s family visited?

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Song Shuhang wandered around the hospital for a while, before suddenly stopping.

He saw in the distance that there was an uncle dressed as an office worker, heading towards the hospital in the distance in a hurry. This uncle, who looked like he was being crushed by the pressures of life, was extremely familiar to the eyes.

Song Shuhang sucked in a breath, and couldn't help but silently give a like to the bad taste of the Heavens to show his appreciation — ill fate, it was just this stubborn!

Was there a mistake? Why did he have to see the uncle everyday?

He now had the impulse to rush forward and give one punch to the uncle. But at the same time, he was afraid that there would be replay of the 'Uncle PKs youth' incident in the hospital. If that happened..... he really wouldn't be able to continue living!

“By the way, the last time I saw the uncle at the hospital, he seemed to be looking for someone? Could he have a relative at the hospital?” Song Shuhang felt his heart tremble. Perhaps this was a chance?

If the uncle really had a relative, then perhaps he could 'explain'

what had happened to the uncle in front of the relative? Even if the uncle was truly idiotic, surely his relative shouldn't be.....that idiotic either right?

Then.....he himself would definitely prepare a ten thousand word script, properly let his saliva fly as he scolded the uncle, and let him truly understand the importance of 'the basic trust between humans'!

Just think of the uncle's foolishly adorable face when he was ashamed, and him obediently sitting on a small stool. Then just as unceasingly as a tumbling river, his saliva would fly! That would be a beautifully vicious scene!

So, Song Shuhang gingerly followed the uncle.

The uncle's senses were very strong. If he watched him for too long, he might be discovered. So, he had to be careful while following him. He couldn't even stare at him for too long.

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The uncle quickly followed after the aura of the 'Su Clan descendant'. At that time at Luoxin street, he had been interrupted by that scammer, and had lost track of the Su Clan descendant.

This time round no one would bother him!

Today, he would definitely capture the Su Clan descendant! The uncle thus roared in his heart.

Today his luck was particularly good. The Su Clan descendant hadn't been able to hide her aura in time. The uncle followed along the traces of the aura, and finally stopped outside the door of block 8B room 570.

It was indeed here!

This time, you have nowhere to hide, Su Clan descendant!

The uncle suddenly felt his eyes began to feel some heat. Then, he extended his hand to open the door.

Just when he was about to open the door, the door was suddenly opened.

He was discovered?

The uncle was shocked, and hurriedly lept back.

In the sick ward. A nurse was just coming out, and was badly startled by the uncle jumping back.

"What is it! Don't jump here and there in the hospital, it's very dangerous!" The nurse frowned as she reprimanded.

"Sorry." The adorably foolish uncle frankly admitted his faults.

“Take note, this is a hospital. What happens if you accidentally crash into an emergency patient?” The nurse reprimanded the uncle again. Only when she saw that the uncle had admitted his faults, did she let him go and turn around to leave.

The adorably foolish uncle exhaled, and waited for the nurse to leave far away. Then, he surreptitiously crept to sick ward 570, and opened the door to enter——Just now the nurse had opened the door as she had left, and the door wasn’t locked yet.

Inside sick ward 570, a young girl was lying on the bed. She had just been injected with anaesthesia, and her whole body was weak.

“Found you.” The uncle let out a ferocious smile, and looked like the big bad wolf in red riding hood.

“Who are you?” The girl looked at the uncle who had entered through the door, and said coldly.

“ I finally found you, junior of Su Clan’s Ah Qi.” The uncle bit his teeth, and roared lowly, as his face distorted.

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“Is the uncle’s relative here?” Song Shuhang saw the adorably foolish uncle open the door to enter a sick ward, and his heart trembled.



He quietly got closer to the sick ward. However, he didn't enter——He wanted to ascertain the relationship between the uncle and the sick person in the sick ward, before he made his decision.

At this moment, a cold voice sounded from the sick ward. “You and Ah Qi have a grudge?”

“Su Clan's Ah Qi, he goes too far in bullying people!” The uncle raised his voice as he bit his teeth. “Six days ago, he barged into my Immortal Farming Sect. He seized our sect's treasure, the Sevenshine Wonderfruit, and heavily injured eighteen disciples of my Immortal Farming Sect!”

“It's true that my Immortal Farming Sect is just a small sect. It can't compare to your Su Clan. But my Immortal Farming Sect isn't a weakling that anyone can just invade as they want! Even if we must stake our everything, we will make your Su Clan pay a price!”

“Six days ago? Ah Qi snatched away your sect's treasure? And even hurt your people?” The cold girl frowned. She knew why Ah Qi would want to obtain the Sevenshine Wonderfruit. It should be to treat her injuries that she had obtained from the Heavenly Tribulation, right?

But, this uncle saying that Ah Qi had snatched away another sect's treasure, and even heavily injure other sect's disciples, she didn't quite believe it!

The girl faintly sighed, then answered, “Although I believe that

Ah Qi wouldn't do something like snatching your sect's treasure. But if things really turn out to be done by Ah Qi, I will make Ah Qi return your treasure to your Immortal Farming sect! All of the losses incurred by your Immortal Farming Sect, we of the Su Clan will pay it back. How about it?"

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'Su Clan's Ah Qi'? The Song Shuhang hiding outside felt his heart skip a beat.

The Su Clan's Ah Qi from the uncle's mouth, could it actually be the one from the Nine Provinces Number One group?

If those two Su Clan's Ah Qi were the same person, then who would this girl in the sick ward be? Based on her tone, it seemed she roughly knew Su Clan's Ah Qi's movements?

I'm really an idiot—it's Su Clan's Ah Shilu! Song Shuhang rubbed his forehead.

# Chapter 118: Uncle, What About The Basic Trust Between People?

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Song Shuhang took a step back, lifting his head to look at the sick ward room number. It was number 570!

His mind remembered the patient Doctor Li had once introduced to him. A patient with no external wounds, but her internal organs and the tissues in her body had traces of carbonisation. That special patient, was in room 570.

Inexplicably weird injuries, and together with a relationship with Su Clan's Ah Qi.

Then it could only be that Su Clan's Ah Shilu, who had undergone tribulation in H City and ran away from home later on. That weird injury where she was fine on the outside but burnt inside should be a result of the lighting tribulation of that day June first.

Forgive Song Shuhang for not thinking of this at first——because he had never thought this Su Clan's Ah Shilu would be a girl!

When he had heard the seniors chatting in the group before, he had always thought of Su Clan's Ah Shilu as a boy.

A name like Ah Shilu, as well as a battle maniac personality like that of Su Clan's Ah Qi, how could he link it to a girl?

Wait, this wasn't the time for that.

What was more important was, this uncle who was the self-proclaimed representative of the Immortal Farming Sect, had ill intentions on Su Clan's Ah Qi.

What should he do now?

The uncle's strength was obviously above his. He may not necessarily be able to win even if he used his treasure seals.

Should he notify the senior Su Clan's Ah Qi in the group?

No good, distant waters couldn't put out nearby fires.

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In the sick ward.

“Hmph, there's no need to go to so much trouble!” The uncle grit his teeth, and his right hand grabbed towards the wall. With this grab, his fingers directly stabbed into the wall, leaving behind five deep holes.

The Jiangnan University Affiliated Hospital's construction was

definitely done well, and the building protection was very high. And this uncle, had casually managed to leave five finger-shaped holes like he was stabbing into tofu.

Although he was adorably foolish, but his strength was very scary however!

“As long as I catch you, the Su Clan junior, then I can force Su Clan’s Ah Qi to appear. When that time comes, we of the Immortal Farming Sect will definitely clearly settle all our accounts with him.” The uncle came closer to the girl on the sick bed, his hands in the shape of a claw again. His fingertips was still covered with dust from the wall. That... wasn’t too hygienic, was it?

“Relax, I won’t kill you. I only need to break your four limbs, then let that Su Clan’s Ah Qi voluntarily come to us!” The uncle raised his claw-shaped hands, ferociously roaring.

When that claw fell, Su Clan’s Ah Shilu would be given a handicapped identification for free.

Bang!

Now, sick ward 570’s door was once again opened by someone!

The uncle subconsciously retracted his hand, and withdrew his ferocious expression——cultivators would always try their best to avoid showing the strength of a cultivator. Even if it was at this time, even the uncle would subconsciously withdraw his killing

intent.

Then, he saw a man with delicate features rush into the sick ward.

That man raised his head to look at the uncle, panting, but let out a smile. “Found you, uncle!”

The uncle’s hand stiffened , and so did his facial expression——why did he have to meet this scammer again? After eating one of his punches yesterday he still hadn’t learnt his lesson yet? He still had the guts to come and find him?

And the girl on the bed secretly turned her body, using the blanket to cover herself.

“Don’t do anything at all, let me explain first! Or else, don’t blame me if I flip out!” The young man looked at the uncle who had a pained expression, and sighed. He withdrew one hundred and fifty dollars from his pocket. “Uncle, it’s not that I’m scolding you! But you as a person lack the most basic trust between humans! Come, accept the money. If you’re not confident, check whether the money is real! After accepting the money, then there’s no need to worry if I’m scamming you right?”

“Then, this time you’ll properly sit down in front of me, and listen to me speak! Look at me! I have normal features, a righteous looking face! Which part of me looks like a scammer? Also, I’ve already explained to you a lot of times, but this is money you yourself dropped! Why won’t you believe me? Now, go and

properly think back to that time. Even if you've forgotten whether you dropped money, but you should be able to remember at that time—— before I called out to you, were you taking out your phone from your pocket? You dropped one hundred and fifty dollars at that time. I was only picking it up to return it to you at that time!”

“I just don't get it! Why the heck do you think I'm a scammer? Why do you keep misunderstanding me? Is there a scammer as kind hearted as me? Trying to repeatedly return your money after picking up your money?

Papapapa... Song Shuhang's mouth was just as if it was a firecracker, incessantly talking after entering the room.

The uncle received the one hundred and fifty dollars. He looked at it, it was real money indeed.

And when he saw that grand and magnificent lecturing attitude of Song Shuhang, he knew that perhaps he really had misunderstood this youth.

Because he had done something wrong, and with the aggressive lecturing of the other side, the uncle's original momentum couldn't help but weaken.

Come to think of it, after he had repeatedly misunderstood the other side, wouldn't the other side be nursing many grievances in their heart?

And he had even used one punch on him yesterday.

The adorably foolish uncle felt very guilty inside.

And yesterday, I originally wanted chase after you to return the money, and you actually one punched me! It really hurt you know! And because of your one punch, the ‘Uncle PKs youth in one punch’ thing has already spread to my circle of friends. My face has already been thrown all the way to the Pacific Ocean. Do you know! At least for one month I won’t have the face to see anyone!”

Papapapa and yet it continued! Song Shuhang mouth was still moving, and from ‘the most basic trust between humans’, to the ‘recently society needs more love’ and it even dragged on to ‘doing good things is an olden tradition passed down from ancient times of China to now’. It even dragged on to ‘recently after doing good things, you need to have evidence, or else you may be cheated instead after doing good things’.

Song Shuhang exerting all his brain juice to think of anything that could be said. His mouth was already dry.

The uncle who knew he was in the wrong could only be moved to the point where he kept nodding. Every sentence Song Shuhang said, he nodded once. Now, he already listened to the point where he was getting drowsy.

“And that is to say, uncle. If it wasn’t someone like me who picked up your money, if it was someone else, they wouldn’t have returned it!” Song Shuhang cleared his throat.



But his heart was extremely anxious.

It's over, I'm running out of things to say. I've already said the [five virtues and the four points of beauty](#). What can I still say about the basic trust between humans?

The five virtues are order, trust, integrity, wisdom and compassion. The four points of beauties are beautification of the mind, language, behaviour and environment.

Do I actually have to start talking about [the three obediences and the four virtues of women](#) in ancient times?

In ancient China a woman was required to obey her father before marriage, and her husband during married life and her sons in widowhood and four virtues fidelity, physical charm, propriety in speech and efficiency in needle work

Why haven't Doctor Li or the nurse come yet? Even if I'm widely read, I'm still running out of things to say...

He had to try his best to drag it till the doctor or nurse came over to change the medicine. This was his plan. Because if a doctor or nurse came, there was a chance the uncle would temporarily retreat.

Unfortunately, Doctor Li didn't have any desire to comply, and still hadn't come yet.

And the button to call the nurse was blocked by the uncle. Song

Shuhang couldn't find any chance to press it. Or else with a light press he could summon a pretty doctor, with a pretty and innocent nurse in tow.

There's no choice, he really couldn't make up anymore.

If he really started on the three obediences and the four virtues of women in ancient times, no matter how adorably foolish the uncle was he would still smell a rat.

So, he could only use the second method.

Song Shuhang was holding a pill pellet in his hand, the Stink Pill!

This extremely frustratingly named pill, was named by its creator Medicine Master. As long as it met a force, the outer shell would break apart and the stinky smoke inside would be released.

According to Medicine's Master's introduction, if a cultivator had opened their Nose Acupoint, but hadn't reached Rank 3, and were unable to control their Nose Acupoint, this stink would be a nightmare to cultivators.

# Chapter 119: It's You?

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Song Shuhang's hand had two Stink Pills,. It was originally meant for use against Altar Master. However, it hadn't been used in the end when slaying the Altar Master.

Hopefully the realm this uncle was in hadn't reached Rank 3 yet, or else the Stink Pill wouldn't have any effect.

At the same time, Song Shuhang's other hand quietly held onto a 'Armour Seal'.

He flicked his finger, and used strength to throw the pill!

The Stink Pill struck the ground, and the outer shell broke. In that moment, a black smoky haze began to envelop the room. What quickly followed was an intense smell that was a combination of all the bad smells in the world.

A normal person who smelled just a bit would feel the acid in the stomach starting to surge up. As for cultivators who had opened their Nose Acupoint and had a sense of smell ten or even a hundred times greater than normal people, as long as they smelled a little, that feeling simply wasn't too good.

"Argh...What is this...blergh!!" the adorably foolish uncle stopped midway, and grabbed his throat. He was just like those land ducks that slipped and fell into water, and was very anxious to get rid of the smell that he had inhaled into his windpipe.

Taking advantage of this chance, Song Shuhang ferociously jumped out, and it was as if there were springs attached to his legs as he jumped to the bed, and picked up the Su Clan's Ah Shilu on the bed together with the blanket.

After body tempering and building his cultivation foundation, there wasn't much difference between a normal human's weight and a wooden rock to Song Shuhang anymore. It wouldn't affect his movements.

Immediately, without even turning his head, Song Shuhang rushed towards the door. He originally wanted to escape through the window, and also thus avoid passing in front of the uncle again.

But it was the fifth floor, and Song Shuhang knew, if he were to jump down from the fifth floor, then it'll really be Game Over. So, he could only force himself to pass through the uncle, and escape through the door.

"Bleugh...Bleugh... You...YOU SCAMMER!" The adorably foolish uncle wasn't really THAT stupid, he just lacked a bit of general society knowledge.

When he escaped the smoke, and saw Song Shuhang running off while he carried off the Su Clan's descendant, he understood Song Shuhang's intention. This scammer, he had kept saying he wasn't a scammer! And he had actually believed him! Abominable!

The uncle was enraged!

When Song Shuhang passed in front of him carrying the Su Clan's descendant, the uncle exerted force to grab towards Song Shuhang. "Stop there for me!"

This claw, could gouge out five finger shaped holes in the wall in the sturdy hospital walls. If it grabbed onto Song Shuhang, it would give five holes to Song Shuhang as a memento.

"Armour!" At the critical moment, Song Shuhang didn't hesitate to activate the 'Armour Seal'. The spiritual energy in the seal gushed out, and formed a layer of defensive armour around his body. This weak looking layer of light armour, could defend an all out attack from a cultivator below Rank 3!

Ding! That claw of the uncle could open a hole in stone struck out in full force on the 'Armour Seal' defence, but could only cause some sparks to appear.

Instead, it was the Armour Seal defence that sent out a rebounding force, and sent the uncle's entire body flying backwards and heavily slamming into the wall.

And Song Shuhang borrowed the force from that claw of the uncle, and shot out of the sick ward like an arrow. When he was in the sick ward, he had left the door closed on purpose, to facilitate his escape.

The uncle shook his head, and it took a while before he managed to lift himself up again. That sudden rebounding force, had not only caused his arm to become numb but it had also made lose his best chance to catch Song Shuhang.

When he had climbed up again, Song Shuhang had already run far away.

“Abominable!” The uncle roared lowly, enraged, and his body moved explosively as it chased after the traces of Song Shuhang.

This time, I will definitely not let that Su Clan’s descendant get away! Because this could be his last chance, as the Su Clan would not let this junior wander about for too long!

“Hey, I’ve said it before, don’t run about anyhow in the hospital doorways!” The nurse Shan Shan had come late, and shouted towards the distant uncle’s back.

The uncle sure didn’t have time to attend to the nurse now, and instead sped up, disappearing from her line of sight.

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Song Shuhang was giving his all to rush downstairs, while his mind kept thinking, “What’s a good place to escape to?”

His first thought was senior Medicine Master. Originally, running there was undoubtedly the best haven. Unfortunately... senior Medicine Master had left to far away, and going along was Jiang Ziyang to carry the bags.

Apart from Medicine Master's help, Song Shuhang also had two Sword Seals, and once it was used, it was sufficient to deal with Rank 2 cultivators. But this adorably foolish uncle wasn't the Altar Master, and Song Shuhang didn't have the thought of killing him.

Perhaps, he should find a sick ward to hide a bit?

No, in case that uncle just stayed downstairs to guard the door, he couldn't just keep staying in the hospital! Also, he didn't know if the uncle had any companions. Hiding in the sick ward would make it easy to be caught like a turtle in a jar.

"Forget it. First, I'll run out from the hospital, then find a good place to hide. If possible, I'll quickly find senior Su Clan's Ah Qi. He should almost be at the Jiangnan area already." Song Shuhang thought in his heart.

At this time, the Su Clan's Ah Shilu who was in his arms rang out coldly. "I didn't think the world really still had good people who were such busybodies like you."

Just now, across the wall it had been hard to hear clearly. Now that the girl was in his arms, this voice... why was it so familiar?

Song Shuhang lowered his eyes to look at the girl in his hands. Short hair, and a pretty face despite no makeup. Because her stature was small, and she didn't look old, this was a girl who was adorable and beautiful at the same time.

“Eheheh?” The running Song Shuhang couldn't help but let out a surprised sound.

This lady was the one he had met twice, and had been harassed by unsavouries both times, but had explosive martial power.

“It's you?” Song Shuhang recognised this girl. He thought, and tested out, “This time, did I intervene unnecessarily again?”

This lady had very high battle power, and was it possible she had feigned weakness, and was waiting for the uncle to get near, before hitting the uncle?

“Humph.” The short girl turned her head, like a proud rooster.

But immediately, the girl in his arms used a weak and almost unheard voice. “This time...thank you.”

This time she had just been injected anaesthesia. And her entire body lacked strength. If that uncle wanted to do something malicious to her, she wouldn't have any ability to resist. Shuhang had really saved her this time.



“What did you just say?” Song Shuhang’s head was all focused on thinking of an escape route, and he couldn’t hear clearly.

He hadn’t used the lift. That uncle’s speed was much greater than that lift, and he could just wait outside for him to come out.

“Thank...thank you.” The girl’s voice was still extremely soft.

This time, Shuhang really heard it clearly.

“You can actually thank someone else?” Song Shuhang laughed.

The girl in his arms grit her teeth, and felt as if talking to Song Shuhang was extremely stressful. It made her feel as if even saying thanks was wrong. She just didn’t like to speak much, and it wasn’t like she didn’t know manners. “Where are you going to?”

“The places to that can be escaped to are too far. We’ll take it step by step.” Shuhang replied. The defence from the ‘Armour Seal’ on his body was becoming weaker and weaker, and could be extinguished at any time.

“...I can hear that Immortal Farming Sect uncle coming. At most fifty seconds, then he’ll chase up to us.” The short haired girl said softly.

Which meant to say, he himself could be sprawled on the ground in fifty seconds?

He definitely couldn't let himself be chased up to!

Song Shuhang ran madly, and the long sections of the stairs were all jumped in one step.

When ten seconds hadn't even passed, Song Shuhang had already reached the ground floor.

What was coincidental, was that a free taxi was slowly coming to a stop at the car waiting area. It was waiting for passengers to enter, and the driver hadn't had time to let the engine stall yet.

"Taxi!" Song Shuhang's heart felt joy in it, and carrying Su Clan's Ah Shilu, he rushed out towards the taxi.

Opening the door and getting on the car had only taken three seconds.

"The two of you...where to?" The taxi driver gave a weird gaze to look at Song Shuhang, and the young lady wrapped up in a blanket. What was this, a scene of elopement?

Song Shuhang couldn't think of where to go so fast.

Now, Su Clan's Ah Shilu opened her mouth, "Fortune Street!"

## Chapter 120: Have Anything To Eat?

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“Mister, could you go faster?” Song Shuhang looked at the hospital, worried that the Immortal Farming Sect uncle could come rushing over at any time.

In that moment, the taxi uncle’s mind immediately came up with many melodramatic plots of how “A pair of youthful lovebirds were deeply in love, but when the families of both sides were against it, they decided to meet at the hospital in order to elope.”

“Sit tight!” The taxi uncle stepped on the accelerator, and the taxi quickly charged out...

In the hospital, Doctor Li had finished her work again and was going to the resting room. She just happened to see the scene of how Song Shuhang carrying Su Clan’s Ah Shilu into a taxi.

“Huh? The one who just ran out is Zhou Yaya’s younger brother right? He also seemed to be carrying someone? And that blanket belongs to our hospital right? What happened?” Doctor Li had a face of bewilderment.

While she was wondering, an office worker uncle jumped down from upstairs. In his one jump, he actually managed to leap down about a dozen steps of the staircase?

“Hey, don’t jump about anyhow in the hospital. It’s very dangerous.” Doctor Li called out to stop him.

But how could the uncle have anytime to care about such things now? He was regretful to the point where he wanted to grit his teeth until they shattered. He raced towards the taxi, chasing after it.

There were many obstacles on the road that blocked the uncle's way forward, such as flowerbeds, railings, and stationary vehicles. But none of it could stop him. He was just like a parkour expert, moving with great ease as he advanced in a straight line.

“Woah, cool!” Many people took out their handphones, recording this splendid parkour display by an expert.

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Before three minutes had even passed, the taxi had already stopped at Fortune Street.

Song Shuhang carried Su Clan's Ah Shilu off the car, taking out a note of fifty dollars to give to the taxi uncle. “Thanks uncle. No need for change.”

He didn't dare to waste time. Who knew when that Immortal Farming Sect uncle would chase to here? Without waiting for the taxi uncle's reply, he carried Su Clan's Ah Shilu and made his way into the deepest parts of Fortune Street.

“Make a turn to the right, my residence is the nineteenth floor of

the Ande complex block A. There's a place we can temporarily hide ourselves inside there." Su Clan's Ah Shilu said lightly.

She had concealed her aura on the way. She previously had been unable to do so because of the acute pain, which was why the Immortal Farming Sect uncle had been able to lock onto her position.

But the problem was that Song Shuhang didn't know to conceal his aura.

Song Shuhang carried her into the Ande Complex Block A. Their luck was not bad and the elevator door just happened to open at this time. This block only had one lift, and if their luck had been bad they would have been stuck here for very long.

They travelled to the nineteenth floor in one shot. Ah Shilu opened the door, and said weakly, "Put me down. Just stay here and don't move first."

Then, she entered the room, and took out a bottle of medicine from the wine cabinet. She then returned and sprinkled some of it onto Song Shuhang's body.

This medicine fluid was able to conceal a person's aura and smell temporarily. After sprinkling it, Song Shuhang's aura and smell stopped at this doorway. But it would last for only a very short time of a few minutes.

“Come with me.” Su Clan’s Ah Shilu brought Song Shuhang to the bedroom, and then opened the clothes cupboard. She pushed aside the clothes and after fiddling for a while, a hidden door appeared.

This was in between the bedroom and restroom. This was quite the ingenious design, as it simply didn’t seem as there was any secret room from the outside.

“Go inside.” Ah Shilu said.

Song Shuhang and her entered the secret room together.

Ah Shilu placed the clothes in the clothes cupboard back neatly again, and pressed the switch, closing the clothes cupboard door and the secret room entrance.

Before this was even done, she took out a small scroll from the secret room, and pasted it on the entrance door. There was a formation drawn on the scroll that could block off auras and sounds, creating a perfect hideaway.

Song Shuhang saw Su Clan’s Ah Shilu appearance of having long since prepared for this, and asked suspiciously, “You already knew the uncle would look for you long ago?”

Ah Shilu shook her head, saying, “Our Su Clan has a lot of big businesses, so our enemies aren’t few. This secret room is just a precautionary measure. This used to be the previous resident’s

storeroom. I just modified it abit.”

Song Shuhang nodded. It seemed large cultivator clans didn't have it easy either.

The secret room wasn't big, and the two sat facing each other and could even hear the other side's breathing.

“Will that uncle be able to find this place?” Song Shuhang asked softly.

“I hid my aura on the way...however, as long as he isn't an idiot he'll be able to find this apartment.” Su Clan's Ah Shilu gazed at Song Shuhang.

On the way Song Shuhang hadn't concealed his aura. Even without Su Clan's Ah Shilu's aura, the uncle could still find Song Shuhang through his smell.

Then the question would be...was the uncle an idiot or not?

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The uncle may have been adorably foolish, but he wasn't an idiot.

He followed Song Shuhang's aura, and successfully found Ande Complex Block A.

“It’s here! There’s still the residual smell from that scammer here!” The uncle laughed coldly. Cultivator’s had noses even more sensitive than dogs, and he would never forget the smell from that scammer’s body.

He used strength to open the main door. No matter how resilient the anti-burglary measures were, it was incomparably fragile before a cultivator.

“You won’t be able to escape, you despicable scammer and Su Clan’s descendant!” The uncle rushed into the apartment, his enraged voice deafening.

However...the entire apartment was empty, without any traces of any person.

And that scammer’s smell and aura had been cut off at the door—the air still had a faint aroma of some medicinal liquid.

“I was taken for a fool again?” The uncle flew into a rage.

He began to search madly in the room, breaking items, shattering flower vases. Every that could be a hiding place was searched by him, but he couldn’t any traces of the two anywhere.

“Dammit, where did they escape to?” The uncle roared, ran out from the apartment, and left running away.



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Song Shuhang heard that it had quietened down outside. He asked, “The uncle has left?”

“How could it be so easy...now we can only hope he doesn’t take apart the apartment.” Ah Shilu shook her head.

This time she had brought too few things out when she ran away from home.

Otherwise if she had brought some treasure seals, powerful magical treasures, or pills that could temporarily suppress injuries, the Immortal Farming Sect uncle would definitely not be a threat to her.

As she expected, after a short while, a soft sound was transmitted from outside.

That Immortal Farming Sect uncle had made a return.

The uncle may have been adorably foolish, but he still understood how to use the tactic of doubling back and catching others off guard.

“Dammit, did they really escape?” The uncle muttered to himself.

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A good while later, the outside returned to silence again, and there were no longer any sounds of movement.

“The uncle left again?” Song Shuhang asked. Because he was afraid of being found out by the other side, he didn’t dare to use his spiritual energy to check.

Ah Shilu shook her head. She had methods to monitor what was going on outside the secret room. “That fellow from the Immortal Farming Sect is just staying in the living room now, and is adopting the posture of someone waiting by a stump for a hare to bump into it, leaving it to luck.”

“Then what should we do now? Wait for the uncle to leave?” Song Shuhang laughed bitterly.

“If he leaves that’ll be for the best. But if he keeps staying here, then at night when my injuries won’t flare up temporarily, I’ll beat him with one palm.” Ah Shilu said indifferently.

My god, I forgot this missy’s true identity was a genius figure on par with Soft Feathers. She was already challenging the Rank 3 Heavenly Tribulation at such a young age.

According to the naming conventions of some ancient cultivation sects, Rank 1 was known as Body Tempering, Rank 2 to Rank 4 was Qi Tempering, and Rank 5 was Grand Dao of the Gold Core. This miss had already trained her Qi to a very high level, and was close to the peak of Qi Tempering, an expert close to forming her Gold

Core.

As long as she could temporarily suppress her injuries from her Heavenly Tribulation, taking care of that uncle would be as relaxing as playing around?

And thus temporarily... both sides could only waste their time.

Bored, Song Shuhang started training the [True Self Meditation Scripture] to train his spiritual energy.

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Time passed very quickly, and it quickly became noon.

Song Shuhang's stomach emitted rumbling sounds. Since entering the cultivation world, his body would need large quantities of Qi and blood when cultivating. So, he would eat a lot and get hungry fast.

"Have anything to eat?" Song Shuhang asked.

If it was a secret room, then there should be some food prepared, right?

"I can fast." Ah Shilu's eyes raised slightly as she said indifferently.

But miss, what about me? I still can't fast!

# Chapter 121: I Have Half A Fasting Pill, Do You Want It?

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Su Clan's Ah Shilu turned her head, too embarrassed to look at Song Shuhang.

Looks like she didn't prepare any food or water.

Asking others was never as good as asking yourself. Song Shuhang checked his body, and found a bottle with six Qi and Blood Pills, one Stink Pill, several treasure seals, money and his handphone.

But these things couldn't be eaten as food, and Qi and Blood Pills couldn't alleviate hunger.

"Hmm? This is..." Song Shuhang finally came up with a pill.

It was a Fasting Pill used before! A few days before senior Medicine Master had casually given it to him for lunch. He had only used it once, and had kept it afterwards.

Luckily, he didn't randomly eat it in the past few days.

Song Shuhang had a look of satisfaction as he popped the Fasting Pill into his mouth. A delicious taste spread through his mouth, and his stomach's hunger completely vanished. After his stomach felt slightly full, Song Shuhang took the Fasting Pill out, gingerly wiping the saliva away.

This could perhaps still save a life in the future if it was kept, Song Shuhang thus thought.

Gugugu...this was the weird sound made by a stomach?

“Huh? My stomach is already full, why is it still rumbling? The Fasting Pill wouldn’t have already expired, right?” Song Shuhang rubbed his stomach in confusion. It was full, and there weren’t any problems!

Gugugu...there was another chain of rumbling sounds.

Song Shuhang suspiciously looked at the miss Su Clan’s Ah Shilu who had proclaimed that she “could fast”. Ah Shilu turned away in embarrassment, blushing.

Song Shuhang thought about it, testingly offering the Fasting Pill in his hand. “If you don’t mind, do you want to try it?”

“No need, I can fa...” Rumbling sounds interrupted Ah Shilu.

Immediately, Ah Shilu grit her teeth. “My realm is different from yours. Even if I completely swallow this half a Fasting Pill, my hunger would only be slightly alleviated.”

“Then you eat it.” Song Shuhang said. Otherwise, if her little stomach kept rumbling, Song Shuhang would feel uncomfortable

all over.

Ah Shilu accepted the Fasting Pill, and after thinking it through. “When we’re past this danger, I’ll repay this Fasting Pill to you a hundred fold!”

“Alright alright.” Song Shuhang acted as if he was dealing with a child as he pacified her.

Ah Shilu sighed. She popped the pill in her mouth like she would do with medicine. With this pill to fill her up, her little stomach would finally stop chanting all those ‘gugugu’ sounds

Song Shuhang took out his phone to open the chat software, and wanted to log into the Nine Provinces Number One group to take a look. Roughly by now, Su Clan’s Ah Qi should have hurried over here, and he could send over a distress call.

But when he opened it, he realised he didn’t have a signal.

“Huh? There’s no signal?” Song Shuhang asked suspiciously.

“Of course there’s no signal. If it didn’t block off all messages, how could it be a secret room?” Ah Shilu answered.

Then, she saw Song Shuhang’s phone interface, and saw a familiar chat group in Song Shuhang’s table of groups. She said in surprise, “Nine Provinces Number One group?”

“Huh? You didn’t know? You didn’t take note of the group in this past few days?” Song Shuhang asked back.

“I ran away from home...going onto the chat software would expose my position. I didn’t even bring my phone out, or else Ah Qi would come find me. It’s very troublesome.” Ah Shilu responded as if this was obvious.

No. Even if you don’t go online, Ah Qi can still find you. Song Shuhang ridiculed in his heart. Senior Ah Qi was already on the way to the Jiangnan area now.

Because there was no signal, Song Shuhang silently switched off his phone. He didn’t plan to tell Ah Shilu that senior Ah Qi was already coming over to the Jiangnan area to find her. It was still safer for Ah Shilu to be brought home quickly.

“Did you guess my identity? Did Ah Qi request everyone on the group to help him?” Ah Shilu suddenly asked. If this man was a new member of the Nine Provinces Number One group, then he would likely have guessed her identity already.

“...” Song Shuhang’s face went stiff, trying to decide whether to fob her off with a white lie.

“No need to deny it. You’re definitely not suited to lie. Your expression has already told me the answer.” Ah Shilu sighed.



“...” Miss, you’re not Zhou Yaya alright? Don’t just casually guess the correct answer from someone’s expression! It’s so rude! I’ll have no more face if you do this!

“Will you say that I’m here to Ah Qi?” Ah Shilu wrapped her arms around her knees, asking softly.

“...” Probably?

“Someone as rottenly good as you, will definitely tell Ah Qi.” Ah Shilu answered her own question.

If you’re going to say everything I have to say, what do I get to say?

The two sides quietened down

After a while without words...

In the end it was Song Shuhang who broke the silence, asking, “Why did you run away from the Su Clan? Wouldn’t you be able to get a better treatment at the Su Clan?”

He remembered that on the day of the Heavenly Tribulation, Su Clan’s Ah Qi had said on the group that Ah Shilu had only suffered some slight wounds, which could be recovered when she went back to the clan. If that was so, why did she run away? And why did she have to regularly get injections?

“Because, I’m about to die...In about twenty days, I will die.” Ah Shilu said peacefully, as she hugged her knees. “Su Clan records have no methods to save me. Ah Qi also can’t. My injuries aren’t just from the Heavenly Tribulation, but also some cultivation deviation I had before. This time’s Heavenly Tribulation just worsened my previous injuries.”

“Let’s change this topic. I hate this topic.” Ah Shilu suddenly stopped explaining. “You may know my name already. My name is Ah Shilu. This is also my Daoist title. What about you? You haven’t introduced yourself to me yet.”

“Song Shuhang.”

“Daoist title?” Ah Shilu asked.

“Daoist title... I don’t have one temporarily. I’ll think about it in a few days?” Song Shuhang sighed. This had to be quickly settled. Or else once all the seniors recognised him as Great Pressure of Mt Books, it’ll be hard to make them change it.

“You’ll think of it yourself? Which senior in the group are you apprenticing under? Your master isn’t giving you your Daoist title?” Ah Shilu asked suspiciously. Formally accepted disciples would always be given their Daoist titles.

And for a disciple that would be introduced to the Nine Provinces Number One group, it must be one greatly favoured by that senior. How could he have no Daoist title?

“About that, the process I joined the Nine Provinces Number One group with was rather...coincidental.” Song Shuhang scratched his head, and began to narrate how he had joined the group to Ah Shilu.

Song Shuhang quietly explained, and Ah Shilu hugged her knees as she listened quietly.

It’s roughly something like that.” Song Shuhang shrugged his shoulders, saying.

“You...chose yourself to be a cultivator?” Ah Shilu looked at Song Shuhang. “Could you not be aware of the dangers? Like, the Heavenly Tribulation I met, and much more! There are uncountable dangers!”

“I know. When I chose to be a cultivator I already knew about the Heavenly Tribulation you met. Actually, I even witnessed that Heavenly Tribulation lightning that formed.” Song Shuhang said calmly.

“The why did you choose to become a cultivator?” Ah Shilu opened her eyes wide, staring at Song Shuhang.

“Why?” Song Shuhang thought about it. He answered, “Perhaps, I wasn’t satisfied with living this life ordinarily.”

“Before becoming a cultivator, the only thing that made me

happy in this world, was to put my all into helping people. If I didn't meet the Nine Provinces Number One group, perhaps I'll live an ordinary life like normal people. But, that is not the life I want...I don't have much ambitions, but I like a magnificent and exciting life. Even if there are the terrifying Lightning Tribulations, even if there are the calamities brought forth from evil cultivators, I will never ever regret my choice."

Song Shuhang realised he was unable to use any appropriate phrases to describe what he felt. All he wanted to express was that the path of cultivation was one he would never regret!

Ah Shilu rolled her eyes. "I suddenly feel that there is something very off about you when you act passionate. But...it's quite interesting. Prepare, we're about to leave."

Her pain from her injuries had subsided even earlier. Now, her body had accumulated some small amounts of True Qi, enough to deal with the Immortal Farming Sect Uncle!

# Chapter 122 - The Imprint From The Flying Sword

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The two of them left the secret room.

Su Clan's Ah Shilu lead the way, while Song Shuhang followed behind, to the living room.

On the sofa, the Immortal Farming Sect uncle opened his eyes, gazing coldly at the two. "So you finally came out. I already long since knew that you two had never left this apartment."

He had guessed that the two were somewhere in the apartment. If taking apart the building wouldn't have attracted the attention of all the normal people in this block, he would have long since started to take apart this apartment.

"You shouldn't have stayed behind." Su Clan's Ah Shilu's voice was cold as she said indifferently.

"Bullshit! Why shouldn't I have stayed behind!" The Immortal Farming Sect uncle rose to his feet, roaring.

At the same time, his bones let out cracking sounds, and his hands became claws. Every finger was releasing True Qi, and were as sharp as the edge of a knife.

Su Clan's Ah Shilu's face was calm. She gently raised her right

hand, using her palm as a sabre. “Come then.”

Compared to the Immortal Farming Sect uncle, her figure seemed small, and seemed so frail that it wouldn't even be able to block the wind. But when she raised her right hand, a tyrannically imposing manner seemed to emanate from her.

That jade white palm seemed to transform into the divine weapon that had [split the heavens and the earth](#), a radiant sabre light shining.

This is a reference to the Chinese legend of Pangu splitting the Heavens and the Earth and thus creating the world

The Immortal Farming Sect uncle was pressured by her imposing manner, and roared as he leapt into the air. He was like a falcon who had spread his wings, attempting to use a rushing attack to break through Ah Shilu's oppression.

When ordinary fighters entered close combat, what they were most wary of was being in mid-air with nowhere to leverage their strength. However, these actions of the uncle seemed to go against this common sense, and while his body was in mid-air, swift and fierce claw attacks continuously rained down, transforming into layer upon layer of illusionary claws that clustered over her head as it descended.

Su Clan's Ah Shilu didn't make any flashy movements. Using her palm as a sabre, she used that sabre to chop at the layers upon layers of illusory claws.

In that moment, sabre light flashed, and the force behind that sabre was like the tempestuous waters of the Yellow River as it surged forward!

The uncle's claw technique was definitely unordinarily fierce and swift. However, it was difficult to use the power of a person's claw attacks to resist the might of the surging Yellow River.

RIP!

The swift and fierce claw attacks was forcibly broken through by that sabre light, and the uncle's hands were covered by a bloody haze, and his figure was sent flying. He crashed into the household decorations on the way, heavily crashing onto the ground.

A Rank 3 Houtian was completely out of the league of a Rank 2 True Master. Even if the Houtian was heavily injured, as long as they could launch an attack, defeating a True Master was as easy as turning over their hand.

After Su Clan's Ah Shilu had chopped out with this sabre, her face became pale, and her breathing became hurried.

The Immortal Farming Sect uncle climbed to his feet slowly, his hands trembling, and flowing with fresh blood.

"I've already held back with this sabre strike...In three days time I will bring Su Clan's Ah Qi over, and clarify matters with your Immortal Farming Sect to settle our karma. Before that, behave

yourself. Go, I won't take your life for now." Su Clan's Ah Shilu said in a low voice.

"Impossible! As long I'm not dead, I won't leave!" The uncle's gaze was ferocious. "I'll bet my life on it to capture you! Also...after chopping out with that sabre, how much True Qi could you have left?"

Su Clan's Ah Shilu frowned, then said impatiently, "Then go and die."

She detested this kind of stubborn old fogeys. That jade-like hand raised again, sabre light flashing.

Did he really think she was a rottenly good person like that Song Shuhang behind her? If he really wanted to court death, then she'll grant his wish!

"HAH!" The uncle roared as he leapt forward, his legs bursting with True Qi, His body revolved, and was like a poison dragon making a drill attack on Su Clan's Ah Shilu.

Boom!

The two sides closed in on each other again, their True Qi both bursting out, creating terrifying booming and thunderous roars.

"Ahahahah!" Now, the uncle's mouth began to make strange cries. Immediately afterwards, his entire body drew a strange arc



as he shot towards the balcony.

Bang! The balcony's decorations were smashed into pieces.

In the next moment, the uncle dragged his heavily injured body, and jumped off the balcony. He left a last parting shot, "You wait Su Clan descendant! I'LL BE BACK!"

Having said so, he escaped into the distance without even turning his head back.

He had fled. He had fled just like that?

He had been so lofty and heroic before, welcoming death unflinchingly. In the next moment, he had ran off after delivering a parting shot.

"Amazing!" Song Shuhang sighed internally. Just now when the uncle and Ah Shilu had fought, he couldn't even make out the moves made out by both sides clearly. That speed had far exceeded the theoretical limit of the human body.

The sabre light on Ah Shilu flickered unstably, and she had a look of suspicion on her face.

In the second attack, her attack had only lightly brushed against the uncle's legs. The uncle had then detonated his own True Qi, creating fierce collision sound effects...then he had let out a miserable shriek as he had retreated, and escaped from the

balcony.

Was the uncle bluffing and blustering, and taking the opportunity to escape?

Or, was there a scheme?

“Do you know any spiritual energy detection techniques?” Ah Shilu neared Song Shuhang, and used a soft voice only the two of them could hear.

If it was possible, secret arts of the secret sound transmission type would have been more suitable.

But unfortunately, it was a pity that her current state wasn't good. Even standing was taking a lot of effort. Now, even activating a spiritual energy detection technique was beyond her, to say nothing of a secret sound transmission.

Song Shuhang nodded slightly, activating his spiritual energy. He used an omnidirectional detection technique to spread out his spiritual force.

After detection, there were no abnormalities and no gains from the scan.

But...Song Shuhang heart's suddenly felt a sense of unease. This unease was very strong, and he was unable to ignore it.

Song Shuhang frowned, and used detection techniques and alert techniques again.

There wasn't any gains again. His spiritual energy was very weak, and the radius he could detect within was very small.

The more it was like this, the more unease he felt in his heart.

"Are there any abnormalities?" Ah Shilu asked in a low voice.

"I can't sense anything, but..." Song Shuhang stopped halfway, and his mind flashed.

His spiritual energy revolved in a different way, and a different spiritual energy technique was used.

[Imprint Sensing Art]

This was the technique sent to him over the internet by Great Master Tongxuan's disciple 'apprentice brother Threedays', which could sense that stolen flying sword of Great Master Tongxuan.

When this [Imprint Sensing Art] was spread out, Song Shuhang immediately sensed the coordinates of the imprint.

On this block's third floor, a seemingly ordinary resident was walking up the stairs. He had a guitar case on his back...which

contained the stolen flying sword of Great Master Tongxuan!

The figure was climbing up the stairs...neither slow nor showing any flaws.

His body actually had some aura concealing technique or treasure. If not for the imprint on the flying sword, Song Shuhang would never have noticed him.

Was it a partner of the Immortal Farming Sect uncle?

Or...was it the oriole stalking the cicada from behind?

“What did you discover?” Ah Shilu sat on the sofa, trying her best to recover the spent True Qi.

“Someone’s coming.” Song Shuhang said softly. “He’s nearing. Can you still make a move?”

At the same time, he took out his handphone and quickly typed. No longer in the secret room, his signal was no longer blocked. Wasn’t this the time to call for backup?

He quickly left a message to senior Northriver, giving a summary of the situation as well as his position. He asked senior Northriver to quickly contact Su Clan’s Ah Qi, just in case.

“Because of my internal injuries, my True Qi won’t recover so

fast.” Ah Shilu bitterly laughed.

“Then...should I go ask the seniors in the group how to prepare a last will?” Song Shuhang laughed as he closed his phone.

As he spoke, various thoughts appeared in Song Shuhang’s head.

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The man carrying the flying sword who was hiddenly approaching, was the senior apprentice brother from the Moonsabre Sect! This was the Moonsabre Sect disciple who had seized the godly invisible sword from his apprentice brother who led a hard life.

That apprentice brother who led a hard life now even had his legs broken, and was being detained by Sima Jiang.

“That fellow from the Immortal Farming Sect and the Su Clan’s Ah Shilu have already come into contact and exchanged moves. It’s time to act. A chance has come.” The smiling expression of the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother was that of one who completely had the situation under his control. He slowly got nearer to Ah Shilu’s and Song Shuhang’s position.

There was only one order he had received from the higher ups of the Moonsabre Sect...When the people from the Immortal Farming

Sect had come into contact with the Su Clan descendant, kill the Su Clan descendant!

# Chapter 123 - Abbot Tongxuan Is... The! Most ! HANDSOOOMMMMEEEE!

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This Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother had obtained information on the Su Clan descendant from the higher ups of the Moonsabre Sect. Su Clan's Ah Shilu, Rank 3 cultivation and heavily injured from a failed Heavenly Tribulation.

“After waiting for so long, the Immortal Farming Sect fellow has finally made contact with Su Clan's Ah Shilu.”

The time for him to complete his mission had finally come!

This Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother stroked the guitar case. With this recently acquired 'godly invisible sword' and together with the treasure talisman the sect had given him, assassinating Su Clan's Ah Shilu would be easy as stretching his hand, and the entire matter would be settled.

Very quickly, he reached the Ande Block nineteenth floor.

Without hiding, he walked calmly to Su Clan's Ah Shilu's apartment like an ordinary passer-by.

In the long hallway, as the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother walked, he retrieved the guitar case from his back. When the guitar case opened, what was revealed was an ordinary inside of a guitar case as well as a 'godly invisible sword'!

He lightly grasped the godly invisible sword, and closed the guitar case before slinging it on his back again.

Lifting his head, then adjusting his breathing. The True Qi in his dantian was activated, slowly gathering in his legs. When he neared his target, he would stab out with his strongest sword attack!

Step step step... suddenly, hurried steps sounded out. The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother lifted his head, and saw a youth carrying a large cardboard box as he approached him.

The cardboard box was very large, and covered half of the head of the youth.

It was an ordinary person. None of the aura of a cultivator could be sensed on him. Was he a resident here?

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother maintained his strict caution, and shifted to the side. He only had one target now, Su Clan's Ah Shilu. Now wasn't the time to cause other problems!

The cardboard box carrying youth brushed against him...

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother continued to maintain his strict caution, approaching Su Clan's Ah Shilu's apartment.

After walking for five or six metres, the youth behind him gasped



for air, and his whole face was full of sweat. He placed the cardboard box on the floor.

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother paused, and no longer took note of the youth behind, because he had seen his target! Ah Shilu's face was pale, and was sitting on her sofa recovering her True Qi.

Ah Shilu was completely unprepared!

This was a true heaven sent chance!

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother's eyes shined. He grasped the 'godly invisible sword', and threw the guitar case to the side.

His killing intent exploded!

The long since gathered True Qi in his legs exploded, and his body tilted to the front. He was about to pierce out with a magnificent sword attack and seize Su Clan's Ah Shilu's life!

But, he didn't notice that that cardboard carrying youth behind him made a series of complicated hand seals, and was at the same time silently chanting an incantation...

When the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother shot out, that youth shouted out, "Abbot Tongxuan is... The! Most ! HANDSOOOMMMMEEEE!"<sup>1</sup>

The voice reverberated in his ears...

What nonsense is this?

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother's mind felt some suspicion rise.

But at this moment, the godly invisible sword in his hands suddenly radiated out a pale golden sword light. Then, the sword suddenly began to tremble madly in his hands!

A powerful force was transmitted from the sword, and the godly sword came to life. It wanted to extricate itself from his grasp!

Suddenly pulled by this unexpected force, the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother almost got dragged along on the ground. He hastily manipulated the True Qi gathered on his legs to stabilise his figure.

Feeling something wrong, he immediately let go, letting the godly invisible sword fly out of his grasp.

At the same time, he looked back, looking at that youth who had brushed against him...It had been after he had shouted that the godly invisible sword had changed so!

What he saw now frightened him out of his wits.

He saw the youth clasping one of his hands on his chest, making a remote sword hand seal. His other hand used a finger as a sword, lightly slashing towards him, “Chop!”

In mid-air, the godly invisible sword couldn't be seen as usual, and only the pale golden light it emanated could be seen.

The sword light flashed, and like lightning, the sword violently chopped down towards the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother.

“Remote sword arts!”

“Rank 4 cultivator!”

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother shouted.

Only after a Rank 4 cultivator condensed all their True Qi in their body into a True Origin, could they remotely control flying swords, and use swords to achieve flight! This seemingly ordinary youth was actually a Rank 4 cultivator senior?!

What was more important was...the flying sword in his hand belonged to this Rank 4 cultivator?

That stupid apprentice brother screwed me over!

All these thoughts were just the thoughts that appeared in his mind in just a split second.

Then, the small iron sword that had been mistaken as a godly invisible sword chopped viciously into his chest.

Neither able to avoid nor resist.

Because the sword was so fast that it had no equal! When Song Shuhang had just finished saying ‘chop’, it had already landed on its target!

Fresh blood sprayed out... and blood splattered all over.

The small iron sword cut halfway through his body. That one strike had caused all his ribs to be cut through, and his internal organs to be heavily injured. With just the fleshy body of a Rank 2 cultivator, it wasn't possible to block the sharpness of a flying sword.

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother landed with a loud crash, painfully wailing, “Senior... let me off! I know my wrongs senior...let me off!”

Song Shuhang's face was peaceful, and didn't seem to care about the other side's miserable shrieks. The other side vastly surpassed him in strength, and wasn't any weaker than Altar Master. Song Shuhang couldn't help but be careful. His left hand maintained the connection with the iron flying sword, while he used his right

hand's finger as a sword, waving it four times.

The iron flying sword withdrew from the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother's wounds, and fresh blood splattered. Then, the flying sword chopped out four times, severing his four limbs.

“AHAHAHAAAHHHH!” The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother continuously wailed, and turning into a human stick, but had no ability to resist.

“Return.” Song Shuhang said lightly, and the small iron sword flashed, scurrying back to him and stably floating in mid-air.

Song Shuhang extended his hand, and the small iron sword landed softly in his hand.

[Temporary Remote Sword Art]. This was the revised work from a time Great Master Tongxuan had failed.

When Song Shuhang had brushed against the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother, he had confirmed whether the iron flying sword had the [Temporary Remote Sword Art] formation of Great Master Tongxuan on it. If there hadn't been, he would have been forced to use his remaining two Sword Talisman. However, he lacked the confidence to finish him off with two sword talismans. He had needed three on a poisoned Altar Master that time after all.

Fortunately, this small iron sword had the ability of the

[Temporary Remote Sword Art] on it!

As for that line ‘Abbot Tongxuan is... The! Most ! HANDSOOOMMMMEEEE!’, that was the incantation to activate the [Temporary Remote Sword Art].

To think that this shameless incantation would come from the Great Master Tongxuan who was training silent meditation. Or perhaps...because he had been silent for so long, he had become outwardly cold but deep and passionate inside?

Lightly stroking the small iron sword, the spiritual energy left behind by Great Master Tongxuan had been almost exhausted. It could no longer activate the [Temporary Remote Sword Art].

Song Shuhang recalled that beautiful experience of controlling the sword. The ability to sever the head of an enemy from a thousand miles away, that was simply too beautiful to be described with words.

His heart involuntarily formed an incomparably ardent wish.

Rank 4 cultivation, and remote sword arts!

After experiencing the [Temporary Remote Sword Art], it was just like watching a spectacular movie advertisement, where one only felt an itch in their heart to watch the movie immediately.

Song Shuhang truly wanted to immediately become a Rank 4

cultivator, remotely control swords, and step onto sword light and soar into the sky!

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In the apartment, Ah Shilu rose to her feet, her pale face having recovered some colour.

She came before the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother, saying, “Out with it. Who are you? Why did you want to kill me?”

She had felt clearly that moment of killing intent.

She had originally thought that the enemy was together with the Immortal Farming Sect uncle. Now it seemed that this wasn't the case. The Immortal Farming Sect had wanted to capture her alive, and seek redress from Ah Qi.

But the assassin before her wanted to kill her.

## Chapter 124 - A Valuable Lead

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The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother laughed wretchedly, and shook his head, not answering.

“Since you know my name, you should know my identity ” Su Clan’s Ah Shilu said indifferently. “Even if you don’t answer, I just need to bring you back to the Su Clan... There are methods to make you spit out everything. Even if you die, I have methods to extract your soul, and get the answers to the questions I have!”

Her words weren’t a threat. As an ancient cultivator clan, the Su Caln possessed many methods that even gods or ghosts couldn’t fathom.

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother felt unease. The might and methods of the Su Clan was something he naturally knew.

But he was still hesitating. He had had his four limbs cut off, and if he were to expose information about the Moonsabre Sect now... Even if Su Clan’s Ah Shilu let him off, the Moonsabre Sect sure wouldn’t!

He would die anyways no matter what!

Su Clan’s Ah Shilu seemed to be able to read his mind, and said again. “Say everything you know...and I’ll let you have a simple death.



Death had its differences between a 'simple death' and an 'agonising and very painful death'.

The result wasn't important, but the process.

Song Shuhang collected the iron flying sword, and said to Ah Shilu. "He should be trying to frame them right? Just as the Immortal Farming Sect uncle had come into contact with you, he immediately prepared to kill someone. If he succeeded, and did a little covering up, then at that time everyone would think the Immortal Farming Sect uncle killed you."

If the matter was covered up, then senior Ah Qi would definitely seek revenge against the Immortal Farming Sect. When the kingfisher and clam fight, the fisherman would have a chance to benefit. I think that him or the power behind him has some grudge against the Immortal Farming Sect. Or perhaps they want something from the Immortal Farming Sect?"

As for why Song Shuhang knew so much...didn't shows always have this kind of plot? When one thought through it, those shows all had similar answers.

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother's expression became uglier.

"Looks like you guessed correctly." A small palm sized pocket knife appeared in Ah Shilu's hands. With the rest just now, she had recovered some of her True Qi.

She neared the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother. “I’ll ask you one last time. Your name, origin, and your reason to assassinate me.”

As Su Clan’s Ah Shilu neared the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother, he suddenly burst out laughing. “Hahahaha!”

Immediately, he spat out a paper talisman from his mouth.

The paper talisman flashed in mid-air, transforming into a blood coloured sabre!

A putrid smell of blood began to waft out, and that evil sabre hacked at Su Clan’s Ah Shilu’s head.

This was the talisman his sect had provided him, in order to kill Ah Shilu! He had endured for so long, just to wait for her to enter the attack range of the treasure talisman!

However, Ah Shilu had long since been prepared, and when she lightly waved that palm sized pocket knife, she blocked that blood coloured sabre.

Ah Shilu said, “I already long knew you still some tricks up your sleeves.”

After the blood sabre shattered, the Moonsabre Sect senior

apprentice brother seemed to receive some kind of feedback, and let out a continuous shriek, “AHAHAHAH!”

Ah Shilu frowned, feeling something off. Her body flashed, and the pocket knife in her hand stabbed towards the other side’s head!

But before her knife could plunge in, abnormal changes occurred.

“AHAHAHAH!” The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother’s shrieks became even more piercing. At the same time, the shattered blood coloured talisman spell extended a thread of blood, connecting to his body.

The senior apprentice brother’s spirit, Qi and blood flowed through the blood thread, unceasingly being fused into the blood coloured sabre.

The shattered sabre regenerated, and with one tremble, chopped towards Ah Shilu!

The situation had changed extremely quickly. Ah Shilu could use her knife to defend.

Block!

This blood sabre was much faster and vicious than before!

Although Ah Shilu blocked this sabre, she was forced to retreat

several steps...

“Bloodsabre Evil Sect’s secret technique, the [Bloodgod Sabre]?” She recognised this blood coloured sabre talisman spell’s origin.

Bloodsabre Evil Sect, that was a long exterminated evil sect.

The sect disciples used blood as the source of their strength, using blood essence and souls as the foundation of their innate evil sabres. Every time they used one of these innate evil sabres, they would oftentimes have to do the life sacrifice of several hundred people’s lives.

And for the breakthroughs in rank for the disciples of the Bloodsabre Evil Sect, countless slaughter was needed, to raise the rank of their innate evil sabres.

In the end, that evil sect had enraged too much of the public. The sect had been exterminated, it’s legacy cut off, and all it’s evil secret arts had been destroyed cleanly.

It was unexpected that traces of that Bloodsabre Evil Sabre Sect continued to exist!

The spell inside the talisman was a portion of the [Bloodgod Sabre] secret technique. As long as it had sufficient blood and spiritual energy, the [Bloodgod Sabre] wouldn’t dissipate.

“Ahahahah...Go die...GO DIE FOR ME!” The Moonsabre Sect

senior apprentice brother raved madly, his body continuously becoming more emaciated and skinny.

With each collision between the [Bloodgod Sabre] and Ah Shilu, that evil sabre would continuously drew out his blood essence and soul energy to repair itself from the damage it had taken.

Every draining brought about indescribable pain and despair. But as the [Bloodgod Sabre] absorbed more and more, it became stronger as well.

If this continued, the originally heavily injured Ah Shilu may not be able to hold on!

“Kill you... kill you...” The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother raved madly.

This was a true life for life exchange.

It all depended on whether he was drained dry of his blood essence or soul; or was Ah Shilu chopped by the [Bloodgod Sabre] first!

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ah Shilu continuously received seven attacks, unceasingly retreating.

The intense battle left her no ability to suppress her internal wounds, and her face was pale.

Finally, when resisting the eighth strike, her small knife was wrenched out of her grasp!

“I WON! Ah Shilu!” The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother laughed madly, he voluntarily sent his own blood essence into the [Bloodgod Sabre], and immediately, the [Bloodgod Sabre] expanded by one fold!

As long he chopped Ah Shilu, he had hope to live. Whether severed limbs or expended blood essence, all could be healed by the sect during the rewarding!

As long as Ah Shilu was killed!

The Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother had a vile look on his face, carrying hints of hope and being pleased.

Ah Shilu’s face was pale, and could only face the expanded [Bloodgod Sabre].

Cut!

At this moment, a black flying sword drew an arc of sword light, and the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother’s head...was chopped off by a sword.

He had a large amount of his spiritual force and essence blood

drained by the [Bloodgod Sabre]. As soon as his head was cut off, his vitality was completely extinguished, and he was completely dead.

The change was sudden, and the hideous smile and pleased expression that the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother had right before his death was still on his face.

It was Song Shuhang. Unknowingly, he had crept into the blind spot of the Moonsabre Sect senior apprentice brother, and his sword had descended, and sent his head flying.

Cultivators had countless methods to protect their lives and go all out. Song Shuhang had never forgotten what Jiang Ziyan had said at that time.

Even if he had crippled the other side's arms and legs, he had never relaxed his guard.

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After losing the support of its master, the [Bloodgod Sabre] produced by the spell in the talisman shattered? And the talisman became ash.

“Thank you.” Ah Shilu's face was pale as she said softly. Once again...she owed him.

“No problem.” Song Shuhang replied as usual. As the same time he exhaled deeply, settling his emotions, and adjusting his mental state.

Ah Shilu picked up her knife, and returned to the corpse to examine it.

“He has nothing to identify him on him; his soul has also dissipated already. It’ll be troublesome to discover his origin.” Ah Shilu said gloomily.

“There’s no problem ascertaining his identity.” Song Shuhang had an outline in his head. The iron flying sword had a valuable lead...

But before that, they had a small problem.



## Chapter 125 - The refined Young Master [Hai](#)

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Hai means sea

Dealing with the bloodstains and assassin's corpse on the ground was a major problem. Corpse Dissolving Fluid couldn't deal with the fleshy body of a Rank 2 cultivator.

Also, the noise and disturbance from the battle, as well as the shrieks of the assassin before he died, would likely have attracted the attention of the other residents of the building. It was likely that other people would soon come to investigate.

If the residents called the police after noticing the abnormal situation, it would be very troublesome. There wasn't a bald western monk to take the blame this time.

Speaking of the western monk, was he well in the prison? Or had he been released yet?

Oh wait, we got side-tracked.

"We need to deal with this corpse first?" Song Shuhang said.

Su Clan's Ah Shilu nodded. "The corpse can be moved to secret room for now. I'll contact the Su Clan for now, and will get the relevant people to deal with this. No traces will be left behind. The bloodstains outside can be dealt with me now.

The two moved the corpse to the secret room.

Then Ah Shilu took out a bottle of medicinal liquid, and sprinkled some on the place of battle.

When this medicinal liquid came in contact with the traces of blood, it quickly fused together. In a blink of an eye, all the blood was completely cleaned, and even the smell of blood had been cleared, and only a mild medicinal smell was left.

Apart from the sabre scars left in the hallway and apartment walls, there no longer seemed to be any abnormalities.

As for the CCTV, Su Clan's Ah Shilu had already meddled with it since the day she moved here.

"We'll leave it like this temporarily. Everything else will be left to the experts." Ah Shilu weakly sat on the sofa, unmoving.

Song Shuhang also exhaled. He took out his handphone to check the time, and it was already one o'clock in the afternoon.

He still had to get to the driving centre by two, to swipe his card for attendance at the theory lesson area. Then, he had to send Zhao Yaya to the station.

The time when he had to swipe his card was still one hour away, and the time could still be considered plentiful.

Song Shuhang opened the Nine Provinces Number One group.

In the group, Loose Practitioner Northriver left a worried message. “Little friend Shuhang, how’s the situation? Are the two of you alright? I’ve already contacted Ah Qi. He’s enroute now.”

“Thank you for senior’s concern. Thanks to Great Master Tongxuan’s flying sword, we’ve temporarily passed this tribulation. We’re now safe.” Song Shuhang replied.

Loose Practitioner had always been online, and when he saw that message, he finally sighed in relief. “Stay there. Ah Qi will be there in ten minutes!”

“Alright.” Song Shuhang replied.

As he finished typing, he realized that Su Clan’s Ah Shilu had crept behind him at some unknown point in time, and was looking over his head at his chat log.

“I don’t want to see Ah Qi.” Ah Shilu said seriously as she stared at him.

Song Shuhang immediately advised. “Be a good girl and don’t throw a tantrum. Your wounds are so serious now, and there’s still that Immortal Farming Sect uncle who wants to capture you alive. These various problems, will be much safer after Ah Qi joins up with us. Senior Ah Qi is also very worried about you.”

Ah Shilu frowned. Originally, if she didn't want to see Ah Qi, she would definitely have immediately run away.

But... Song Shuhang had saved her several times within the span of one day. She owed too much of a debt to him, so she didn't feel good rejecting Song Shuhang's suggestion.

She could only sulkingly pout.

"When senior Ah Qi comes, I'll be returning to Jiangnan University City. Stop being so pessimistic. Perhaps senior Ah Qi has found a way to cure your injuries." Song Shuhang comforted her.

"How could it be so easy." Ah Shilu muttered. She was the one clearest about her own condition. She... didn't have much time left.

Just as Song Shuhang was about to give a few more words of comfort, his hand phone rang.

Swiping it open, he saw that it was Zhou Yaya that had called.

Song Shuhang cleared his throat, and accepted the call. "Is anything the matter big sis?"

"Hey, Shuhang. What's wrong with your phone? I haven't been able to get through." Zhou Yaya asked.

Song Shuhang honestly replied. “Ah, I was just in an area with no signal. I just came out from there.”

“Where are you now?” Zhou Yaya asked again. “Also, where did you run off to in the morning? I heard from Doctor Li that you carried off the patient from room 570? And even just brought along a blanket from the hospital? I had to help you pay for it you know!”

“...” Song Shuhang gazed at the blanket just thrown aside on the sofa, speechless.

“Why did you carry away the little miss for? That little miss is still injured.” Zhou Yaya rapidly fired off questions.

Song Shuhang scratched his head, wondering how to explain to Zhou Yaya.

At this time, there was the sound of someone knocking on the door.

Song Shuhang lifted his head to take a look. The door hadn't been closed after the adorably foolish uncle had broken it down, but a middle aged man was still knocking politely on it.

“Sorry, did something... happen here just now?” The middle aged man asked politely.

He could see that the apartment was in a mess like it had been ransacked, and even the main door's lock was broken. Adding on, there were even a period of goosebump inducing shrieks<sup>2</sup>. Under the urging of his curiosity, he had come over to take a look.

“Excuse me, just now me and my friend were having an argument. We angrily broke some things, and bothered you.” Su Clan's Ah Shilu rose to her feet, calmly responding.

The middle aged man suddenly sighed. The youths these days were always losing their tempers, and even made a mess of their homes during their arguments. He laughed and gave some words of comfort. He didn't bother the two of them any longer, and returned to his apartment.

Su Clan's Ah Shilu's voice travelled through the phone to Zhou Yaya.

Zhou Yaya's heart trembled, and she asked, “Shuhang, you're still with that little miss? Where are the two of you now? What have you been doing all this time?”

“Big sis, this matter can't be explained in a short while... I'll explain it to you face to face later. That's it, I'll be hanging up now.” Song Shuhang quickly hung up.

He had to arrange his thoughts, so as to easily respond to Zhou Yaya's countless questions later.

Ah Shilu huddled onto the sofa again, and began to ponder about the origins of the assassin.

That's right, Song Shuhang had said before that he had a way to find out the assassin's identity? Ah Shilu's heart began to get restless.

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At the same time, in one of China's areas with high mountains and untouched forests, there was a region humans had never explored before.

The Moonsabre Sect was located here.

The Moonsabre Sect's sect leader, the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers, was frowning as he reclined on a chair made of ice. He was having a conversation on the latest Iphone.

“What? The assassination failed? Su Clan's Ah Shilu wasn't killed? Trash!” The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers frowned and sighed.

His breath had a lingering smell of something charred.

Not only that, his body would often give out the smell of barbecue.

When one closely looked, not only was the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers's entire back charred black, his right hand also looked like charcoal. These charred black areas also seemed to faintly have a golden fire burning. These golden flames were the tribulation flames from a failed Heavenly Tribulation, and were even more serious than Su Clan's Ah Shilu!

That was why the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers needed to recline on an ice chair. He needed the cold nature of this 'Cold Frostmetal' ice chair to temporarily suppress the golden tribulation flames.

"Elder Young Master Hai, the assassination failed. What should we do next?" He gazed at a figure next to him.

It was a white clothed young master, who had a long sword on his waist and was as refined as jade. He seemed to be an Immortal who had walked out from an ancient painting.

Not only did this Grand Elder of the Moonsabre Sect have an unfairly tyrannical strength, he was also the brains of the Moonsabre Sect.

"Be at ease sect leader." Young Master Hai had a plan in advance, and said, "It doesn't matter if the assassination failed... I already prepared for both eventualities. We just need to follow the plan, and your injuries from the Heavenly Tribulation will definitely be healed."

Young Master Hai smiled slightly, as if everything in the world



was in the palm of his hands.

The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers laughed along with him, and next to his ice chair, there was a seven coloured Immortal fruit that emanated a soft radiance. Hope filled the eyes of the tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers.

Young Master Hai turned away, and his eyes seemed to have a strange trace of smiling intent appear in them.

# Chapter 126 - The Little Miss Doesn't Have Much Longer

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“Then sect leader, I’ll go and make the arrangements. After enacting the second plan, Moonsabre Sect will need to lie low for a while until the thing blows over. After all, the Skyriver Su Clan isn’t something we can use forcibly go against... We’ll have to temporarily abandon the several centuries of legacy of our Moonsabre Sect.” Young Master Hai said softly.

“Several centuries of legacy is but a dead thing. What does it matter if we abandon it temporarily?” The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers laughed. “Also...once this matter blows over, we can make a comeback! Now, all the matters in the Moonsabre Sect will be left to you, elder, to manage.”

The sect’s legacy was but a dead thing. How could it compare to the importance of his Heavenly Tribulation injuries?

Young Master Hai slightly nodded, and left the Moonsabre Sect main hall.

He withdrew that strange smiling intent in his eyes. All the sect disciples could see was the very image of a gentleman as refined as jade.

From far off, a female cultivator raced towards Young Master Hai. Both her cheeks were blushing as she came to a stop beside him. “Elder Hai, all the Moonsabre Sect disciples have already finished their preparations. Appropriate preparations have already

been made for everything that can be brought away from the sect. Things that can't be brought away have already all been hidden in the hidden storage deep within the sect.”

“Very good. Elder [Yao Yan](#), pass down the order. All Moonsabre Sect disciples are to gather in one hour. We need to complete the migration today and head to Blue Origin Valley, to stay there temporarily.” Young Master Hai caressed the longsword on his waist, saying in a soft voice.

Yao Yan means beautiful face in chinese.

“Yes, I'll arrange it.” Yao Yan nodded slightly.

She reluctantly left to arrange the Moonsabre Sect disciples gathering.

Young Master Hai stood at a high spot and overlooked the busy Moonsabre Sect disciples. That strange smiling intent surfaced in his eyes again.

At this time, a clump of smoke appeared in his sleeve. That clump of smoke let out a weird laugh. “Jiejie, Elder Hai you really are popular with the ladies. I think that Elder Yao has had affections for you for quite a long time. As long as you say something, even if it's [to pluck her to supplement yourself](#), she'll probably be willing. She may even take the initiative to run into your embrace?”

Caibu (采补) can be translated as “Plucking to Nurture”. The idea was that a person could greatly increase their cultivation by plundering the vital energies of their partner during sex. A male

doing this to his female partner (as was usually the case) was said to be “Plucking Yin to Nurture Yang” (采阴补阳). It added a connotation of rape to dual cultivation, since it was victimizing and especially since young girls were seen as prime targets to “plunder”. From an [article on dual cultivation](#).

“Does Devil Monarch Anzhi feel I have the will to do this kind of thing?” Young Master Hai smiled slightly.

“Jiejie.” The clump of black smoke used a volume that only Young Master Hai could hear to laugh eerily.

“Devil Monarch, I need your help now.” Young Master Hai said softly. “Your true body has already reached the Jiangnan area right? Could you please help me capture that Su Clan’s Ah Shilu?”

“Leave it to me. Isn’t it a matter as simple as flipping my hand?” The black smoke in his sleeve laughed.

“Then I’ll have to make a request to Devil Monarch.” Young Master Hai said.

“It’s all for our mutual benefit.” The smoke in the sleeve began to quieten down.

Young Master Hai hand stretched towards the sky, and lightly grabbed at it. The posture was as if he was about to become an Immortal and ascend to Heaven. Such a posture bewitched several of the female disciples of the Moonsabre Sect.

Suddenly, a '[High Mountains and Flowing Waters](#)' melody began to play. Even though it was a BGM, it actually quite suited the posture of Young Master Hai.

Young Master Hai calmly withdrew his hand, and from his white robes, and took out an Iphone of the same model of the Lord of a Thousand Soldiers, and lightly swiped.

A cold and emotionless female voice sounded. "Elder Hai, I've found Su Clan's Ah Qi."

"Good, use some methods to stall him. The longer the better." Young Master Hai's voice was gentle.

"Yes, elder. Even if I have to put my life on the line, I'll complete my mission." The female voice was cold as usual, but it was resolute as she spoke.

"No...I want you to retreat. Compared to the mission, you are more important to me. You must come back alive." Young Master Hai's voice was soft.

"Yes, Elder Hai. The female's cold voice trembled as it hung up.

"Hehehe." Young Master Hai kept his phone.

Everything was ready.

Now all that needed to be done was reel in the net!

\* \* \* \* \*

Time flew by.

It was already one thirty in the afternoon.

Song Shuhang frowned. Senior Northriver had said Ah Qi would reach in ten minutes. Why hadn't he reached yet?

In comparison, Ah Shilu had a satisfied expression. She would rather Ah Qi not appear.

After resting on the sofa for half an hour, her injuries had been suppressed, and her small face was no longer white, but rosy.

"That's right Shuhang, you said before that you could find out the assassin's identity?" Ah Shilu looked at Song Shuhang expectantly.

"I have some leads, and should be able to find out his identity. But... I still have some things on. We'll act when it's evening?" Song Shuhang replied.

Ah Qi still hadn't come, and he couldn't wait any longer. He had to go swipe his card at the driving centre at two, then go send Zhou

Yaya to the station.

He opened the Nine Provinces Number One group, and sent a message to Loose Cultivator Northriver.

But Loose Cultivator Northriver didn't reply him.

“What is it?” Su Clan's Ah Shilu stood up, and said, “Since Ah Qi still isn't here, why not we go settle your things first? You can use the Nine Provinces Number One group to contact Ah Qi anyways!”

“No way, you just wait here for senior Ah Qi. I can settle my matters myself!” Song Shuhang rejected righteously.

What kind of joke was this? If Ah Shilu went with him to send Zhou Yaya off, what kind of changes would the script about his life have?

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Two o'clock in the afternoon.

Song Shuhang had a bitter expression as he swiped his card at the driving centre.

Then he turned his head to look behind him.

Ten metres away, Ah Shilu's gaze intersected with him. She coldly snorted, then turned her head away.

Song Shuhang smiled bitterly.

There was nothing he could do. Her legs belonged to her, and if she wanted to come, Song Shuhang couldn't stop her.

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Two seventeen.

Song Shuhang returned to the hospital again, to send Zhou Yaya to the station.

When one looked back, there was Ah Shilu following ten metres behind.

Their gazes intersected again, and with another cold snort, she turned away again.

What was that supposed to mean?!



Another thing that exceeded his expectations was that Zhou Yaya didn't ask much. She just let him carry two bags, then walked together with him to the train.

Zhou Yaya could take the train to the motorcar station. Then, she'll change to the the three o'clock motorcar to go home.

Zhou Yaya finally lowered her voice and asked on the road, "Is the miss behind your girlfriend?"

"No. She's a junior of a friend of mine. I only just found out today." Song Shuhang lowered his voice.

"Oh." Zhou Yaya nodded, then was silent again.

"When Song Shuhang sent her onto the train, she lightly patted his shoulder. "I won't ask you so much about why you carried her away from the hospital. But... the little miss doesn't have much longer. if you have the time, go and have some fun with her. Don't let her have any regrets. Anyways, that's something you're good at."

"Eh?" Song Shuhang didn't know how to reply.

"I think she's just playing at being difficult with you. Give in to the little miss, as she's still young and not very sensible yet." Zhou Yaya said sincerely.

She finally waved and got on the train.

Still young? Not very sensible? Song Shuhang looked at Ah Shilu.

Alright... perhaps Ah Shilu was petite, and looked a bit young. But Song Shuhang was sure that she was probably older than him?

Still, Zhou Yaya was right... Ah Shilu perhaps no longer had much time left.

Hiddenly sighing, Song Shuhang bought two ice creams from next to the train station.

Then he went to Ah Shilu and gave one to her.

“Can you eat it? It won’t affect your injuries right?” Song Shuhang asked.

Ah Shilu silently accepted it, and lightly licked it.

“Let’s make a trip to the driving centre from just now. I need to participate in a Driving License Subject One theory test. Then... we’ll investigate that assassin’s identity.” Song Shuhang said.

“Mm.” Ah Shilu nodded, quietly following behind Song Shuhang.

# Chapter 127 - Put Down The Su Clan Descendant!

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4pm.

When the driving centre's theory lesson ended, Song Shuhang and Tubo went to sign up for the Driving License Subject One theory test.

To him and Tubo, the test had zero difficulties.

Before five minutes had even passed, they had already completed the test.

Then, the two of them retrieved the theory test results from the examiner, and left the testing area.

“Shuhang, I've already found a driving instructor. After we go pay the fees for cancellation of driving lessons at the driving centre, we'll wait afterwards for him to notify that we can start to learn driving. In at most half a month we can take the Driving License Subject Two Test.” Tubo laughed quietly. The driving instructor he had found was the one who was the most efficient, and could arrange the Driving License Subject Two Test the fastest.

“Sure. Tell me when it's time to pay the fees.” Song Shuhang then said, “That's right Tubo, I have to go out at night for something. Don't wait for me for dinner.”

“I see.” Tubo replied.

The two of them waved goodbye at the driving centre.

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When Song Shuhang left the driving centre, the Ah Shilu who had been waiting outside for him all this time came to greet him.

“Where should we go next? What is the lead you said that time?” She asked curiously.

Song Shuhang patted the iron sword that was hanging slanted at his waist. “The lead is this flying sword of Great Master Tongxuan.”

Because of the concealing formation, Ah Shilu couldn’t see the flying sword. She remembered that Song Shuhang had relied on this flying sword to chop off the assassin’s head.

This flying sword was a lead?

Eh wait! Hadn’t this flying sword been brought by that assassin at first?

“This flying sword had been left behind by Great Master Tongxuan after a flying book delivery. Later on senior Medicine Master asked me to send it back to Grand Master Tongxuan by delivery service.” Song Shuhang explained. “ However, yesterday the deliveryman Little Jiang called me to say he had been knocked out by someone and had the delivery stolen.

This matter... was truly very coincidental.

No one would have expected that the assassin would bring the iron sword to assassinate Ah Shilu. In the end he had been counter killed by Song Shuhang with the flying sword.

Ah Shilu asked, “The flying sword was robbed by the assassin?”

Song Shuhang shook his head. “No. The one who robbed the delivery wasn’t the assassin. According to Little Jiang on the phone, the robber has already been caught, and is with him as of now. I think that the robber and assassin are very likely companions.”

“So, we can go and look for the robber now. Perhaps we can obtain the information we want from him. As long as we can ascertain his identity, everything will be revealed.”

Song Shuhang suspected that the Immortal Farming Sect matter was related to the power behind the assassin. It was obvious that they wanted to create conflict between the Immortal Farming Sect and Su Clan’s Ah Qi, and somehow gain benefits through that.

“Then we’ll go over to Little Jiang now?” Ah Shilu’s eyes shined.

“I’ll give a call first, and ask Little Jiang where he is.” Song Shuhang opened his phone, and called Little Jiang’s number.

Very quickly, Sima Jiang answered.

Without waiting for Song Shuhang to say something, Sima Jiang quickly said, “Song Shuhang, you wanted to ask for news about the delivery right? Don’t worry, we’ve already gotten from the robber a description of his accomplice and his location. I’ll definitely get the delivery back tonight!”

Song Shuhang looked at the flying sword on his waist, and laughed. “Haha, there’s no need to look for that delivery anymore. Because of some coincidences, the delivery item has already come back into my hands. I’ll tell you the details next time. I need you to do me a favour now Little Jiang. I want to meet the robber, and ask him some questions.”

Sima Jiang froze, but he immediately replied. “No problem. I’m now at the Jiangnan delivery service headquarters. Where are you now? Why not I drive to you immediately to pick you up!”

“That works too. Then pick me up at the Jiangnan University City East Gate to pick me up.” Song Shuhang responded.

“I’ll be there soon.” Sima Jiang replied.

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After hanging up the phone, Song Shuhang said “Let’s go. We’ll go to the school’s East Gate to wait for Little Jiang.”

“Mm.” Su Clan’s Ah Shilu made a sound of agreement.

The two went along the river of people in the school grounds towards the school’s East Gate.

“Ah Shilu, why isn’t Ah Qi here yet?” Song Shuhang asked.

After originally saying that he’ll reach in ten minutes, hadn’t several hours passed already?

“Who knows?” Ah Shilu asked

“I’ll ask in the group.” Song Shuhang opened the Nine Provinces Number One group, and sent a message there.

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “Senior Ah Qi, you still haven’t reached yet?”

Loose Cultivator Northriver replied, “I don’t have any reply from

Ah Qi on my side either. Maintain contact, when I have news from Ah Qi I'll immediately contact you."

"Alright maintain contact. I'll be going on a trip to the Jiangnan delivery service headquarters later. If senior Ah Qi replies, then tell him to go directly to the headquarters to meet up." Song Shuhang replied.

Loose Cultivator Northriver: "Alright, take care of your safety."

Ah Shilu sighed. "Forget it. Let me ask. Lend me your phone Shuhang, I'll give Ah Qi a call to ask him where he is."

"That can't be better." Song Shuhang turned, and gave her his phone.

Ah Shilu lowered her head to input the number.

After a moment, she frowned. "Ah Qi's phone ran out of battery? The phone is off."

"Then we can only wait for him to contact us himself... Huh? What's that?" Song Shuhang pointed at the distance, and asked suspiciously.

In the direction he pointed, there could be seen not far off in the sky, a ball made of black smoke flying quickly through the sky.



And behind this ball, was a five metre Pekingese dog, wagging its tongue as it chased, unwilling to stop.

A ball and a dog were chasing each other around in midair.

But, of the students below, not one could see this ball and this dog, as if they didn't exist.

“A demonic beast?” Ah Shilu asked.

Demonic beasts had special bodies, and ordinary people couldn't see them.

While talking, the ball suddenly changed course, and shot towards Song Shuhang and Ah Shilu.

One of Song Shuhang's hands went onto the flying sword, and the other grabbed a Dispel Evil Talisman in his pocket, ready to activate it any moment.

When the ball of black smoke neared, it suddenly expanded, and trapped Song Shuhang and Ah Shilu inside.

A cold voice resounded from the smoke, “Jiejie, Su Clan's descendant, I found you!”

“Who is it?” Song Shuhang shouted.

When his voice had just finished sounding out, he could only feel a giant hand grab his entire body. He felt as if he was riding the clouds and flying on the mist as he floated up!

And the Su Clan's Ah Shilu behind him was pushed away by an invisible force.

“Jiejie, my name is... Devil Monarch Anzhi!” The ball of smoke let out a weird laugh. “Su Clan descendant, would you go on a trip with me? Relax, I don't want your life!”

“The assassin's companion?” Song Shuhang asked.

Also, I'm not the Su Clan's descendant.

Devil Monarch Anzhi, you probably caught the wrong person?

Devil Monarch Anzhi didn't reply to Song Shuhang, because that giant Pekingese dog let out an enraged roar, and quickly neared, and bit at the smoke.

“Screw this dog.” Devil Monarch Anzhi grabbed tightly onto Song Shuhang, soaring quickly into the sky.

“Woof woof!” The giant Pekingese dog continued in hot pursuit, not giving up.

Just as Devil Monarch Anzhi grabbed the ‘Su Clan's descendant’

who was surnamed Song, a figure raced out from a corner of the school grounds, chasing after the ball. “Put down the Su Clan descendant! Bastard! She’s OUR target!”

This was the adorably foolish uncle, and his hands were tied up in bandages.

The ball that was Devil Monarch Anzhi, a dog, and an uncle were chasing each other. They quickly disappeared.

The main character of this act, Su Clan’s Ah Shilu was rubbing her stomach in pain after getting up. Speaking of which, she was the real Su Clan descendant... right?

What exactly were these people playing at, catching Song Shuhang instead?

# Chapter 128 - Where Is The Moonsabre Sect?

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Su Clan's Ah Shilu body was heavily wounded, and simply couldn't chase after that ball, a dog and an uncle. She grit her teeth, and used Song Shuhang's phone to call Ah Qi. Pick up the phone now Ah Qi!

In the sky, the ball that Devil Monarch Anzhi had transformed into was chased relentlessly by the Pekingese dog. This demon dog had an unknown origin, and had great power.

Devil Monarch Anzhi felt very gloomy. He himself didn't agitate that dog. When the Pekingese dog appeared, it had suddenly charged at him to attack him.

When Devil Monarch Anzhi had tangled with it before, they hadn't been able to determine who was superior between the two.

He calculated that even if he went all out, it would take a massive battle of several days to have confidence in disposing of this demon dog. Also, he didn't know if this dog had any suppression techniques.

He was occupied with important things now. Where did he have any spare effort to get entangled with some demon mutt?

I can't afford to provoke you, but does that mean I can't hide from you? Thus, Devil Monarch Anzhi sped up, hoping to increase the distance between him and the demon dog.

Song Shuhang was grasped by that invisible hand. While riding on the clouds and flying on the wind, Song Shuhang felt as if his internal organs were being squeezed out. What an unexpected calamity!

How unfortunate!

Behind, the adorably foolish uncle was giving his all to give chase.

He had previously been hiding in a secret place, continuing to tail Su Clan's Ah Shiliu. He had been thinking to wait for backup from the Immortal Farming Sect, and try to catch Su Clan's Ah Shiliu alive again. He didn't expect a Devil Monarch Anzhi to suddenly descend from the sky and use smoke to envelop Ah Shilu and Song Shuhang. Then he grabbed a figure and flew away.

Indistinctly, the Immortal Farming Sect uncle heard a 'Su Clan descendant' and 'would you go on a trip with me'.

Su Clan's Ah Shilu was snatched away? How dare you! Without Su Clan's Ah Shiliu, how could their Immortal Farming Sect deal with Su Clan's Ah Qi?

And thus, without thinking, the Immortal Farming Sect quickly shot towards the ball of black smoke and the pekingese demon dog. The uncle had a very one track mind... He didn't even spare a glance at the person on the ground, and chased after Devil Monarch Anzhi.

While chasing, he even used a Thousand Miles Sound Transmission talisman. He contacted the helpers from the Immortal Farming Sect, and let the helpers arrange an ambush in front.

“Ambush that ball of black smoke! We must obtain Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu!” The uncle grit his teeth.

They had to succeed this time! Failure was not accepted! They needed to obtain Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu!

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At this time, at a remote region not far from Jiangnan City. The air was filled with ghost Qi, and the ghastly ghost Qi had formed a temporarily sealed off space.

In that sealed space, Su Clan’s Ah Qi stood with his hands clasped behind his back. The magical sabre on his body magically produced a dense sea of sabres, akin to the Milky Way.

And next to him, was a dense and uncountable number of vengeful ghosts with incomplete bodies. They reached the thousands upon thousands, and all had been slain under Ah Qi’s sabre.

“[Myriad Ghosts Devours Grand Formation]... that’s quite the ambitious plan.” Ah Qi said in a low voice.

This was a grand formation based on the idea that when there were enough ants, even an elephant could be bitten to death. It had illustrious fame in the cultivation world, and had stalled him for a total of three hours!

The opponent had come with preparations, in order to stall him. Their target was Ah Shiliu? Thinking this, his rage soared.

Before Ah Qi, was a white clothed female who was the one who had set up the [Myriad Ghosts Devours Formation].

Her body was wrapped up tightly in bandages, and seemed like a mummy from ancient Egypt. Only a pair dark of red eyes could be seen. Also, her body constantly gave off the smell of a rotting corpse.

This was an innate constitution she was born with, and she could innately attract ghosts to come and store them within her body.

In ancient times, these were the kinds of seedlings evil sects who cultivated the path of ghosts liked the most. With this constitution, it wasn't necessary to tiringly search for various types of vengeful ghosts. The ghosts themselves would take the initiative to come to them. A ghosts cultivator's strength could thus soar to the heavens.

Because of such a constitution, this female didn't need the help of a magical treasure such as the Myriad Ghosts Banner. Just relying on her body, she could release over ten thousand ghosts, and form

the [Myriad Ghosts Devours Grand Formation].

“What a pity. For an existence like you, this [Myriad Ghosts Devours Grand Formation] can only stall you a bit.” The female’s voice didn’t seem to have a single fluctuation of emotion.

“Hmph.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi coldly harrumphed, and with a horizontal sweep of his magical sabre, sabre Qi swept out. An invisible barrier in the air seemed to be shattered by this sabre Qi.

Without the support of the ten thousand ghosts, the [Myriad Ghosts Devours Grand Formation] finally broke apart. The cold ghost Qi in the air dissipated. The remains of the vengeful ghosts that filled the ground turned into particles and dissipated into the heavens and the earth.

That female groaned. She had used her body instead of a Myriad Ghosts Banner to activate the grand formation. Now that the formation had been broken, she naturally suffered a backlash.

When the formation was broken, Su Clan’s Ah Qi disappeared from his original position and appeared behind the female.

The sabre in his hand was pressed against the back of her head.

Ah Qi didn’t want to kill her. He wanted to get information from her.

And that female perhaps knew she had no chance of escape, and



thus showed no intent to run away.

Also, without waiting for Su Clan's Ah Qi's questioning, she calmly said, "Elder told me to tell you, that if you want to find Ah Shilu, go to the Moonsabre Sect. My mission is to stall you. Then, while I stall you, Ah Shilu would be taken away by the elder's men."

Su Clan's Ah Qi was enraged. What the heck was this Moonsabre Sect? Why did he have to search for it? Such a small sect, he had simply never heard of it before. "Where is the Moonsabre Sect?"

That mummy female shook her head. "I don't know. I've never been to the Moonsabre Sect before. My mission is completed. It's up to you if you want to kill me or dismember me."

"Your mother! You're mentally retarded!" Ah Qi unhesitatingly chopped the sabre onto her head, and fresh blood spurted out.

The female fell limply onto the ground, her life force extinguished.

They didn't even know where to go, and yet they still asked him to go to some Moonsabre Sect? If this wasn't being mentally retarded, what was?

But the enemy had snatched away Su Clan's Ah Shiliu...

Ah Qi angrily stamped his foot onto the ground, forming a small

crater.

At this moment, a music pleasant to the ears began to play... No, this wasn't a system sound effect from defeating a monster and levelling up. It's just a hand phone ringing.

Ah Qi took out his phone, and discovered it was an unknown number calling.

Was it those Moonsabre Sect bastards?

He received the call.

However, the voice that sounded through the phone was Ah Shiliu's instead. "Hey? Ah Qi, you finally answered the call!"

At that moment, Ah Qi's gloomy expression disappeared. The clouds that seemed to be hanging over him cleared up. "Ah Shiliu? You're alright? I was being stalled by someone. Where are you now? Did you get attacked?"

"Jiangnan University City, the school's East Gate. I did get attacked." Su Clan's Ah Shiliu paused. "Then, they caught the wrong person, Shuhang instead. Anyways, you'd better come here first."

The people from the Moonsabre Sect... really were mentally retarded?

“I’ll reach immediately. This time I’ll definitely make it with five minutes!” Su Clan’s Ah Qi grit his teeth, the magical sabre transformed into a streak of light, pulling Ah Qi into the sky. It was as fast as if it was lightning.

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When five minutes hadn’t passed yet, Su Clan’s Ah Qi had already reached Jiangnan’s University City’s East Gate.

He retrieved the streak of light, and dispelled the concealing spell cast on him. Descending in a corner with nobody there, he quickly rushed to Ah Shiliu’s side.

“Ah Shilu!” Ah Qi gave Ah Shiliu a forceful hug. Only after checking her from head to toe did he hiddenly give a sigh of relief.

# Chapter 129 - The Attacking Weaklings!

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Su Clan's Ah Qi said, "What happened? Tell me all the details."

Ah Shiliu started from how she had suffered an attack from the Immortal Farming Sect uncle at the hospital, to how Song Shuhang had stepped out to help. Then, there was the assassination attack, and finally how she and Song Shuhang had been about to go to the Jiangnan delivery service headquarters to search for leads on the assassin. Then, that strange ball of smoke had kidnapped Song Shuhang... Oh right, there was also that Pekingese dog which chased after the ball.

After finishing, Ah Shiliu asked, "Ah Qi, did you really snatch the treasure of the Immortal Farming Sect, and injure their people?"

"I wouldn't do this kind of thing." Ah Qi shook his head.

"But, a few days ago I indeed did go to the Immortal Farming Sect." Saying this, he frowned. "At that time, I had met a friend I got along with very well. When he found out I was searching for medicines that could cure Heavenly Tribulation injuries, he recommended me the Sevenshine Wonderfruit from the Immortal Farming Sect. The Immortal Farming Sect is a small sect that specialises in growing various types of spiritual plants. In the cultivation world they can be considered to have a bit of fame. That friend went with me to the Immortal Farming Sect, and enquired about whether they would part with the Sevenshine Wonderfruit. However, we were rejected by the Immortal Farming Sect. The Sevenshine Wonderfruit was their precious treasure, and they weren't willing to sell it. I thus got rid of this notion, and

continued searching for other medicines.”

It now seemed like...since the time he and his friend went towards the Immortal Farming Sect, they were locked onto by this Moonsabre Sect. And after they had snatched away the Sevenshine Wonderfruit, they pushed the blame to him! They were trying to incite conflict between the Immortal Farming Sect and him, and get some benefits from the side?

As long as you don't court death you won't die! Why were there always some people who didn't understand that?

“Ah Qi, what should we do now? Song Shuhang has been snatched away.” Ah Shiliu said, and it was also her fault he had been snatched away.

“Do you know where they brought him?” Ah Qi asked.

Ah Shiliu shook her head. She had seen the direction the ball of smoke had fled in, but the other side had kept changing directions. It had also cut off its aura to avoid being tracked. After so long had passed, there was no way to chase even if they wanted to.

She was slightly worried about Song Shuhang's safety. If the enemy suddenly realized halfway that the one he had caught wasn't the 'Su clan descendant', he may just end up directly killing Song Shuhang. The longer the time that passed, the more danger he was in!

“Don’t be impatient...we still have a lead.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi considered for a moment, then explained. “The companion of the assassin that Song Shuhang mentioned is a lead. We’ll go and meet him now!”

As he was speaking, the phone in Ah Shiliu’s hand rang.

She swiped it open, and coincidentally, it was the deliveryman Little Jiang.

Ah Shiliu accepted the call.

“Hey, student Shuhang, I’ve already reached the Jiangnan University City East Gate! Where are you?” Sima Jiang’s voice sounded from the phone.

Ah Shiliu considered her surroundings, and quickly discovered a seven seater delivery car not far from the East Gate. “Mr Jiang, I see you, I’ll be going over now.”

Sima Jiang froze when he heard a female voice. Suspiciously, he asked. “You are?”

“I’m Song Shuhang’s friend. The one who needs to see the robber is me.” Ah Shiliu replied. At the same time, she approached the delivery car with Su Clan’s Ah Qi.

“Where’s student Song Shuhang?” Sima Jiang felt suspicious when he saw Ah Qi and Ah Shiliu, but no sign of Song Shuhang.

At this time, Ah Qi opened his mouth, and said gently. “He has something urgent on so he left first. He won’t be accompanying us to see the robber. Relax, you just need to bring us to see the robber.”

Ah Qi’s voice seemed to have some strange quality in it that seemed to made people relax.

When Sima Jiang heard him, he nodded. He actually no longer suspected him, and started up the car to drive to the delivery service headquarters!

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.....

The robber was being closely guarded, and he was boredly sitting in the underground room. He had sunk into a stupor.

Had Sima Jiang’s men and his senior apprentice brother clashed yet, and what was the conclusion? Did his senior apprentice brother suffer, or were Sima Jiang’s men annihilated?

Actually, would the Moonsabre Sect send people to save him?

While in a stupor, someone opened the door to the underground room.

Sima Jiang brought in a man and a girl into the room.

“The one who robbed me that time was this fellow.” Sima Jiang introduced.

“Thank you. I’ll take it from here.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi’s voice was still gentle. It continued to bring a safe feeling to people as usual.

Sima Jiang silently nodded his head, and left his secret room, closing his door on his way out.

When he left, Su Clan’s Ah Qi raised his finger, and the magical sabre rose into the air. There were lines on the sabre that begin to emit light. In that instant, an isolating formation that prevented spying from outsiders as well as cut off sound was erected.

When the robber saw this, he already knew that things weren’t so good.

“Say it. Your name, origin, and what are you doing here?” Su Clan’s Ah Qi said in a low voice. Even if he hadn’t done anything, his body still had a terrifying aura suppressing the robber, pressuring him to the point he had problems breathing.

“I’m called [Zhao Bulü](#), an outer sect disciples of the Moonsabre Sect.” Zhao Bulü didn’t even have the thought of resisting. He basically said all the details he knew completely. “I just received orders from the higher ups several days ago to keep watch on the



Su Clan descendant's position. I'm just an outer sect disciple. I'll do whatever the higher ups tell me to do. That's all I know."

His name means lawless in Chinese. Don't ask me what his parents was thinking when naming him...

He was a member of the Moonsabre Sect as expected. And he had been monitoring Su Clan's Ah Shiliu position from a few days ago...And it was even before he himself had went to the Immortal Farming Sect.

If so... then the 'friend' who had brought him to the Immortal Farming Sect deserved some contemplation!

Su Clan's Ah Qi would admit himself that he was a boorish person. He wasn't good at hidden plots, and didn't have a way with words. From the time he had begun his journey of the Dao, he had encountered many conspiracies. What he relied on was his body as well as this magical sabre in his hands!

"Final question. Where is the Moonsabre Sect." Su Clan's Ah Qi asked in a low voice.

"In China, an area with high mountains and untouched forests. The specific location is xxxx." Zhao Bulu said everything he knew in great detail.

"How sensible." Su Clan's Ah Qi turned to Ah Shiliu. "Let's go to the Moonsabre Sect."

Ah Shiliu silently nodded.

The two left. Zhao Bulü's sweat was floating endlessly, and his breath was ragged. Facing Su Clan's Ah Qi had made him feel as if he could die at any moment.

At the exit of the underground room, Sima Jiang was waiting for Ah Qi and Ah Shiliu.

"Yes, we've already gotten the answers we wanted. Thank you Mr Sima." Ah Shiliu smiled. "A lot of thanks need to be given to you for this matter. When this matter is over, I'll prepare a thank you gift."

"It's alright." Sima Jiang quickly said.

"We still have some things to attend to. We'll make a move first. You can continue on. Goodbye." Su Clan's Ah Qi waved.

Sima Jiang took a while before he nodded. He followed their departure with his eyes.

When Su Clan's Ah Qi had left far away, Sima Jiang scratched his head suddenly. "Was I possessed today?"

He felt he had been too obedient to that man just now. Not even sons listened to their fathers as much as he did.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the other side.

Devil Monarch Anzhi carried Song Shuhang and flew a distance, before stopping.

Before him, appeared a group of Immortal Farming Sect cultivators with scorching gazes.

Behind him, was a Pekingese dog that relentlessly pursued him!

“Hand over Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu!” That group of Immortal Farming Sect cultivators said viciously. These Immortal Farming Sect disciples didn’t specialise in fighting, were yet so aggressive today.

“Jiejie, a bunch of weaklings. You want to block me?” Devil Monarch Anzhi had long since had a belly full of fire because of that demon dog behind him.

Now, even these Immortal Farming Sect cultivators who only had [a power level of five](#), were underestimating him as well?

This is a meme about how when Raditz came to Earth in Dragon Ball, he looked down on a farmer because he only had a power level of 5, which is low considering Dragon Ball’s power levels. Tldr: The Immortal Farming Sect members are weak.

# Chapter 130 - There Are Many Things Wrong With This First Experience Of The Blue Sky!

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The ambushing Immortal Farming Sect backup had a strength of seventeen men. They all had great momentum, and were full of fighting spirit. What was a pity was that...that was the only thing good about them. Their strength was too weak, and among the backup of seventeen men, two were Rank 3 cultivators, while the rest were all Rank 2.

And also, the Immortal Farming Sect had fame in the nearby cultivation world for being weak in combat power. The amount of power these seventeen could unleash were extremely suspect.

At this time... the figure of the Immortal Farming Sect uncle rushed in from behind. He was wearing a pair of blue shoes, which was actually a magical treasure. Only with this magical treasure could he chase tightly behind Devil Monarch Anzhi, and actually be slightly faster than the giant Pekingese demon dog!

Of course, there was also the reason that the Pekingese demon dog wasn't going all out to catch up. For a demon of such rank, its intelligence wasn't inferior to humans. It saw that there was conflict between the Immortal Farming Sect uncle and Devil Monarch Anzhi, and it was happy to reap benefits from the side, and let the uncle be the vanguard.

Before Immortal Farming Sect uncle even reached, his voice reached. "Go! It's the fellow in the black smoke that kidnapped Su

Clan's Ah Shiliu! Beat him up!"

Then, the uncle bellowed in rage, and leapt into the air. His body spun and transformed into the horn of a poison dragon, drilling towards Devil Monarch Anzhi. His first move was already a big move.

All the seventeen Immortal Farming Sect members followed suit with their own attacks, executing various methods of their own.

Because only Rank 4 cultivators could remotely control swords, apart from three who used bows and arrows, the rest of the Immortal Farming Sect cultivators could only leap high into the air, side by side!

With the addition of the uncle there were eighteen Immortal Farming Sect cultivators. All jumped to a height of five floors, vigorously attacking. They raised their hands and fists, and True Qi fluctuated. There were various light effects, and this was a sight even more magnificent than modern day wuxia shows.

Then, they collectively gave Devil Monarch Anzhi...0 points of damage.

The airborne Devil Monarch just laughed coldly.

'Ding ding ding', the attacks of the Immortal Farming Sect cultivators could only futilely produce sparks on that circular defense.

Then, under the effect of gravity, these cultivators all fell to the ground.

Devil Monarch Anzhi had never even put these weaklings in his sights. He gazes swept towards the distance, where that giant Pekingese dog was wagging its tongue, quickly closing the distance.

Within another ten breaths, that giant Pekingese would be able to bite him again.

“I need to get rid of these weaklings within five breaths!” Devil Monarch Anzhi said hiddenly in his heart.

“Hah!” He shouted, and that circular defense suddenly exploded, transforming into over a hundred black coloured short swords.

“Go!” Devil Monarch Anzhi roared in a low voice, and those hundred over black coloured short swords seemed to be as lively as piranhas, scattering to separately rush at the Immortal Farming Sect cultivators.

Swish swish swish swish... A succession of sounds of sharp swords cutting open flesh. Fresh blood spurted and there were continuous wails.

One breath later...

Apart from the uncle and the other two Rank 3 Immortal Farming Sect cultivators, all the rest of the Immortal Farming Sect members were lying sprawled on the ground, each person having over ten sword wounds on their body.

As soon as they had met, more than half of them were defeated. It could only be said... as expected of the Immortal Farming Sect!

“Rank 4 and above cultivators, are difficult to deal with as expected.” The Immortal Farming Sect uncle grit his teeth.

Remote sword techniques and Rank 4 cultivation. Rank 4 cultivators had been called ‘Pseudo Core Cultivators’ in ancient times, and were just one step away from forming a Gold Core and becoming a Rank 5 Gold Core Spirit Emperor.

They had so many people, and yet still weren’t a match for the enemy.

Damnit, their Immortal Farming Sect’s strongest back up still wasn’t here yet. That person still needed time before he could rush here!

They had to hold on, at least until apprentice brother ‘Justnight’ could rush here.

As he was thinking this, the uncle’s eyes widened at the black smoke. “Huh?”

Because the defensive black smoke had transformed into a school of fish-like swords, the black smoke had parted and revealed Devil Monarch Anzhi's true appearance. He was a crimson armoured muscular fellow with short hair. His features were covered with black smoke, making it difficult for people to see how he looked like.

But that wasn't the important part. What was important was the one behind Devil Monarch Anzhi. Behind Devil Monarch Anzhi was a giant tail, which had transformed into a giant hand to grasp someone.

Logically speaking, the one being grasped should be the little miss 'Su Clan's Ah Shiliu'.

But, the one the uncle was currently staring at was a man with a young fair face.

"Scammer!" The uncle pointed at Song Shuhang, "Bastard, why is it you, where's Su Clan's Ah Shiliu?"

"Haah?" Devil Monarch Anzhi also froze, turning his head to look at the human shaped thing grasped in its tail.

"Haha...Blergh..." Song Shuhang made a tragic laugh.

Once upon a time, there was a Song Shuhang who had dreamed of soaring through the blue sky.



In his fantasies, he was either flying a plane, soaring through the sky, sweeping unhindered through the Heavens and the Earth.

Or he had mastered using swords to achieve flight. He would step on sword light to soar through the air, haughtily laughing at the nine provinces and four seas!

What kind of free and unrestrained picture would that paint?

But he had never expected that his first time flying through the sky would be him riding through the clouds and on the mist while kidnapped.

There are many things wrong with this first experience of the blue sky! It had in but a short time shattered his fantasies of how good boys should charge towards the sky!

Fantasies were so plentiful. Alas, reality was yet so cruel.

“You’re not Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu?” Devil Monarch Anzhi asked suspiciously.

“Haha.” Song Shuhang used a taunting manner to laugh tragically, to show his complicated feelings.

“If you’re not Ah Shiliu, why did you run out and shout nonsense when I called out ‘Su Clan’s descendant’?” Devil Monarch Anzhi raged.

“...Haha...” After a moment of silence, Song Shuhang decided to use a taunting manner to laugh tragically again. Your granddaddy, I just shouted a ‘Who is it’ at that time alright? You kidnapped me, thinking I was Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu just based on this?

“There’s something wrong with the target. RETREAT!” The Immortal Farming Sect’s adorably foolish uncle made a resolute decision, and shouted out.

As for this damnable scammer? What did he have to do with it whether he lived or died? He only cared about Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu!

Devil Monarch Anzhi froze for about two breaths...

“Jiejie, interesting, very interesting!” Suddenly, Devil Monarch Anzhi started to laugh loudly. No one knew what he was laughing about. What was so funny here?

“Hehe! Sword!” At this moment, Song Shuhang held the talisman in his pocket between his finger and thumb with great difficulty. He activated it.

Before, he had been grasped too tightly by the Devil Monarch’s hand. He used a lot of effort before being able to once again hold the Sword Talisman between his finger and thumb. Taking advantage of when the Devil Monarch was astonished, he finally found an opportunity to use the Sword Talisman.

When the Sword Talisman was activated, a dignified and lofty illusory figure appeared behind Song Shuhang. It gazed at Devil Monarch Anzhi.

Then, following Song Shuhang's will, that figure used a finger as a sword, chopping out towards Devil Monarch Anzhi's tail.

Resplendent sword light flashed, firmly locking onto Devil Monarch Anzhi. To Devil Monarch Anzhi, nothing else seemed to exist in the world except that sword.

This was a treasure talisman created by a Grandmaster of the Dao of Talismans, and this sword light was a spectacular sword art!

But, that Dao of Talismans Grandmaster didn't have a high cultivation. At the very least, when he had been creating this talisman, he hadn't formed his core and ascended to a Spirit Emperor yet. So, the sword created by the talisman only exhibited the power of a Rank 3 cultivator.

But Devil Monarch Anzhi didn't dare to disregard this sword light. Although it had only Rank 3 strength, this was a spectacular sword art. Perhaps if he wasn't careful, he might suffer an unexpected failure here!

# Chapter 131 - What Does One Do When One Meets A Giant Demonic Beast?

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Facing the sword light that was chopping towards his tail, Devil Monarch Anzhi suddenly made a weird smile. He loosened his tail, and tossed Song Shuhang away from a tall height.

No one knew what the thinking or logic of devil cultivators was... Song Shuhang had originally chopped out with this sword in an attempt to force Devil Monarch Anzhi to throw him away, so that he could escape.

But he didn't expect that, when the sword light hadn't even landed yet, Devil Monarch Anzhi would voluntarily throw toss him away.

Or perhaps to the Devil Monarch, since Song Shuhang wasn't Su Clan's Ah Shiliu, he had no value? Or did he have some other intention?

No one knew what he was thinking.

Immediately, Devil Monarch Anzhi clasped his hands together. The black coloured short swords that covered the sky shuttled back, forming a surging ball of swords in front of the Devil Monarch.

The ball of swords met the sword light from the talismans.

Boom!

The black coloured ball of swords collided with that resplendent sword light. True Origin energy mutually exploded, and the shockwaves of Qi transformed into substance as they spread in all directions.

The Song Shuhang who was falling from the sky was struck by the blast, and like a rocket, accelerated towards the ground...

At this moment, Rocket Song Shuhang had only one thought: Don't hit something hard!

Boom boom boom...

In the sky, after the flashes and shadows of swords clashing and the shockwaves of Qi, Devil Monarch Anzhi continued to haughtily stand in mid air, a black coloured streak of light supporting him beneath his feet.

Not even the slightest bit harmed, and the airs of an expert were displayed at this moment without a doubt!

“Woof woof!” At this moment, the far off giant Pekingese gave two loud roars, and four wheels made out of fire appeared under it's feet, looking extremely similar to [Wind Flame Wheels](#).

A magical treasure belonging to Nezha in mythology.

With the assistance of the Wind Flame Wheels, the speed of the giant Pekingese demon dog's running increased by not just one level. Like a hungry dog pouncing on food, it opened its mouth to take a bite at Devil Monarch Anzhi.

“Fudge, why does this dog keep chasing me down relentlessly.” Devil Monarch Anzhi's airs of an expert didn't even last for two seconds before being broken.

He hurriedly withdrew those black coloured short swords that covered the sky, reforming it into smoke again. He then began to move about in midair, cutting a sorry figure as he avoided the giant Pekingese demon dog.

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Thump!

Song Shuhang finally fell to the ground. Fortunately, he didn't crash into rock. But even then, he still felt as if his internal organs were shattered into pieces. Acute pain continuously pounded into his mental state.

As of now, he felt that he was really right in all the hard work he had spent cultivating the past few days. Thankfully, his body has been strengthened to this point, or he would have died from this fall.

On the other side, the Immortal Farming Sect uncle and the other two Rank 3 cultivators were quickly dealing with their companions.

The Immortal Farming Sect cultivators could still be considered to be lucky. Although so many had fallen to the ground heavily injured, at least none had died.

“Dog, wait for this monarch. When this monarch is free, I’ll butcher you for some dog meat.” In the air, Devil Monarch Anzhi roared angrily.

It looked like he had suffered a bit under the Pekingese’s mouth.

Then, his body shot downwards, and like an eagle catching a chick...snatched away the Immortal Farming Sect uncle.

He didn’t catch Song Shuhang, but instead caught the uncle. Then, the Devil Monarch fled far away...

Maybe the Devil Monarch was nearsighted, and caught the wrong person again?

In mid air, the giant Pekingese spat away some black substance in its mouth. With contempt in it’s eyes, “Woof woof!”

“Apprentice brother Justheart!” The female cultivator among the

two Rank 3 cultivators shouted in surprise after the uncle was snatched away. Immediately, she jumped and chased in the direction of Devil Monarch Anzhi.

So... the adorably foolish Immortal Farming Sect uncle had the Daoist title 'Justheart'.

The remaining Rank 3 cultivator also wanted to give chase, but when seeing the floor covered with injured apprentice brothers, he could only hiddenly grit his teeth. He forcefully held back the desire to give chase, staying back to treat their injuries.

The injured farming sect disciple all half sat up with his help. They sat cross legged and adjusted their breathing, recovering from their wounds.

Lightly sighing, this Rank 3 cultivator looked at the far off body of Song Shuhang that was lying down.

After thinking it over, he still went over. Half supporting Song Shuhang, he fed him a medicinal pill that helped recover injuries.

The Immortal Farming Sect specialised in growing various kinds of spiritual herbs and immortal medicines. The amount of medicinal pills the sect had wasn't little, which was why they were willing to spare a medicinal pill that healed injuries to a stranger.

Also... this was the style of the Immortal Farming Sect. Their sect had the style of being simple and honest. The vast majority of the



sect disciples had kind dispositions. If not for their sect's most precious treasure, the Sevenshine Wonderfruit, being snatched, they wouldn't have been so angry.

It was also thanks to how it was relatively peaceful for the past few hundred years in the cultivation world. If not, a sect full of good guys and had poor fighting strength would have had it hard to pass on its Daoist traditions.

After Song Shuhang took this pill, he could clearly feel a refreshing feeling spread from his mouth into his internal organs. His originally painful internal organs became very comfortable after the refreshing feeling passed through.

Several breaths later, his internal injuries were already healed.

“Thank you.” Song Shuhang took a deep breath and climbed up from the ground.

This Rank 3 had a complicated gaze, and in the end sighed. “No problem.”

After speaking, those Immortal Farming Sect had finished adjusting their breathing, and gathered.

That uncle named ‘Justheart’ had been caught, and another female Rank 3 cultivator chased after. The current member of the Immortal Farming Sect amongst those here who had the strongest strength and highest identity was this Rank 3 cultivator beside

him.

There was a disciple with childhood innocence on his face who now looked bitter. “Apprentive brother Justwords, what do we do next?”

“Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu hadn’t been caught, but instead their apprentice brother Justheart had been caught by that monster, and even apprentice sister Justjoy had also chased after. This was really losing one’s wife as well as one’s soldiers, an extreme loss.

Thinking about all this, the disciple with childhood innocence viciously glared at Song Shuhang. He felt that all this was caused by Song Shuhang.

“Next... we’ll just wait for apprentice brother Justmight to come before making a decision. There’s apprentice sister Justjoy following apprentice brother Justheart. Maintain contact with her.” The apprentice brother Justmight he spoke of was the Rank 4 cultivator of this time’s small reinforcements team. He was also the strongest battle strength of the current Immortal Farming Sect.

At this time, the members of the Immortal Farming Sect were all filled with distress.

Suddenly, Song Shuhang raised his hand into the air and asked softly. “Um... Excuse me, can I just ask a question?”

“Hmph.” That disciple with childhood innocence coldly harrumphed.

‘Please speak fellow Daoist.’ Apprentice brother Justwords spoke.

“I just wanted to know, if a powerful demon beast is charging towards us, what do we do?”

That giant Pekingese demon dog had had its fun chasing Devil Monarch Anzhi, and it made a round on its Wind Fire Wheels. Wagging its tongue, it changed its direction towards the direction of the Immortal Farming Sect crowd.

The Immortal Farming Sect disciples blankly stared at the giant Pekingese demon dog slowly drifting towards them. No one could answer Song Shuhang’s question.

“Is it carnivorous?” Someone said softly.

“Definitely.” Song Shuhang replied. Have you ever seen a giant dog that doesn’t eat meat?

“Should we run?” Another person asked an idiotic question.

Who could run faster than this Pekingese dog? Also, it flies!

Could they only leave it to fate, or hope the Pekingese dog was

full?

“That’s right... before I left the sect, apprentice brother Justgreat gave me a manual to deal with various dangers. It may be useful here!” That disciple with childhood innocence suddenly remembered something. He quickly reached into his clothes and pulled out a hardcover notebook.

Apprentice brother Justgreat was the professional in the Immortal Farming Sect in charge of rearing demonic beasts. He also travelled far and wide, and was very experienced. Perhaps he had recorded a method to deal with giant fierce beasts!

The disciple with childhood innocence quickly flipped to section on demonic beasts.

# Chapter 132 - I'm Surnamed Song, And This Is My Identity Card!

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Song Shuhang looked at the hardcover notebook with some doubts. This thing wasn't any wise counsel. Could it really be employed here?

"Found it. This paragraph: As a professional demon beast breeder, I will give you some of my personal experiences, as well as some experiences orally handed down by older generations of demon beast breeders. If hypothetically, right now you were to meet a large cat or dog race demon beast, what should you do?" That disciple with childhood innocence on his face said excitedly.

Apprentice brother Justgreat you're the best! This is EXACTLY what we need!

Continuing to read on.

"At this time, you must not panic. Maintain your calm. First, take note of the large demon beast's gaze. Is it lowering its head and staring at you, its gaze never leaving you for a moment? If so, you need to take note. I can guarantee you, this proves it's already added you to its menu!"

The Immortal Farming Sect disciple looked up to look at the Pekingese demon dog. Just as apprentice brother wrote on the notebook, the dog was glaring at them like it was eyeing its prey, coming closer step by step.

This was obviously the lead up to adding everyone to its menu.

“Continue reading. Does apprentice Justgreat record a method to deal with large demonic beasts?” Someone else called out.

The disciple with childish innocence continued to read. “At this time, you must not panic. Maintain your calm. Keep in mind not to lower your head. Don’t be submissive and show your vital parts either. This will make the demon beast think you are food that it can eat as and when it wants. Keep in mind not to run. Apprentice brother, you will never run faster than a demon beast. You would instead arouse its hunting instincts. Especially cat type demon beasts, they like to toy around with fleeing prey. Even if they are full, they still like to toy with prey until the prey dies.

“Now, do your best to stand straight, with a stern gaze and your face must be filled with anger. Then spread your arms and shout loudly. For example, something like ‘Screw your mother! If you have the guts come eat your grandaddy’ or ‘If you don’t eat me, then you’re a dog\*\*\*!’. Show as much of a imposing manner as possible!”

The childish disciple had spoken to this point, and there was immediately an Immortal Farming Sect disciple who stepped out.

He spread his arms in front of the Pekingese dog, and with a stern gaze, roared. “Screw your mother! If you have the guts come eat your grandaddy!”

“If you don’t eat me, then you’re a dog\*\*\*!”

A loud roar, and a powerfully imposing manner!

“...” Song Shuhang was very skeptical. Would this really work? Wouldn’t it enrage the giant Pekingese demon dog?

He remembered that in the Nine Provinces Number One group, a senior had mentioned while chatting that high ranking demon beasts had intelligence not one whit inferior to humans, and could even speak human languages.

However... this method that left people speechless really was effective!

The airborne Pekingese demon dog really froze. It squatted in mid air, wagging its tongue as it stared at these Immortal Farming Sect disciples.

“It’s effective, it’s really effective. Quickly flip to the next page, what do we do next? How do we chase away this demon dog?” That disciple with a stern gaze and a face full of anger asked, his confidence rising.

The disciple with childhood innocence nodded, and his heart bearing great expectations, flipped to the next page.

Only to see a single sentence on the next page.

“This way, perhaps you may be able to die with some dignity...”

“ ... ”

What kind of joke was this!

The disciple with childhood innocence immediately shut the notebook.

Apprentice brother Justgreat, screw your mother! How could you screw this apprentice brother of yours over!

“Quickly say the next step! I’ve already shocked this demon dog into stopping! Tell me what I need to do next! Or else we won’t be able to keep it shocked for long!” That disciple who had stepped out said agitatedly.

What to do? What to do?

The disciple with childhood innocence felt moisture in his eyes. He really wanted to cry.

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The Pekingese demon dog squatted in mid air, looking at the Immortal Farming Sect disciples shouting. It had a hint of laughing ridicule in its eyes. That’s right, Song Shuhang could



guarantee that he hadn't seen wrongly, and that there were vivid expressions in its eyes.

Seeing this kind of expression, Song Shuhang heaved a sigh in his heart. At least this Pekingese demon dog didn't have any malicious intentions towards humans.

After laughing, it shook the hair on its body, before stepping on air to make its leave. Before it left, it even gave a profound look to Song Shuhang.

After the giant demon dog left, the Immortal Farming Sect disciples all exhaled in relief. As for the disciple who had stepped out to shout at the Pekingese demon dog, he fell flat on his butt, no longer able to stay standing.

“The method apprentice brother Justgreat recorded is really effective. That giant demon dog really left!” That disciple didn't even know how close he was to death's door just now. He still had excellent praise for that method recorded by apprentice brother Justgreat. “The next time I meet a cat or dog type demon beast, I no longer need to be scared!”

That disciple with childhood innocence hiddenly clutched the notebook. He was considering whether to let this apprentice brother of his have a look at the last line from this notebook. Or else, what would he do if this apprentice brother recklessly scolded a demon beast the next time he met one, and ended up being eaten?

After resting at the same place for a while, the Immortal Farming Sect disciples had their wounds healed.

The Immortal Farming Sect disciples gathered into a circle. They were waiting for their pillar, that apprentice brother 'Justmight' to rush over.

Song Shuhang was by his lonesome at the side, leaning on a tree.

What came next... was finding a way to travel to Jiangnan University City. He had been thrown away in this desolate wilderness, and had to go see if there were any public roads nearby.

Apart from that, it was also best to make a call to Su Clan's Ah Shiliu, to notify her he was safe.

And...there was still the matter regarding the Immortal Farming Sect.

Song Shuhang looked at the Immortal Farming Sect disciples gathered together. He already owed them two favours.

If they hadn't attacked Devil Monarch Anzhi, Song Shuhang would never have even found a chance to extricate himself.

Then, that apprentice brother Justwords had fed him a medicinal pill for recovering injuries.

Thinking to this point, he rubbed his forehead.

The Immortal Farming Sect and 'Su Clan's Ah Qi still had a enmity to settle. Although there were many suspicious points about this enmity, the Immortal Farming Sect had already seemed to identify the culprit as Ah Qi.

While thinking, the Immortal Farming Sect disciple with childhood innocence came before Song Shuhang. With great effort, he made a ferocious expression. "Are you the Su Clan descendant?"

His question attracted the attention of many of his companions. They too were suspicious of Song Shuhang's identity.

"I'm not... you should have have heard the shouts from the uncle just now? I'm just an innocent victim Devil Monarch Anzhi accidentally caught." Song Shuhang said seriously.

"Do you have evidence?" The disciple with childish innocence said.

"Evidence?" Song Shuhang never thought that there would be a day where someone would actually ask him to prove that he was himself.

Thinking through it, he took out his wallet. "If you must have it... can this do?"

He took out his identity card from his wallet.

Name: Song Shuhang Gender: Male

Then it was his date of birth.

The Immortal Farming Sect Rank 3 cultivator ‘apprentice brother Justwords’ lightly floated towards him, and received the identity card to check it.

“Mm, he’s surnamed Song. He’s indeed not the Su Clan descendant.” Apprentice brother Justwords said seriously, then handed the identity card back to Song Shuhang.

The Immortal Farming Sect disciples were at once gratified, and yet disappointed as they lowered their heads.

“Perhaps he follows his mother’s surname?” This disciple with childhood innocence seemed to be unwilling to let off Song Shuhang. Unwilling to let him off, he said, “His father may be surnamed Su!”

Song Shuhang couldn’t help but speak out, “I say, could you not just randomly change another person’s ancestry?”

“Apologies. Because there were some issues with the mission, my apprentice brothers got agitated.” Apprentice brother Justwords

scolded that disciple with childhood innocence a bit, and let him return to his companions.

Then, apprentice brother Justwords himself sat down next to Song Shuhang.

“Six days ago, Su Clan’s Ah Qi and an unfamiliar cultivator came to our Immortal Farming Sect as guests.” Without caring about anything else, he started to narrate...

# Chapter 133 - What Each Conspiracy Needs

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“That day, Su Clan’s Ah Qi met our sect leader. He is a Rank 5 cultivator who has been famous for a very long time, and our Immortal Farming Sect naturally treated him with due respect. Ah Qi and our sect leader interacted for a very long time, and at first both the host and guest were enjoying themselves.”

“Then, Su Clan’s Ah Qi enquired about the Sevenshine Wonderfruit. Because a junior of his had failed a tribulation, he was searching for medicines to help heal this junior. Through recommendations, he had come to our Immortal Farming Sect. The Sevenshine Wonderfruit is the most precious treasure which has been passed down for generations through our Immortal Farming Sect. For some reason, it was discovered by several fellow Daoists, and it was even hailed as some divine medicine by them. Finally, the medicinal effects became more incredible the more it spread, and it was actually thought that the Sevenshine Wonderfruit could heal Heavenly Tribulation injuries. What was interesting was that we ourselves didn’t know that the Sevenshine Wonderfruit has such godly effects.” Saying this, apprentice brother Justwords poked fun at himself.

Rumours stopped when it came to wise men. However, the world just had to run amok with fools. Especially for those who had sunk into despair, it was easy for them to believe otherwise.

Song Shuhang didn’t know why apprentice brother Justwords was saying all this to him. However, since it was related to senior Ah Qi, he just silently listened.

“Then, Su Clan’s Ah Qi asked us whether we would part with the Sevenshine Wonderfruit. He would use valuable treasures to make an exchange. Our sect leader rejected him, as the Sevenshine Wonderfruit is the most valuable treasure of our sect. It also has no ability to heal Heavenly Tribulation injuries, and thus it had no basis for a trade. Su Clan’s Ah Qi also didn’t force the issue, then left the Immortal Farming Sect with his companion.

Saying to this point, Justwords paused, then frowned as he said. “However, what no one expected was that that night... Su Clan’s Ah Qi would barge into our Immortal Farming Sect, and continuously injure eighteen of our Immortal Farming Sect’s disciples. He snatched away the Sevenshine Wonderfruit!”

This was the enmity between Su Clan’s Ah Qi and their Immortal Farming Sect.

That was why the adorably foolish uncle tailed Ah Shilu, and hoped to capture her alive to force Su Clan’s Ah Qi to appear.

Song Shuhang frowned upon hearing this much.

He thought about that assassin who tried to assassinate Ah Shilu. Behind the enmity of Su Clan’s Ah Qi and the Immortal Farming Sect, there was actually someone who was intentionally trying to sow discord.

Thinking about this, Song Shuhang tried to make his tone gentle. “Excuse me, but can you be sure that the person who barged into the Immortal Farming Sect was indeed Su Clan’s Ah Qi?”

“Of course we’re sure. That night, our sect’s strongest apprentice brother Justmight as well as thirty apprentice brothers were in charge of guarding the secret grounds of the sect. Su Clan’s Ah Qi suddenly appeared, and with one sabre attack defeated apprentice brother Justmight and heavily injured eighteen disciples. My sect’s disciples personally witnessed his looks, and there was also that unique sabre art of his, the [Skysabre Buries the Starsea].” Apprentice brother Justmight explained.

“...” The edges of Song Shuhang’s mouth twitched. There were so many suspicious points, he didn’t even know where to start ridiculing it!

Su Clan’s Ah Qi went to someone’s place to rob them, and actually revealed his real face?

Also, he took advantage of the night to do bad things, but still showed a secret art unique to him? Was he afraid people wouldn’t recognise him?

How stupid, or exactly how wildly arrogant would Su Clan’s Ah Qi have to be to do this?

“I think you have some friendship with the Su Clan descendant, which is why I’m telling you all this. I hope you won’t interfere with the enmity between the Immortal Farming Sect and Su Clan’s Ah Qi.” Apprentice brother Justwords said.

He wanted to advise Song Shuhang not to enter this conflict of



right and wrong.

Song Shuhang thought for a while, before replying. “I don’t know much regarding the enmity between you all and senior Ah Qi. So I don’t have the right to say anything. However. There’s something that happened not long ago that I think it’s better to let you know. When that uncle from the Immortal Farming Sect tried to capture Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu, he failed, then retreated. But not longer after the uncle left, there was suddenly an assassin who attempted to assassinate Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu. If I hadn’t been there, Ah Shiliu may be dead already.”

Song Shuhang stopped speaking after this, and didn’t explain any further.

If the other side trusted him, it would properly consider his words. If the other side didn’t trust him, his explanation would only have a negative effect.

Justwords frowned, and began to ponder deeply.

\* \* \* \* \*

China, the Blue Origin Valley.

The Moonsabre Sect had already had their migration, left their sect and made their way to the ‘Blue Origin Valley’.

This Blue Origin Valley was a refuge secretly constructed by the

Moonsabre Sect many years ago. The valley had all kinds of preparations ready, and could be considered a second sect base for the Moonsabre Sect.

As there had long been preparations made, the Moonsabre Sect had migrated very fast. Before three hours had even passed, they had already completed the migration.

Under the arrangements of the various elders, the disciples used their identity and positions to chose their residences in Blue Origin Valley to settle their belongings.

Then, the Moonsabre Sect disciples began to prepare a giant guardian formation for the sect.

The 'sect guardian formation' was one modified by Elder Young Master Hai after research, and could for a short time allow the Moonsabre Sect disciples to double their battle power.

The Moonsabre Sect disciples believed that with this formation, they could block even a Rank 5 Spirit Emperor who had formed their Gold Core if one came attacking!

Once everything was settled properly, Elder Young Master Hai went to the Sect Leader, the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers, to report the current state of affairs. Once he left the Sect Leader, he returned to the private residence in the Blue Origin Valley.

His residence was very clean, with only a purple coloured

bamboo lonely growing in a pot.

Young Master Hai entered the room, and activated a defensive formation, which could temporarily block outsider's spying.

Then, his right sleeve moved, and that clump of black smoke that was Devil Monarch Anzhi's clone came out, letting out a weird laughter of 'jiejie'.

At the same time, that purple bamboo began to tremble slightly.

"The mission to assassinate Ah Shiliu failed?" That purple coloured bamboo trembled and let out a very robotic voice.

"It failed. What a pity. Even the [Bloodgod Sabre] talisman couldn't kill the Su Clan descendant. These junior cultivators who come from famous clans really aren't easy to deal with." Young Master Hai put his hand on the longsword on his waist, smiling slightly.

"It's really troublesome. Now we won't be able to lure Su Clan's Ah Qi to deal with the Immortal Farming Sect." That purple coloured bamboo was dissatisfied.

"Jiejie, from the start, we already predicted this might happen." Devil Monarch Anzhi's black smoke clone laughed weirdly. "Anyways even if the Immortal Farming Sect attacks the Moonsabre Sect, we can also achieve our goal."

“Hmph. You two would naturally be fine. I on the other hand, need to expend extra effort. Then I’ll settle for the next best thing. The second plan-has the Su Clan descendant been captured alive? If not, we won’t be able to lure Su Clan’s Ah Qi over.” The purple coloured bamboo continued.

Young Master Hai’s eyes slightly sunk. “Devil Monarch Anzhi’s true body has personally gone to catch the Su Clan descendant. I also let a cute tool stall Su Clan’s Ah Qi. Devil Monarch. You should succeeded already right?”

“Er.” Devil Monarch Anzhi’s clone paused. “How do I say this. Because a big dog interfered, in a haste, this Devil Monarch caught the wrong person... As you all know, to this Devil Monarch humans and monkeys are more or less similar, and all look the same. How can this Devil Monarch tell them apart?”

The purple coloured bamboo mocked him. “Which is to say, the second plan failed as well?”

“It’s not necessarily a failure. Actually we just need to make a move against the Su Clan descendant. Even if we didn’t capture her alive, as long as he finds a lead, Su Clan’s Ah Qi will come to the Moonsabre Sect to seek vengeance for his junior given his personality. If Ah Qi doesn’t come at that time... this Devil Monarch will personally act and lure him here.” Devil Monarch Anzhi’s clone grit his teeth.

“You said it yourself. We didn’t force you to.” The purple coloured bamboo laughed coldly. “Just don’t get chopped in half within one sabre strike by Su Clan’s Ah Qi when the time comes.”

“Hmph. You can be at ease. This Devil Monarch naturally has his own methods.” Devil Monarch Anzhi laughed coldly.

Young Master Hai sat on the chair, and one hand supported his chin. A slight smile appeared at the corners of his mouth. “Then, we’ll continue to follow the second plan... Now. First lure the Immortal Farming Sect people over, and let them have a taste of the might of the grand formation I ‘painstakingly made changes to’. It’ll also boost the confidence of the Moonsabre Sect disciples. After all, they are about to face the powerful existence known as Su Clan’s Ah Qi.”

The purple coloured bamboo trembled slightly, saying. “Alright. I’ll think of a way to lure the experts of the Immortal Farming Sect over. At that time, we must kill several important members. As for their sect leader, we’ll leave him alive for a few days so he has time to go back to the Immortal Farming Sect and arrange his funeral arrangements. This will give us the chance to obtain the secrets of the Immortal Farming Sect.”

Young Master Hai nodded. “Quickly act. We need to do this before Ah Qi comes. Let the Immortal Farming Sect come to the Blue Origin Valley.”

“Relax, I’ll immediately prepare.” The purple coloured bamboo said.

At this time, Devil Monarch Anzhi made a weird laugh. “Jiejie, that’s right. Although I didn’t catch Su Clan’s Ah Shilu, on the way

I met the people of the Immortal Farming Sect. There seemed to be one called Justheart. He seemed to have some importance in the Immortal Farming Sect. I thought he may have some use, so I caught him.”

“Justheart of the Immortal Farming Sect? If it’s him, he may really have some use. Temporarily leave him alive, just in case.” The purple coloured bamboo replied.

“Alright, then we’ll take action separately. I pray that everything will go smoothly.” Young Master Hai rose to his feet.

“It’ll definitely go smoothly.” Devil Monarch Anzhi laughed ferociously.

“We’ll definitely succeed.” The purple coloured bamboo trembled slightly, then calmed down.

Devil Monarch Anzhi’s clone burrowed back into Young Master Hai’s sleeves.

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Young Master Hai undid the defensive formation in the room, then rested for a while, before making his way to where the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers was again.

As usual, the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers was sitting on the chair made of Cold Frostmetal, staring in a daze at the Sevenshine Wonderfruit. This was the treasure that could heal him. Unfortunately, it couldn't be orally ingested, and they still lacked the method of usage.

After seeing Young Master Hai enter, the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers's eyes flashed. "Elder Young Master Hai, has the second plan started yet?"

Young Master Hai nodded slightly. "Yes Sect Leader. I just contacted our spy in the Immortal Farming Sect. He's already begun to act, giving the information to the Immortal Farming Sect about how Su Clan's Ah Qi and the Sevenshine Wonderfruit are at the Moonsabre Sect. Next, we need to find a place to ambush the Immortal Farming Sect, and kill all their important figures. At that time, our spy will be able to inherit everything of the Immortal Farming Sect, and obtain the recipe for the usage of the Sevenshine Wonderfruit. At that time, the Heavenly Tribulation flames that have been bothering Sect Leader for years can be healed."

"If so that's good!" The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers sighed. He was tormented day and night by the Heavenly Tribulation flames. Even if there was only a sliver of hope to heal, he wouldn't let it go!

"It's a pity. If the first plan was successful, we wouldn't have even needed to act ourselves. We could have borrowed Ah Qi's power to crush the Immortal Farming Sect, and the spy we planted into the Immortal Farming Sect would have been able to obtain all

the secrets of the Immortal Farming Sect.” The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers sighed.

“Man proposes, Heaven disposes.” Young Master Hai said smiling.

“You’re right, elder.” The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers propped his body up. “But we should still scheme a bit more. I don’t believe the Heavens won’t let us succeed time and time again!”

Young Master Hai smiled as he nodded.

Leave it to the Heavens for success? Haha!

Everything is in the palm of my hands. What need is there for the Heavens to allow things to succeed?

\* \* \* \* \*

At the other side, at the location of the Immortal Farming Sect disciples.

“Apprentice brother Justmight is here!” A disciple said in happy surprise.

In the distance, there was a man wearing blue coloured garments of the Immortal Farming Sect, stepping on a streak of light and speedily coming here...



## Chapter 134 - Why Is Su Clan's Ah Qi Here?

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The comer was the strongest battle power of the Immortal Farming Sect, the strongest cultivator of the 'Just' generation of Daoist titles, Justmight. He was a cultivator overflowing with natural talent. With normal cultivation techniques, he managed to break through numerous difficulties and ascend into the Rank 4 realm.

If he could just enter a stronger sect...

When he entered the airspace near the Immortal Farming Sect members, apprentice brother collected the streak of light beneath his feet, and it transformed into a small and exquisite wooden sword before being collected into his sleeve. He then lightly landed on the ground.

He had a slender figure, and didn't look like a cultivator, but instead a scholar who had come out of a painting. He made people feel kindly predisposed to him on first look.

"Apprentice brother Justmight, not good. Apprentice brother Justheart was captured by someone. Apprentice sister Justjoy is giving chase, and we can't contact her now. We also have no more news on the Su Clan's Ah Shiliu we were planning to catch originally. What do we do now?" That disciple with childish innocence threw himself into apprentice brother Justmight's embrace and started crying.

"Don't be scared Justglass. Am I not here?" Apprentice brother

Justmight sighed. “I just received news from the sect leader. Sect leader has found traces of Su Clan’s Ah Qi, and is now sure that Su Clan’s Ah Qi has entered a giant valley! There seems to be a power called the Moonsabre Sect there. Now, sect leader has already taken out the sect guarding magical treasure, and the strongest strength of our Immortal Farming Sect has already reached that giant valley

This time, we will make that Su Clan’s Ah Qi give us an explanation! I think it’s very likely that junior apprentice brother Justheart was brought into that mountain valley as well. We may be able to save him at that time too!”

Su Clan’s Ah Qi was in a giant valley? Song Shuhang’s heart was suspicious.

“I just don’t understand, why would they capture apprentice brother Justheart?” That disciple with childish innocence obviously had a good relationship with uncle Justheart, and asked in sobs.

“Su Clan’s Ah Qi’s goal is the ‘Sevenshine Wonderfruit’. But the Sevenshine Wonderfruit isn’t just taken like that. He definitely wants to obtain the method of usage from our Immortal Farming Sect. So he captured junior apprentice brother Justheart.” Senior apprentice brother Justmight said in a low voice.

Lightly patting that junior apprentice brother Justglass in his heart, senior apprentice brother Justmight said in a low voice. “Now, those who can still act come with me to that giant valley, and meet up with the sect leader! Whether it’s the Moonsabre Sect

or Su Clan's Ah Qi, we won't fear them!"

A large majority of the disciples leapt up from the ground, faces full of emotion.

There was one who had been more unlucky, who had been heavily injured in his abdomen area by Devil Monarch Anzhi's sword Qi just now. He hadn't completely recovered yet, and when he vigorously jumped up from the ground, the already healed wound opened up again. Fresh blood dyed his abdomen area, and this looked more tragic than [a visit from a great aunt](#).

Slang for a women's period in China

When apprentice brother Justwords saw this, he said in a soft voice. "Justwind, your wounds are too deep. Wait here for it to heal, to avoid any future medical complications. Justglass, stay behind to take care of Justwind."

The Justwind who had an injured abdomen had a gloomy look.

The one who was singled out to take care of the wounded member, Justglass, pouted. However, as he didn't dare to not listen to apprentice brother Justwords's words, he could only dejectedly stay behind.

"Let's go!" Senior apprentice brother waved his hand, and led the way.

As the disciples behind him weren't able to fly in the sky, it

wouldn't be right for him alone to fly in the sky.

At the same time, senior apprentice brother shouted. "Go ahead a bit, and go along the highway. When coming, I conveniently rented a bus. That bus is waiting for us at the highway. We'll take it before alighting near the Blue Origin Valley! Let's save some strength!"

This style, had within a short time changed from having all the style of a xianxia to having the style of an abnormal modern day.

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Justwind and Justglass were left behind.

Also left behind was the forgotten Song Shuhang.

From the start to the end Justglass hadn't given Song Shuhang any pleasant looks. He was like a child throwing a tantrum, and didn't listen to any advice as stubbornly as a donkey.

The heavily injured Justwind had the typical Immortal Farming Sect personality of being straightforward and gentle.

Actually Song Shuhang originally wanted to follow the Immortal Farming Sect team out of this wilderness, and find the highway to

go back to Jiangnan University City.

But the ones the Immortal Farming Sect sent out this time were all Rank 2 and above. With a ‘whoosh whoosh whoosh’ they had already jumped away such that not even their figures could be seen within a few jumps.

So he could only give up, and continue recovering. He’ll make a move when he recovered enough energy.

He had a general direction anyways, so he wouldn’t get lost.

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After resting for awhile, Song Shuhang stood up, and looked the two Immortal Farming Sect disciples. If hypothetically, he was to ask them to borrow a phone to tell Ah Shiliu that he was safe, would these two Immortal Farming Sect disciples beat him to death?

Mm, they probably wouldn’t beat him to death. As most they’ll beat him half to death.

So, he should probably avoid doing so.

“My two fellow Daoists, you two can continue to rest. I have some things on so I’ll make a move first!” Song Shuhang bade farewell to the Immortal Farming Sect disciples, to see if there were any public telephones or anything similar nearby.

“Hmph, who’s your fellow Daoist.” Justglass coldly harrumphed.

“Don’t be rude Justglass. Mr Song was only dragged into this calamity. He himself doesn’t have any enmity with our Immortal Farming Sect.” Justwind rubbed Justglass’s head, then cupped his fists towards Song Shuhang. “Fellow Daoist please go ahead. Also, please don’t get involved in the enmity between our Immortal Farming Sect and Su Clan’s Ah Qi.”

Song Shuhang mimicked cupping his fists in greeting, hiddenly sighing in his heart.

Forget it. He’ll return to Jiangnan University City first. He’ll decide what to do next after meeting up with senior Ah Qi.

Just as Song Shuhang prepared to make his leave, he heard a clear call. “Song Shuhang... Song Shuhang!”

“?” Song Shuhang looked up at the sky.

Then, he saw a tall man, coming here while stepping on a streak of light. He had brought along a girl with short hair and exquisite features.

“Huh? Ah Shiliu?” Song Shuhang called out in surprise.

How did she find her way here?

And was that senior Ah Qi by her side?

But just now, hadn't that senior apprentice brother of the Immortal Farming Sect said something about discovering senior Ah Qi in some giant valley? The entire Immortal Farming Sect had run over, so why was senior Ah Qi here?

From the air, Su Clan's Ah Qi brought Ah Shiliu and landed.

Ah Shiliu's eyes shined. She said happily, "You managed to escape from that ball of black smoke?"

"Maybe I was luckier today. Halfway through I happened to meet some Immortal Farming Sect disciples who blocked that ball of black smoke Devil Monarch Anzhi's way. They thought the person captured inside was Ah Shiliu. Then, I took advantage of a chance to use a Sword Talisman, and extricated myself from the Devil Monarch." Song Shuhang said and pointed at the two Immortal Farming Sect disciples.

At this time, the Immortal Farming Sect's two disciples acted as if they had met a great enemy, and their widened as they nervously stared at Su Clan's Ah Qi.

Ah Shiliu looked at these two Immortal Farming Sect disciples, and frowned. Her delicate nose wrinkled cutely. She didn't have a very favourable impression of the Immortal Farming Sect.

“Don’t be like this, the Immortal Farming Sect disciples were made a fool of by someone.” Song Shuhang explained, and reiterated the sequence of events apprentice brother Justwords had told him just now.

Su Clan’s Ah Qi said in a low voice, “ Which is to say, someone impersonated me on that night, snatched away the Immortal Farming Sect’s Sevenshine Wonderfruit, and in the end even showed a [Skysabre Buries the Starsea]?”

Justglass, who still had his childhood innocence, angrily shouted upon hearing this. “What impersonation? It was obviously you who did it! After stealing my sect’s Sevenshine Wonderfruit, why don’t you dare to admit it!”

Justwind who was at the side hastily closed his mouth, a face full of vigilance.

“Hahahaha. Don’t dare to admit it? Ever since I, Ah Qi, started on my journey of the Dao, no matter what I do, I always dare admit it if I dare do it. But if it’s something I didn’t do, if anyone tries pin it on me, they’ll have to ask if this sabre in my hand agrees!” Ah Qi shouted loud and clear.

Justglass and Justwind, without knowing why, were actually unable to rebut Ah Qi’s words.

“Also, that thief also used a [Skysabre Buries the Starsea] and heavily injured eighteen of your sect’s disciples? Haha, what kind of joke is that. [Skysabre Buries the Starsea] is a technique I myself



am not familiar with grasping it yet. When I use it, I'm unable to control its might. Under this kind of sabre art, do you think Immortal Farming Sect disciples are qualified to survive?" Ah Qi fired back.

Justglass and Justwind were speechless. They had never met highly rank cultivators before, and so didn't have much of an idea regarding [Skysabre Buries the Starsea].

But on witnessing Devil Monarch Anzhi's methods that let him defeat fifteen of them in one move, they now had more understanding in their heart regarding the power of highly ranked cultivators.

Even the Rank 4 Devil Monarch Anzhi could defeat so many of them in one move! In comparison, Su Clan's Ah Qi was even stronger. For the strongest move even he couldn't control, what qualifications did Immortal Farming Sect disciples have to survive?

The higher ups of the Immortal Farming Sect should have thought of this point... but people involved have their eyes clouded, and can't think clearly.

Song Shuhang gave a hidden sigh, then asked curiously, "That's right, how did you find me Ah Shiliu?"

"Hehe, of course it's thanks to Great Master Tongxuan's [Imprint Sensing Art]. I suddenly remembered that you had the Great Master's flying sword that had a spiritual imprint on it. Using the

[Imprint Sensing Art], I could find you. So I flipped through your chat log and found this spiritual energy art. So we put to use Ah Qi's powerful spiritual energy for this art, and locked onto your position!" Saying to this point, Ah Shiliu suddenly said embarrassed. "I looked through your chat logs without permission. You won't blame me right?"

Song Shuhang laughed as he shook his head. He couldn't even start thanking her enough.

"Oh that's right. Senior Ah Qi, just now the senior apprentice brother of the Immortal Farming Sect came by. He said the Immortal Farming Sect sect leader had seen 'Su Clan's Ah Qi' in a giant valley. He brought many disciples over to meetup with the Immortal Farming Sect sect leader." Song Shuhang said.

Justwind and Justglass felt their heart tremble, and looked at each other. That's right. If Su Clan's Ah Qi was here, then was the one in the valley really a fake?

"Time and time again impersonating me, to the point where it's become a habit? Haha." Su Clan's Ah Qi was enraged upon finding out, and with a light whistle, the magical sabre transformed into a streak of light again.

"Get on. We'll go there now, and find that Moonsabre Sect. I want to see what kind of game they're playing."

While speaking, Su Clan's Ah Qi lightly raised his right hand. An invisible force dragged Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu, and stably

making them stand on that streak of light.

Achieving flight through swords!

This time it was really true flight through swords!

The blue sky that good boys dream of, I, Song Shuhang, am back!

# Chapter 135 - Bloodbath In The Blue Origin Valley

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Many years later, a junior of the Nine Provinces Number One group would ask Song Shuhang, what feelings were there for the first experience of using a sword(sabre) to achieve flight

Song Shuhang's reply only had five words: My legs felt like jelly!

With a 'whoosh', Su Clan's Ah Qi's streak of light carried him and Ah Shiliu soaring into the sky, and that speed was simply indescribable with words.

With a blink of an eye, they had already flown high into the sky.

While using swords to fly, Song Shuhang only felt the empty air around, and just a streak of light below his feet. There was no sense of security at all.

Actually, there was a layer of invisible force surrounding them, that blocked the wild winds caused by the sword(sabre) flight. This was prepared by senior Ah Qi for Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu.

If not, when a powerful cultivator used swords to fly, why would they care about this little bit of wind? This could be seen by the exaggerated Mohaw hairstyle Medicine Master would have after flying through swords to cross provinces.

However, this invisible force could neither be seen nor touched. This couldn't bring any sense of security to Song Shuhang. If he could have four railings magically appear, Song Shuhang was sure in his heart that he would have a greater peace of mind.

Then...looking down, he saw houses, mountains, roads and rivers that had shrunk to become even smaller than matchboxes.

High. It's very high. It's WAY too high!

Song Shuhang felt himself briefly afflicted with vertigo. His legs involuntarily began to feel like jelly. He subconsciously grabbed in front of him, firmly grasping onto Su Clan's Ah Shiliu...if he didn't grab onto something, he suspected that he would kneel over.

"Your first time using swords to fly?" Su Clan's Ah Shiliu glancingly looked straight at Song Shuhang.

"Hahaha." Song Shuhang felt as if he had started to talk a bit slowly and indistinctly already.

Everyone would more or less have a fear of heights. Some people never felt it as they just hadn't climbed high enough yet. Or some had only a very slight fear, that could be easily overcome with their willpower.

"Then slowly overcome it. If you don't, you won't be able to use swords to fly in the future." Su Clan's Ah Shiliu comfortingly encouraged him.

The blue skies that good boys dream of, was always accompanied by sweat and effort in the process.

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With whooshes, the flight using swords became explosively fast.

Following that description of the location by the Moonsabre Sect disciple 'Zhao Bulü', Su Clan's Ah Qi quickly found the sect grounds of the Moonsabre Sect.

The giant Moonsabre Sect was hidden among high mountains and forests, and also had a formation concealing any traces of it, which was why it was not discovered by the secular world.

Of course, this level of formations couldn't fool Su Clan's Ah Qi's eyes. He rode the streak of light and descended in front of the sect's entrance. His gaze directly pierced through the giant sect guardian formation.

Ah Shiliu lightly jumped, and landed on the ground.

Song Shuhang lightly jumped, and kneeled over on the ground. His legs really felt too much like jelly...

Su Clan's Ah Qi neared the Moonsabre Sect's giant shielding formation, and lightly shouted, "Open!"

He didn't even draw his sabre. Following his roar, the spiritual energy between Heaven and Earth formed a Heaven and Earth splitting giant sabre. It viciously chopped at the giant sect guardian formation.

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Piak~~

That giant sect guardian formation of the Moonsabre Sect was as weak as glass, and easily shattered into pieces that fell to the ground.

"Huh?" Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu looked, but saw that the Moonsabre Sect was empty inside, without any sign of anyone inside.

No one was controlling it, and thus this giant formation that shielded the sect was so weak.

"Not even a sign of anyone here. That Zhao Bulü tricked us?" She knitted her beautiful brows. "I'll kill him when we get back!"

Song Shuhang asked. "Who is Zhao Bulü?"

“It’s the fellow who robbed Little Jiang’s delivery. After you were captured, Ah Qi and I went to delivery service Jiangnan headquarters to find that Zhao Bulü fellow. It was from him that we found the Moonsabre Sect location.” Ah Shiliu replied.

Song Shuhang nodded.

At this time, Ah Qi spoke out. “It’s not false news. The Moonsabre Sect people have all moved away. Also... they haven’t been gone for very long.”

While speaking, he entered the Moonsabre Sect. He slowly climbed up a perfectly straight set of stairs.

Only then, did Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu see a white clothed figure on that perfectly straight of stairs.

A longsword on his waist, as refined as jade, and his demeanor was transcendant. He seemed as if an Immortal who had walked out from an ancient painting.

“It was you as expected...Young Master Hai.”

Young Master Hai. He was someone Ah Qi had met a quite a while ago while adventuring in ruins left behind by an ancient Immortal. Although he had only had a Rank 4 cultivation at that time, his sword arts were brilliant and exquisite. He had sparred with the battle maniac Ah Qi, and had won Ah Qi’s respect despite losing.



Several days before, Young Master Hai had heard Su Clan's Ah Qi was searching for medicines to heal Heavenly Tribulation injuries. He had recommended to him the Immortal Farming Sect's Sevenshine Wonderfruit. He had also accompanied him to the Immortal Farming Sect.

If the mastermind was Young Master Hai, then everything was understandable. He had adventured and lived together with him for almost a year. He had also witnessed Ah Qi using [Skysabre Buries the Starsea] once while adventuring.

With this foundation, Young Master Hai could easily fool the Immortal Farming Sect disciples after becoming Su Clan's Ah Qi.

As for the [Skysabre Buries the Starsea], Young Master Hai was naturally unable to learn it. However, to fake the stance of [Skysabre Buries the Starsea] to trick the people of the Immortal Farming Sect was something easy.

“Brother Ah Qi, you're here.” That white clothed man turned around. He was handsome, and his smile warmed people's hearts.

Su Clan's Ah Qi neared Young Master Hai step by step. “Since when did you start to plot against me?”

“I didn't. Actually I didn't start plotting against you in the beginning. It's just that your circumstances happens to fit the requirements to be the main character for my plan.” Young Master Hai smiled slightly.

If there was no Su Clan's [Ah Qi](#), he could still find a Wang Clan's Ah Ba or a Zhao Clan's Ah Jiu. It was fine as long they fulfilled the requirements of being strong and had a relative injured by the Heavenly Tribulation.

The Qi in Ah Qi means seven. The Ba and Jiu mean eight and nine respectively. This is basically the other two names following the same naming style as Ah Qi. Basically, he's saying any Tom, Dick or Harry would have done.

“Hahahaha. That really fits your personality and sword arts.” Su Clan's Ah Qi laughed loudly. Then, he said in a low voice. “Then, did you think what would be the end result of plotting against me?”

“Of course I've thought of it. Everything is all in the palms of my hands.” Young Master Hai gave a thumbs up to Su Clan's Ah Qi. “There's no need to worry about me, Brother Ah Qi. Do whatever you want to do! What cultivators cultivate is to be free and unfettered. Live naturally and unrestrained. Do whatever you want to do, drink the alcohol you want to, and play with the women you want to! Is this not what Brother Ah Qi taught me?”

“Hahahaha, you said it very well!” Ah Qi suddenly drew his sabre, and chopped out towards the Young Master Hai in front of him.

Dazzling sabre light as resplendent as the rising sun. It made one unable to keep their eyes open!

The sabre passed...

Young Master Hai was cut into half, and fell to the ground with a thud.

“He died just like that?” Song Shuhang felt that this Young Master Hai had appeared in such a cool manner. Who would have thought he would have died so easily?

“He’s not dead. Let’s go and seize this fellow’s true body. We’ll sacrifice him to this sabre of mine!” Su Clan’s Ah Qi didn’t even turn his head, and began to leave the Moonsabre Sect.

Behind...the two pieces of Young Master Hai suddenly floated up with the wind, and became a paper person who had been cut into two pieces.

It wasn’t a clone, but just something similar to ‘3D virtual human projection’ type of magical art. This paper man was just a medium for a spell. From the start, Young Master Hai’s true body wasn’t here.

Ah Shiliu unhappily asked. “What is this Young Master Hai up to?”

“He’s trying to incite conflict. He’s trying to create enmity between the Immortal Farming Sect and I, then use me to destroy the Immortal Farming Sect. This is definitely one of his goals. But based on my understanding of him, this is just his plot on the

surface, and a cover for others to see. Whether I can destroy the Immortal Farming Sect or not, it doesn't matter to him. As for what he really wants... I can't guess it." Su Clan's Ah Qi felt his teeth hurt.

He liked to happily avenge enmities, and chop apart all enmities with his sabre. He didn't like this kind of people who used strategies and conspiracies the most. His heart felt stifled!

So, any kinds of conspiracies or plots he couldn't understand, he just wouldn't think about them.

He'll capture Young Master Hai, and send him off with one sabre. That was the best answer.

If he felt really angry, he'll just chop him up into eight or ten pieces. That way his anger would be vented.

"Where should we go now?" Song Shuhang asked.

"To find that fellow." Su Clan's Ah Qi grit his teeth.

Young Master Hai had left behind a projection art. He could follow the traces from this projection art to find Young Master Hai!

But, upon thinking that this was likely a lead left behind by Young Master Hai, Ah Qi felt his teeth itch.

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Outside the Blue Origin Valley.

The sounds of battle echoed through the air, and explosions of True Qi could be heard without end.

This had already become a bloodbath.

The Immortal Farming Sect had more or less sent out all their elites, and crazily attacked the Moonsabre Sect. These Immortal Farming Sect cultivators who usually didn't specialise in battle all showed off terrifying battle strength.

The number of casualties of the Moonsabre Sect disciples weren't few, but the casualties of the Immortal Farming Sect was even worse!

There was something off. The Immortal Farming Sect sect leader felt anything but reassured in his heart. They had the determination to risk their life in this battle, with the thought of teaching Su Clan's Ah Qi a lesson.

But now, before even a sign of Su Clan's Ah Qi could be seen, they were tied down by the Moonsabre Sect of the Blue Origin Valley. Then, a strange battle to the death begun. Not long after the battle started, all the Immortal Farming Sect members seemed to have gone crazy, and didn't know how to retreat, only knowing how to bloodthirstily go all out.

The Immortal Farming Sect sect leader faintly felt that this was a secret formation of the Blue Origin Valley. It made cultivators crazy and bloodthirsty, unable to control their state of mind.

The more people died, the more blood shed, the greater the power of this formation!

But by the time the sect leader felt something was off, it was too late. Even he himself was unable to control his body. His eyes reddened, and his rationality disappeared bit by bit.

The elites of the Immortal Farming Sect fell one by one, their life and death unknown. Very soon, apart from the sect leader, only five or six elites with higher spiritual energies and were less affected by the formation were left.

“Over. It’s over.” The Immortal Farming Sect sect leader sighed. The centuries of legacy of the Immortal Farming Sect would end due to him.

The entire matter was simply too strange.

“Master!! Quickly, rescue the sect leader!” At this time, his ears distantly heard a familiar voice.

Opening his eyes to look, he saw his eldest disciple Justmight bringing a team of Immortal Farming Sect disciples and rushing over.

It was Justmight.

A look of gratification appeared in the Immortal Farming Sect sect leader's eyes...

Tear!

At this time, the Moonsabre Sect's Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers suddenly appeared next to the Immortal Farming Sect, and broke through his defense in one sabre attack, impaling him.

"Haha." The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers laughed ferociously, and there was the smell of something charred in his breath.

"Bastard, stop harming my master!" Justmight screamed. That wooden sword broke through the air, remotely chopping towards the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers.

# Chapter 136 - Chat Photo Album: Watch Senior Ah Qi Trample The Moonsabre Sect

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“Remote sword arts?” The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers couldn’t not return a sabre attack, and blocked the rapidly incoming wooden sword.

Block!

The sabre and wooden sword clashed, causing a screeching sound, sparks, as well as shockwaves of Qi.

The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers knitted his brows. In that attack, his Heavenly Tribulation fire injuries had been aggravated, making him unable to help but retreat several steps. He had hiddenly taken a loss.

Taking advantage of this chance, Justmight rushed over and grabbed the heavily injured sect leader, and quickly jumped out of the field of battle. That wooden sword seemed to have spirituality, and withdrew to defend it’s owner. It spun around near Justmight, slaying enemies, and attacking nearby Moonsabre Sect disciples.

“Retreat!” He shouted.

The other Rank 3 cultivator Justwords immediately brought away Immortal Farming disciples with tacit agreement, quickly retreating.



Only, the several Immortal Farming Sect elites who had been with the sect leader were still trapped in an encirclement, with no chance of escape. They all roared, and gave their all to tie up the Moonsabre Sect disciples, in order to give Justmight and the sect leader a chance to escape.

Tear tear tear!

After being plotted against by the strange formation of the Moonsabre Sect, the elites of the Immortal Farming Sect had long since become exhausted. However, it was difficult to face off against greater numbers, and they were very quickly slaughtered by the Moonsabre Sect disciples.

“Ahhhhhh! Kill, kill, kill!” The murderous natures of the Moonsabre Sect disciples surfaced, and they wanted to chased down and kill Justmight, the Immortal Farming Sect sect leader, as well as the defeated troops.

“No need to chase.” At this time, the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers shouted in a low voice.

According to the plan, he needed to let the Immortal Farming Sect sect leader escape.

Then, he'll wait for the spy already planted in the Immortal Farming Sect to obtain the method of usage of the Sevenshine Wonderfruit for him.

The Heavenly Tribulation injuries that had been plaguing him for years finally saw hope of being healed!

When the Heavenly Tribulation injuries were healed, then he would have the confidence of being able to form a Gold Core and charge towards the realm of Rank 5 Spirit Emperor!

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On the other side, Su Clan's Ah Qi was riding on the streak of light again.

This time, Song Shuhang felt slightly better, and at least his legs didn't feel like jelly.

"That's right, Shuhang. I'll return your phone to you." Ah Shiliu took out the phone, saying, "I also received a phone call on the way. After Loose Cultivator Northriver got your number through Medicine Master, he contacted you. He said he can arrange one week of lessons for an aeroplane license for you, and asked if you want to take the opportunity to learn to fly? With him, it'll be quick obtaining a license."

Song Shuhang received the phone, and laughed dryly. "Regarding this, wait for me to learn to drive first."

Su Clan's Ah Qi had listened to this point, and asked suspiciously.

“Little friend Shuhang, why do you want to learn how to fly an aeroplane? Work hard to cultivate to Rank 4, and settle the matter in one go. Isn’t it better to fly through swords?”

Flying through swords was incomparably free. Unlike aeroplanes, one didn’t have to make an application to the country every time one wanted to fly.

Song Shuhang dryly laughed, and replied. “True Monarch White.”

“...” Ah Qi’s face twitched.

In that moment, Ah Qi’s tone was incomparably heavy. “Work hard!”

Song Shuhang, “...”

Senior, this feeling of heaviness as if you’re sending me off to a crematorium, how many meanings are there behind it! Exactly how scary is senior True Monarch White, that all of you can’t wait to avoid him!

Just as Song Shuhang was about to ask about the achievements of True Monarch White, Ah Qi suddenly shouted loudly. “Found it!”

Right below, a giant valley that was enveloped in a faint blood coloured mist could be seen.

“Prepare to go down.” Ah Qi laughed, riding the streak of light downwards into the giant valley.

“Senior Ah Qi, aren’t we going to find a few helpers?” Song Shuhang asked. Whatever the case the enemy was an entire sect!

“What is there to be scared of?” Su Clan’s Ah Qi confidently laughed. “If we really can’t win, we’ll immediately run away. It’s not too late to find a few helpers then!”

After descending to a certain height, a thick smell of blood entered Song Shuhang’s nose.

Below, the eldest disciple of the Immortal Farming Sect Justmight had saved the sect leader, and were giving their all to retreat...

Behind them was a ground full of corpses. There were those of the Immortal Farming Sect, as well as those of the Moonsabre Sect.

This was a fight between two cultivator sects...

At the back, the Moonsabre Sect Sect Leader, the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers, raised his right hand, and the victorious Moonsabre Sect disciples let out wave after wave of cheers.

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“Hmph.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi coldly harrumphed.

Whoosh! In a flash, the streak of light arrived and landed in front of the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers.

Then, Ah Qi tossed away a metal command tally with a phoenix engraved on it. It floated above Song Shuhang and Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu’s head, transforming into a layer of fiery red light. “The two of you stay here, and don’t leave the defensive perimeter of the Big Dipper Spirit Phoenix Command.”

Having finished speaking, he took big strides towards the Moonsabre Sect disciples.

“Senior Ah Qi wants to challenge the entire Moonsabre Sect all alone?” Song Shuhang was slightly excited as he saw the scene in front of him. One man facing off against an entire sect by himself. That was really exciting and hot blooded when you thought about it.

“Mm.” Ah Shiliu nodded slightly. “Ah Qi does this kind of thing often. Don’t worry, nothing will happen.”

In a split second, Ah Qi had already stepped into the crowd of Moonsabre Sect disciples.

Sabre Qi exploded, and sabre light fell like rain!

Every step Ah Qi took, there would surely be Moonsabre Sect disciples who fell, dead or injured, and lost their battle power.

Although it was just a single explosion of sabre Qi, and Ah Qi hadn't even made an actual move yet, there were already so many injured Moonsabre Sect disciples!

“Young Master Hai, still not out yet?” Su Clan's Ah Qi laughed at the top of his voice, the imposing presence of a Rank 5 Spirit Emperor crushing towards the Moonsabre Sect disciples.

The remaining disciples were stricken with fear. They retreated without pause, their morale greatly diminished.

The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers had a cold expression on his face. Him, the Moonsabre Sect sect leader, had actually seemed to have been ignored?

Don't look down on others!

“Activate the formation!” the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers shouted.

The altered sect giant guardian formation was activated once again. The Moonsabre Sect disciples also skillfully coordinated and came together as a giant formation. That was the basis of their resistance against the mighty pressure of Su Clan's Ah Qi.

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Inside the Big Dipper Spirit Phoenix Command, Song Shuhang took out his phone to take a few photos.

Then he posted the photo to the Nine Provinces Number One Group's group space.

This was the result of his recent habit of posting his experiences on his space. Alas, this photo wasn't suitable to send into his own space. So he could only send it to the chat space.

In the photo, Su Clan's Ah Qi had his hands clasped behind his back, and his magical sabre roamed around next to him, chopping down enemies. Moonsabre Sect disciples were unendingly falling down around him. Trembling with terror, they formed a giant formation under the direction of their sect leader Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers.

Song Shuhang then added a caption: Sitting down to watch Senior Ah Qi trample the Moonsabre Sect.

It was once again proven. The Nine Provinces Number One Group had many bored seniors, who were frequently keeping track of the news in the group. It was just that they didn't speak out as often as Loose Cultivator Northriver.

Just as Song Shuhang uploaded this photo, his phone rang non stop with notification alerts. Within a few seconds, there was a whole stream of likes by seniors, and there was an especially large stream of messages.

Loose Cultivator Northriver, Madsabre Threewaves, True Monarch Mt.Huang, Venerable Seven Cultivations, Da Luo Sect's True Monarch Rainmoon, True Monarch Oldriver Viewing, Roamcloud Monk Tongxuan, Immortal Master Copper Trigrams, Resident Drunkmoon, Medicine Master, Talisman Master Sevenlives, Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feathers...etc.

Basically every senior and member who had ever spoken in the chat group all liked this photo.

Then there was a long row of replies.

Loose Cultivator Northriver with a [Foolish Smile emoticon], "Ah Qi went to trample on someone else's sect again?"

Loose Cultivator Northriver was always the first to boredly reply or give likes. As expected of the num

Da Luo Sect's True Monarch Rainmoon, "He's someone who will feel uncomfortable all over for each day he doesn't pick a fight."

Talisman Master Sevenlives, "Speaking of which, what the heck is this Moonsabre Sect? Are they qualified to be trampled by our



Ah Qi?

Madsabre Threewaves, “I think it should some small sect, from some small place, that doesn’t have eyes which offended Ah Qi. Lately Ah Qi’s temper has been rather big.”

Wasn’t senior Threewaves looking for the mysterious island? He still had time to go online?

Immortal Master Copper Trigrams, “Big temper+1. Also, @True Monarch Mt.Huang, True Monarch, it’s about time to let me out right? I’ve been banned for so many days already, it’s really uncomfortable!”

True Monarch Mt.Huang, “Big temper+1. Also @Immortal Master Copper Trigrams: HAHA!”

Spirit Butterfly Island’s Soft Feathers, “[Crying emoticon] It’s really been lively over there at Senior Song these few days. How great, he can go play at so many places. I too want to go see senior Ah Qi go trample other sects with Senior Song!”

This missy Soft Feathers... she had lately been forced to stay in Spirit Butterfly Island, and was completely bored. Now she was completely envious when she saw Song Shuhang these few days dealing with some ‘Altar Master’ and following senior Ah Qi to trample the Moonsabre Sect.

At this moment, Medicine Master appeared. “@Great Pressure of

Mt.Books, take another photo. Aim at the big one carrying a sabre. He's obviously the boss of the Moonsabre Sect. His body seems to have some problems."

Even Medicine Master's replies weren't slow.

The corners of Song Shuhang twitched.

Ah Shiliu saw that Song Shuhang kept swiping on his phone, and curiously leaned her head over. "What are you doing?"

"I just sent a photo to the chat group." Song Shuhang sighed. "The seniors in the group are very bored."

"Mm. Apart from the closed door cultivation, they're always very bored." Ah Shiliu seriously nodded.

As senior Medicine Master had a request, Song Shuhang adjusted the phone camera, and aimed at the Moonsabre Sect boss Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers. He took quite a few photos.

Oops. I accidentally left the flash on.

The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers had been about to step forward bravely. Borrowing the sect's giant formation, he had been about to forcefully go against Su Clan's Ah Qi. As long as he stalled Ah Qi for a while, Young Master Hai would be able to prepare properly, and activate another giant formation. They could then beat back Ah Qi!

At this moment, his eyes saw a series of flashes. He was terrified out of his wits, and thought Su Clan's Ah Qi had unleashed some kind of finishing move.

But when he looked over, he saw a youth behind Su Clan's Ah Qi holding a phone. He had a stupid smile on his face as he furiously took photos.

Fudge, did he think he was filming some kind of movie?

The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers was enraged. At the same time, he secretly willed the sect giant guardian formation to revolve faster. He would let the disciples temporarily tie down Su Clan's Ah Qi.

As for him, he secretly crept towards where Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu were. He wanted to deal with these two fellows first!

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Song Shuhang selected a clear photo of the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers, and sent it to the group space.

Great Pressure of Mt.Books, "@Medicine Master, senior, how is this photo?"

Medicine Master then replied, “Medicine Master takes too long to type, I can’t take it anymore! I’ll type for him!”

This was evidently Jiang Ziyang’s tone of speaking. “Shuhang, Medicine Master said, “That Moonsabre Sect boss has injuries on his bodies. It’s Heavenly Tribulation flame injuries, just that he forcefully suppressed them. Do you have that Tristar Flame Control Fan on you? Is it charged with electricity? If so, try waving it a few times in his direction, set to the maximum power. There will be a pleasant surprise..”

Tristar Flame Control Fan?

Song Shuhang grabbed at a long trouser leg pocket and took out this ‘magical treasure’. Because this was the first magical treasure he had come into contact with in his life, he treasured it a lot despite how it needed to be charged with electricity, and kept it with him at all times.

# Chapter 137 - Little Friend Shuhang, Do You Want Some Benefits?

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There would be a pleasant surprise? Could the Tristar Flame Control Fan control the Heavenly Tribulation flames on the Moonsabre Sect boss?

Something as powerful as Heavenly Tribulation flames could be controlled by the Tristar Flame Control Fan?

While Song Shuhang was thinking, the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers controlled the sect giant guardian formation to continuously revolve, and found an opportunity with great difficulty. Laughing, he took to the skies using his sabre, and appeared above Song Shuhang and Su Clan's Ah Shiliu.

Then, the treasure sabre under his feet spun in a circle. Sabre light in the shape of a half moon was formed and spun towards Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu. The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers couldn't see the existence of the Big Dipper Spirit Phoenix Command!

The Big Dipper Spirit Phoenix Command was the same as Great Master Tongxuan's flying sword. Both had concealing formations on them. Those with strength lower than Su Clan's Ah Qi would be unable to see this Big Dipper Spirit Phoenix Command.

Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu were being protected by the Big Dipper Spirit Phoenix Command, which was why they could see it and that layer of fiery red defensive layer.

But in the eyes of the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers, Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu were just juniors with a lot of guts but no brains, and unexpectedly were standing at the back of the battlefield with no preparations.

The opportunity couldn't be lost, and wouldn't come back when lost!

This sabre would give a disability card to these two juniors for free!

Block!

The sabre light he chopped out with, slammed into the Big Dipper Spirit Phoenix Command, and was easily blocked.

The defense of the Big Dipper Spirit Phoenix Command was very high. If it wasn't, how would Su Clan's Ah Qi be at ease leaving Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu at the back?

The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers froze, but he immediately understood. These two juniors had a high rank defensive magical treasure.

“Hmph. Defensive magical treasures are but dead things. They have an upper limit to how much it can withstand. Watch me break it!” The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers thought secretly, and his figure jumped. His hands grasped a giant sabre.

The name of the sabre was Tyrantbreaker, and the sabre was 1.1 metres long, and made of Lightning Pool Heavygold. It was extremely yang attributed as well as extremely hard. Its toughness far exceeded magical sabres of the same rank. The sabre was extremely sharp, and capable of cutting the bodies of Rank 4 cultivator.

This was the sabre type treasure weapon passed down through generations in the Moonsabre Sect. It could be considered to be a quality item even among treasure weapons of the same rank.

“[Moonwheel Chop]!” The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers held the treasure sabre aloft, and traced out the shape of a full moon, chopping down!

At this time, all that could be seen was that young man opening a metal fan, then press a button on the fan six times. The young man stepped forward, pointed the fan at him, then lightly waved it at him!

Was it some offensive magical treasure?

The Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers made his mental preparations.

Then, after the wave, the expected attack never came.

Fan shaped magical treasures had two types of attacks, which

were simply those of the wind as well as fire type attacks. But when this young man waved his fan, there wasn't any kind of attack.

While suspicious, he suddenly felt an acute burning pain on his back and arms.

Before he could respond, the Heavenly Tribulation flames began to burn, and made him into a burning fireball!

Within the blink of an eye, the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers had already burnt to ashes.

The magical robes, armour, command tally and medicinal pills on him all turned into flying ash. In addition, there was a fruit emitting a seven coloured radiance that was also destroyed by the Tribulation flames.

Even that Tyrantbreaker Sabre had a layer of pale golden flames on it.

Ding... After it's master turned into ash, the Tyrantbreaker Sabre fell to the ground.

Its position just happened to be in front of Song Shuhang. After dropping, the Tribulation flames gradually disappeared. It wasn't the target of the Tribulation flames, or else it would have become molten metal long ago.



Song Shuhang held the Tristar Flame Control Fan between his finger and thumb, and swallowed his saliva.

He was finished just like that? A cultivator who seemed so strong, turned into flying ash with just a light wave?

Speaking of which...he had killed quite a lot these few days. Also, the ones getting killed all kept getting stronger than the previous one.

“Flame Control Fan?” Ah Shiliu looked at the fan in Song Shuhang’s hand... As expected, there weren’t useless magical treasures. There were only cultivators who didn’t know how to use magical treasures!

Song Shuhang kept the Flame Control Fan, and looked at that sabre next to him. He kneeled, and gingerly extended his hand to touch that Tyrantbreaker Sabre.

This sabre definitely had its special points to survive the Tribulation flames.

After lightly touching it, Song Shuhang realized that after the Tribulation flames, its body remained cool. If not for a charred black layer on its surface, he would have thought the Tribulation flame he had seen was an illusion.

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The Moonsabre Sect disciples were simply unable to understand the death of the Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers!

They saw the powerful and domineering Sect Leader leap high into the sky, and chop out with sabre light.

Then he used the Moonsabre Sect's strongest technique, the [Moonwheel Chop].

Then, the Sect Leader had become a fireball, and had been burnt until not even ashes could be seen!

They were now a group of headless dragons, and the Moonsabre Sect disciples became chaotic. Without the direction of the Sect Leader, the sect giant guardian formation was unable to maintain its original state, and became chaotic. It completely lost its effectiveness.

“Hahahaha.” Su Clan's Ah Qi laughed loudly. The edge of sabre moved, and the Moonsabre Sect disciples blocking in front of him were all sent flying with a bang.

Moonsabre Sect disciples littered the ground!

In the Blue Origin Valley, Young Master Hai had a high vantage point, and had been watching the battle outside throughout.

“Jiejie, Sect Leader Tyrant of a Thousand Soldiers has finally become a ‘martyr’. Its earlier than we planned, and the method of death surpassed our imaginations.” The Devil Monarch Anzhi clone in his sleeve laughed weirdly. “I remember that he kept the Sevenshine Wonderfruit by his side at all times right? That was his hope to heal the Tribulation flames, and he never let it leave his side. Was it destroyed also?”

“Haha.” Young Master Hai flipped his hand, and a fruit emanating a seven coloured radiance appeared in his hand. “The Sevenshine Wonderfruit has been in my hands from start to finish.”

“...” Devil Monarch Anzhi’s heart felt cold. His clone had always been in Young Master Hai’s sleeve. He actually didn’t know when Young Master Hai had made a switch of the real Sevenshine Wonderfruit!

“It’s about time. If we let Brother Ah Qi continue to chop them down, the number of Moonsabre Sect disciples won’t be enough to maintain the new sect guardian formation.” Young Master Hai unsheathed the longsword on his waist, and it silently floated to his feet.

Young Master Hai stepped forward, and stably stepped onto the sword light. The sword light flashed, and brought him to the air outside of the Blue Origin Valley.

“All of the disciples maintain your calm. From now on listen to

my instructions.” Young Master Hai’s gentle voice reverberated throughout the entire Blue Origin Valley.

After the Moonsabre Sect disciples heard Elder Young Master Hai’s voice, their hearts calmed down.

Very quickly, under the direction of Young Master Hai, the disciples gathered to form the sect giant guardian formation. Their morale gradually recovered, and they slowly used the formation to surround Su Clan’s Ah Qi once again.

“You finally came out, Young Master Hai.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi laughed out.

Young Master Hai smiled slightly, not giving the impression of weakness. “I’ve been waiting for you all this time, Brother Ah Qi.”

While saying so, he raised both his hands, and a giant formation in the Blue Origin Valley was activated. The blood mist above their heads became thicker.

The battle was on the verge of breaking out any moment!

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Song Shuhang opened his chat space again, then added some

news to the picture of the Moonsabre Sect boss.

Great Pressure of Mt.Books, “@Medicine Master, senior. I fanned the other side a few times. The other side... burnt to ashes.”

Medicine Master’s account quickly replied. “Hahahaha. It’s just as this old man expected. The Heavenly Tribulation flames has been on this fellow for too long. After also undergoing many medical treatments, the Heavenly Tribulation flames are no longer pure. Thus, it can be slightly controlled by the Tristar Flame Control Fan. It doesn’t need to be too strong. As long as it can ignite the source, it’ll burn him to ashes in an instant!——That’s what Medicine Master said.”

Song Shuhang grabbed the Tristar Flame Control Fan... To be able to see so many things from just a photograph, all the seniors were really unfathomable.

Just as Song Shuhang was sighing with emotion, that picture ‘Sitting to watch Senior Ah Qi trample the Moonsabre Sect’ got a few more comments.

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives, “@Great Pressure of Mt.Books, I’ve just taken a closer look at the picture. I keep feeling that there’s something wrong with the formation the Moonsabre Sect disciples formed. Little friend Shuhang, do you have a way to take a clearer photo? Try your best to take an approximate appearance of the formation!”

Talisman Mansion Master wasn’t just a master of the Dao of

Talismans. He also had profound attainments in formations. This was because the Dao of Talismans and formations naturally supplemented and complemented each other after all.

When Song Shuhang saw this message, he replied. “Understood. I’ll take a few clearer ones. That’s right if this formation is dangerous, will senior Ah Qi be in danger?”

Talisman Mansion Master, “That’s not necessarily true. If Ah Qi goes all out, he can fight above his rank... Also, I’m only guessing as to whether there are any abnormalities to the formation. Take a picture of everything first before anything else.”

“I’ll immediately take a photo and upload it.” Song Shuhang replied.

Then he grabbed his phone, and pointed it in the direction of the Moonsabre Sect. He tried to put all of the disciples in the formation in the photo, and took a few pictures. Then he sent these photos to the group space.

Ah Shiliu neared Song Shuhang, and silently looked at the contents on the phone.

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives, “There really are weird points about this. The formation that these disciples formed can indeed explosively increase battle power in a short time. But in truth... if I didn’t guess wrongly, the side effects of this formation should be very big right? @Venerable Seven Cultivations, Venerable can you take a look? With the shape of this valley, I keep

feeling something is off.”

Venerable Seven Cultivations, “Correct. With the shape of this valley and the concealed second formation... the one using this formation really does have a vicious enough heart!”

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives, “With Venerable’s words of assurance, then I’ll be more confident. Little friend Shuhang, let me ask you, do you want some extra benefits?”

Great Pressure of Mt.Books, “What benefits?”

Talisman Mansion Master, “If you’re luck is good, you should be able to obtain a valuable training material. Then, it can also let your body strengthen to a certain extent, and may actually let you open your Heart Acupoint early, and complete your Hundred Days Foundation Establishment. Of course, there is danger... But with Su Clan’s Ah Qu, you definitely won’t die!”

“What do I need to do?” Song Shuhang immediately asked.

Completing the Hundred Days Foundation Establishment and strengthening his body was indeed a current desire for Song Shuhang.

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives, “Come, I’ve drawn a circle on the picture. I’ve sent it to you. First look for the position of the red circle I’ve drawn!”

Very quickly, Mansion Master sent a photo, and when Song Shuhang compared it, he noticed that that red circle was a position four hundred metres from him, next to a nameless tree.

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives,

Venerable Seven Cultivations, “There’s improvement. This position is indeed correct.”

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives, “Little friend Shuhang, have you found the location yet? Give me a call after you find it. We’ll maintain contact. Let me explain the current situation, and instruct you on the next step!”

“Found it!” Song Shuhang replied. He held up his phone with both hands, and searched for Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives’s number—— At this moment, it wasn’t just him fighting alone. All the seniors of the Nine Provinces Number One Group were backing him up!



# Chapter 138 - Just Stand There And Don't Move!

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“I don't know what you're plotting.” Su Clan's Ah Qi said. “But it matters not. Whatever you're thinking of doing. As long as I chop you in half, there will be no problems!”

“Brother Ah Qi, you're as decisive as usual.” Young Master Hai smiled slightly. “No need to be polite. With the support of the sect giant guardian formation of the Moonsabre Sect, I can surpass the limits of my body and fight with you. Let's compete in our sabre and sword once again. Wouldn't that be enjoyable?!”

“Compete in our sabre and sword?” Su Clan's Ah Qi said coldly. “You think this is still a competition? The me today has no interest in competing.”

The thing he liked the most in life was to compete and challenge! That was why he was known as a battle maniac by those in the Nine Provinces Number One Group. But today, he only had the desire to chop someone up.

Su Clan's Ah Qi said again, “Rank 1 cultivators and Rank 2 cultivators have a large realm in between them. Rank 4 and Rank 5 cultivators too, have a large realm between them.”

“Yes, I know.” Young Master Hai said, nodding his head.

“No, you understand nothing, just like a certain monopolistic

web company destroying an online community.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi laughed. His body then became translucent, and a Gold Core as dazzling as a rising sun was in his body.

Rank 5 Gold Core. When the Gold Core forms, the True Qi in a cultivator’s body will undergo a qualitative transformation, and become Spiritual Energy.

Spiritual Energy and True Qi shared the same origin, but Spiritual Energy had a rank suppressive effect on True Qi. The two could be said to be as different as wooden swords and a sharp steel sword.

Ever since Ah Qi had formed his Gold Core and ascended to become a Spirit Emperor, the opponents he could challenge became fewer and fewer. Even the fellow battle maniac in the Nine Provinces Number One Group, Madsabre Threewaves, had been beaten by him until he was scared. So when he usually competed with people, during the challenge he would rarely use his full strength to challenge people!

Ah Qi pointed his finger at Young Master Hai.

A drop of Spiritual Energy flowed out from his Gold Core, entering his forefinger.

When this drop of Spiritual Energy exited the body, it transformed into a golden pearl and fired towards Young Master Hai. The speed of the pearl was too fast, and the other cultivators could only see a golden light flash past!

And, in this small Spiritual Energy gold bead, there was a grand total of eighty sabre lights!

“Formation activate!” Young Master Hai’s face became dignified, and he lightly shouted. “Change formation, the fifth formation!”

The Moonsabre Sect disciples below all began to move, and under the direction of the various elders, they formed the “New Sect Giant Guarding Formation Fifth Formation.”

In the giant formation, every Moonsabre Sect disciple roared with high morale. They intergrated their True Qi, Qi and blood into the sect giant guardian formation, allowing the power of the sect giant guardian formation to add onto Young Master Hai’s body.

At the same time, the blood mist up above the Blue Origin Valley suddenly gathered, and formed layers of defense in front of Young Master Hai.

The golden pearl made of sabre lights reached in the flash of an eye.

Tear!

The Spiritual Energy golden bead with eighty sabre lights crashed into the blood mist, and the defense made from the blood mist was as weak as tofu, and was easily pierced through.

In the moment after. The golden bead of sabre lights had already reached in front of Young Master Hai.

Young Master Hai hurriedly wielded a small jade shield.

This small jade shield wasn't a magical treasure, but a talisman weapon. And it was also a precious talisman weapon that could guard against a single attack by a Rank 5 Spirit Emperor.

The golden bead of sabre tips crashed against the small jade shield.

And in a flash, the small jade shield started to shatter as well.

It was indeed a talisman weapon that could block one attack of a Rank 5 Spirit Emperor. However, that was limited to the most ordinary Rank 5 Spirit Emperors, not the kind that was Su Clan's Ah Qi.

Young Master Hai's right sleeve opened. "Devil Monarch Anzhi, your turn."

That clone of Devil Monarch Anzhi laughed weirdly, and before that small jade shield shattered, its body flashed in front of the Spiritual Energy golden bead, and swallowed this drop of Spiritual Energy.

Then, that clone fled away towards the front direction.

Before it had even reached fifty metres, the drop of Spirtual Energy had already exploded.

Boom~~

The sabre light exploded, and Devil Monarch Anzhi's clone was blown to pieces. The generated giant shockwaves of Qi made the Young Master Hai who was flying in the sky through his sword totter unstably.

Young Mater Hai wielded another small jade shield talisman again. Only then did he block the explosion of sabre light.

Young Master Hai stabilised his figure with great difficulty, and sighed hiddenly. "And so... exactly how terrifying the Gold Core realm is, I knew it long ago."

It was exactly because he knew how terrifying Rank 5 Spirit Emperors were, that he had to become one himself!

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Su Clan's Ah Qi's attack was blocked.

But the Moonsabre Sect disciples had deeply felt the might of Ah Qi, and they were suppressed by the invisible pressure such that they were gasping for breath.

Facing the terrifying Su Clan's Ah Qi, they could only do their best to support the sect giant guardian formation, because this was the only hand they had to play.

The disciples wandered about non stop, revolving the True Qi in their bodies, pouring all their energy into the sect giant guardian formation!

They only had one thought in their minds. They just had to maintain the sect giant guardian formation.

Then they could block Su Clan's Ah Qi's attack.

Then, they would beat him back!

Without knowing when, both eyes of the Moonsabre Sect disciples were bright red, and they were short of breath.

"Elder Young Master Hai!" In the end, the Moonsabre Sect disciples entered a state of insanity, calling out Young Master Hai's name.

"Settled." In the crowd, a disciple whose features were covered by black smoke surreptitiously exited this 'New Sect Giant Guarding Formation', and disappeared in a moment.

It was Devil Monarch Anzhi. His true body had been quietly hiding among the Moonsabre Sect disciples, putting to good use his devilish techniques to confuse their minds in secret, all so they would descend into a state of madness even faster.

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Young Master Hai stabilised his body with great difficulty, and looked at Su Clan's Ah Qi.

Although he seemed to slightly cut a sorry figure, he continued to maintain his elegant demeanor as usual.

“Then? Are you going to rely on these talisman treasures and magical treasures to put up your final struggles?” Su Clan's Ah Qi said indifferently. “Come my sabre!”

The magical sabre landed in his hand.

Without using sword flight, Su Clan's Ah Qi continued to stand in midair as if he was stepping on normal ground.

In that moment, the power of the sabre was like heavenly might. The Su Clan's Ah Qi wielding a sabre and the one not, were as if two completely different people!

Young Master Hai's body was affected by the power of the sabre,

and slightly trembled. However, he quickly regained his cool. “I never expected that even if I used all my talisman treasures and magical treasures, I couldn’t even block your third sabre strike.”

Su Clan’s Ah Qi frowned slightly.

“Actually, when you, ‘Su Clan’s Ah Qi’, appeared in this Blue Origin Valley, my plan was already complete.” Young Master Hai raised both his hands, smiling.

Everything, was in the palm of his hands. Now was the time to reel in the net!

“See that? Brother Ah Qi, those charming calls of the Moonsabre Sect disciples below? They’re fanatically pouring all the energy in their bodies into the sect giant guardian formation. They only have one thought in their minds, which is to beat back Su Clan’s Ah Qi!”

“This is the use of you, Brother Ah Qi, in my plan. You don’t even need to do anything. You just need to stand there, and give a huge sense of pressure to the Moonsabre Sect disciples. To resist you, they would desperately squeeze out all their potential. They would pour all their True Qi, as well as Qi and blood into the operation of the sect giant guardian formation.”

“But it’s not enough. The sect giant guardian formation I’ve modified is very greedy. Not only the True Qi in the Moonsabre Sect disciple’s body, but even their life force and their overstimulated souls are targets for the sect giant guardian formation to absorb.”



“Because of the strong faith in their hearts, they are just like those religious fanatics of ancient times. Compared to sacrifices that get killed while despairing, these Moonsabre Sect disciples who are religious fanatics can contribute much more life force and soul energy. It’s really too great! They’re the perfect sacrifices!”

“Revel joyously, sing loudly, and dance!”

“My...sacrifices!”

Below, the Moonsabre Sect disciples seemed to have gone mad, madly dancing about. They were loudly shouting out ‘Elder Young Master Hai’, their eyes bright red and their rationality gone.

Then, the disciples of the Moonsabre Sect all fell down onto the ground one after another!

“Formation activate! [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation]!”

Both of Young Master Hai’s hands raised, and the blood mist in the Blue Origin Valley rose.

Devil Monarch Anzhi’s true body laughed ‘jiejie’ weirdly, and suddenly appeared behind Young Master Hai. Devilish flames on his body surged to the sky. The reason that the Moonsabre Sect disciples below could descend into a state of madness so fast was because of his effort.

Devil Monarch Anzhi and Young Master Hai stood back to back, and both their hands raised to the air. They both controlled this [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation] together!

“Survivors of the Bloodsabre Sect?” Su Clan’s Ah Qi got into a strange stance to attack with his sabre.

“Sky! Sabre! Buries! The! Star! Sea!”

After a gap of so many years, how much power would be unleashed when Su Clan’s Ah Qi once again used the [Skysabre Buries the Starsea]?

\* \* \* \* \*

On the other side, Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives was taking the time to explain the strange points of the sect giant guardian formation in front of them.

“This Blue Origin Valley and the formation together, is actually the [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation] that the Bloodsabre Sect, that was exterminated that year, used to sacrifice life force and form their innate Bloodgod Sabre. But the Moonsabre Sect’s Formation has actually undergone some alterations from the original.”

“But, no matter how much the formation changes, ten thousand superficial changes won’t change it fundamentally. It can’t hide from my eyes!”

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives said smugly. “Are there any changes in the Blue Origin Valley now?”

“A giant blood mist rose, and enveloped the entire Blue Origin Valley. Senior Ah Qi seems to be about to make his move!” Song Shuhang said excitedly.

“It’s at this time! Go little friend Shuhang. Rush to the position I marked out! Wait until this formation ends, and you’ll strike it rich!” Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives laughed.

Song Shuhang had long since tensed up his muscles. He rushed like a leopard to that nameless tree, and asked at the same time. “Would senior Ah Qi not break this formation?”

“It can’t be destroyed. Even if you kill the controller, this giant formation will continue to be active! And if you kill all the Moonsabre Sect disciples, the formation will just activate faster. When this formation started, all of these Moonsabre Sect disciples had already become living sacrifices, becoming materials for the innate Bloodgod Sabre! Whether they now earlier or later doesn’t matter. It will at most affect the final benefits.”

Talisman mansion Master said. “Unless, he flattens the entire Blue Origin Valley in one hit! Ah Qi can do this, but he needs to store up energy for a long time. There isn’t time now for Ah Qi to store up energy, and we can only hope he kills the controller.”

At this time, Song Shuhang had already reached the designated point. “I’ve reached! What do I do next?”

“You don’t need to do anything. Just stand there and don’t move. Just quietly wait for a meat pie to fall from the sky.” Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives said smugly. “The only thing you need to take note of is to not to get eliminated by someone in the meantime. I’ll hang up first. If you’re still alive in a while, call me to tell me your gains.”

Song Shuhang hung up the call. He carefully squatted at the position. He was making himself a smaller target so he wouldn’t be so obvious.

# Chapter 139 - Just Call Me Great Pressure Of Mt.books!

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Song Shuhang's luck was not bad, and the Moonsabre Sect disciples not far from him had all gone mad. After jumping about a while, they all fainted on the ground. No one noticed him.

In the Blue Origin Valley, the blood mist got denser.

After approximately two breaths, Song Shuhang suddenly felt his Heart Acupoint warm up, with some kind of scorching hot sensation.

He was very familiar with this feeling. Every time he cultivated the [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique], then used [True Self Meditation Scripture] to send Qi and blood into his Heart Acupoint, it was exactly this feeling!

But whenever he cultivated himself, it would normally stop after a slight burning. But now, the Heart Acupoint was simply continuously increasing in temperature.

That meant that as of now, the Qi and blood in his Heart Acupoint was shooting up! The higher it rose, the less the time he would use in the future on completing his Hundred Days Foundation Establishment.

And if it kept increasing, he may just open his Heart Acupoint today, and complete the Hundred Days Foundation Establishment!

This was one of the benefits that Talisman Master Sevenlives had mentioned.

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Boom!

Su Clan's Ah Qi's sabre chopped into the Blue Origin Valley, entering that dense blood mist.

Boom boom boom boom... terrifying explosions of sabre light continuously resounded.

Exactly how powerful was the [Skysabre Buries the Starsea]?

As a sabre art even Su Clan's Ah Qi couldn't control, when this sabre struck, and the sabre Qi spread, it's destructive power would not weaken after spreading for several hundred metres!

Ding ding ding ~~

Strange sounds kept resounding from the blood mist, and the blood mist got denser.

After five breaths.

Su Clan's Ah Qi returned his sabre to his sheath, but his frown deepened.

It seemed that Young Master Hai hadn't died yet?

In the Blue Origin Valley, that blood mist that covered the sky began to disappear.

The first to enter Ah Qi's vision was a Young Master Hai with ragged clothes. His hair was dishevelled, and there were injuries and bloodstains all over his body. But he was still alive. And he had still had that detestable smile on his face.

In Young Master Hai's hand there was a Bloodsabre so red that it was almost black. It was spurting hot Qi. The innate Bloodgod Sabre had already formed. With this sabre, Young Master Hai had the confidence to assail the Rank 5 realm, and form his Gold Core.

Behind him, Devil Monarch Anzhi opened his mouth, and sucked in a stream of Devil Qi from below the Blue Origin Valley.

The [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation] was something he and Young Master Hai had revised together. They were also controlling it together

And using the entire Moonsabre Sect as sacrifices.

Young Master Hai gained an innate Bloodgod Sabre.

And he gained this 'Threevils Devil Qi'. This was one of the benefits of their cooperation.

And next to them was a man with long messy hair and fierce features. The man's body was covered in fresh blood as well, with countless big and small wounds. He was currently grimacing in pain.

It was him who had blocked Su Clan's Ah Qi's [Skysabre Buries the Starsea]!

When Su Clan's Ah Qi saw this man with fierce features, his gaze became fiery. His right hand gradually grabbed onto his sabre handle. "Devil Monarch Madtyrant!"

Infinity Devils Sect – Devil Monarch Madtyrant.

A Rank 5 Gold Core realm cultivator with powerful strength.

The disciples of the Infinity Devils Sect all had extreme dispositions, and were all extremely unconventional in character. Devil Monarch Madtyrant was the only one more harmless among the members of the Infinity Devils Sect... as long as no one angered him!

But it just so happened that Devil Monarch Madtyrant had a constitution that naturally agitated others. Just casually walking on the streets, there could be people who felt him unpleasing for



no reason, and would want to slap or spit at him.

Then...well there was no then after that.

It was because of this special constitution of his that when he had appeared a few days ago, the <<Cultivator Daily News>> had specially done a report on him. It had been to let various cultivators who had gone out be more careful, and not annoy Devil Monarch Madtyrant for no reason, and bring upon themselves suffering.

“To be able directly take on my [Skysabre Buries the Starsea]. Devil Monarch Madtyrant has a well deserved reputation as expected.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi grasped the sabre handle tightly, his desire for battle burning. “Since you want to stand out for Young Master Hai, then let’s battle!”

Then battle. Let me have a joyful battle!

Ah Qi’s began to get very excited.

“I only owed junior apprentice brother Young Master Hai a favour. I just came to protect him this once.” Devil Monarch Madtyrant grimaced. For the [Skysabre Buries the Starsea] just now, he had had to stake his life on blocking it.

“Don’t talk so much. Let’s fight.” Su Clan’s Ah Qi said.

Junior apprentice brother Young Master Hai? So Young Master

Hai had long since been a disciple of the Infinity Devils Sect?

“Today is not the day to fight. You and I both have things to worry about. You have to protect those two fellows behind you. I have to protect junior apprentice brother Young Master Hai and a junior of mine.” Devil Monarch Madtyrant said. “After a while, I’ll fix a battle with you.”

Su Clan’s Ah Qi frowned.

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As these two Gold Core experts were interacting, Young Master Hai slightly smiled and stretched out his hand.

The innate Bloodgod Sabre was just one of the benefits of his giant formation. The second big benefit was about to come!

Four blood red crystals suddenly appeared in thin air, gently falling towards Young Master Hai.

The blood mist that had covered the sky in the Blue Origin Valley hadn’t dissipated... but transformed into these blood red crystalline jewels.

Now it had finally formed.

If not for these four valuable Bloodgod Jewels, he would have long since let Devil Monarch Madtyrant bring him away. Why would he need engage in idle talk with Su Clan's Ah Qi?

The four Bloodgod Jewels fell gradually, and Young Master Hai had been about to extend his hand to collect them.

But at this moment, one of the Bloodgod Jewels suddenly stopped in midair. Then, it changed directions, and like it was attracted by a magnet, flew in a direction in the Blue Origin Valley.

There, there was a young man wretchedly squatting there. Under Young Master Hai's uncertain gaze, the Bloodgod Jewel just landed on the young man's palm just like that.

The smile on Young Master Hai's face froze. He stared at this young man, and couldn't figure out why the Bloodgod Jewel would automatically fly to this young man's hand.

Then, Young Master Hai was suddenly enlightened.

Using the position where that man stood, he immediately calculated the position of a loophole of his [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation]!

It was just like how if you knew the answer to a complicated question, it would be easier to do the calculation processes.

So that was how it was. The other side was standing in the position of a loophole of his [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation], and easily took a large bite of the meat that was about to enter Young Master Hai's mouth.

Skilled, it really was true skill!

“There's always a higher mountain out there. Young Master Hai is sincerely convinced!” To be able to in the first time, see through the position of the loophole in the [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation] he had modified. Then, he had squatted there long ago and waited for advantages to fall from the sky. Young Master Hai admitted he himself didn't have this ability.

That was why he was sincerely convinced.

“Haha.” Song Shuhang laughed with some embarrassment. The ones who was truly skilled wasn't him, but the seniors behind him of the Nine Provinces Number One Group!

In the sky, Su Clan's Ah Qi was elated upon seeing this scene. Although he didn't know what had happened, he knew Song Shuhang had gotten some treasure from Young Master Hai.

“Hahahaha.” Ah Qi laughed. The pressure from his body strengthened, faintly protecting Song Shuhang.

Young Master Hai kept those three Bloodgod Jewels, and elegantly cupped his hands towards Song Shuhang in greeting.

“May I enquire as to this fellow Daoist’s Daoist title?”

With Su Clan’s Ah Qi around, there was no point in hoping for that Bloodgod Jewel back.

“Just call me Great Pressure of Mt.Books!” Song Shuhang showed his white teeth.

“Great Pressure of Mt.Books? Someone who walks the path of scholars? No wonder you have this level of foresight.” Young Master Hai smiled slightly. “If so, I’ll entrust this Bloodgod Jewel to fellow Daoist Mt.Books. if I have the time, I’ll pay a visit and trade back the Bloodgod Jewel.”

At the same time, Devil Monarch Madtyrant extended his hands to grab Young Master Hai and Devil Monarch Anzhi, just like how an eagle would grab chicks. He wanted to flee faraway.

“You’re thinking of leaving just like this?” Su Clan’s Ah Qi’s magical sabre came out of the sheath slightly. He said coldly to Devil Monarch Madtyrant. “Others may fear your Infinity Devil Sect. But I, Su Clan’s Ah Qi, am not scared of you. If you don’t give me a satisfactory response today, and just leave with Young Master Hai, then in the coming days I’ll go and destroy ten or so of your Infinity Devil Sect branches.”

Devil Monarch Madtyrant shrugged his shoulders.

Young Master Hai said warmly. “Of course. It’s normal for

Brother Ah Qi to be angry with me. Then those ten or so branches, I'll give it to Brother Ah Qi to appease your anger. We'll meet again one day."

"We'll meet again one day." Devil Monarch Madtyrant grabbed them, then fled at lightning speed.

Ah Qi even kept his sabre into his sheath, and didn't give chase.

From Devil Monarch Madtyrant's attitude towards Young Master Hai, it was definitely not a simple matter of owing a favour. What exactly was Young Master Hai's identity in the Infinity Devils Sect?

Whatever the case. This debt, wasn't so easily settled!

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After a long time, Su Clan's Ah Qi stepped on the empty air, and came to Song Shuhang's side as if he was walking on stairs.

Song Shuhang had a blackened long sabre inserted at his waist, and his right hand grasped a Bloodgod Jewel. But now his focus wasn't on these two treasures, but on his Heart Acupoint.

His Heart Acupoint had a bloated feeling. With about ten or more strands of Qi and blood, he could Open the Heart Acupoint!

The Hundred Days Foundation Establishment was almost finished!

Ah Qi patted Song Shuhang's shoulder. "Good job little friend Shuhang. As a cultivator, you can lack anything else. But you can't lack courage."

Song Shuhang looked over and grimaced. He was aching after Ah Qi had used his hand to pat him.

"Ah Shiliu, this matter has been brought to a temporary close. Now you'll immediately return with me to the Su Clan!" Ah Qi told Ah Shiliu.

Ah Shiliu shook her head, and rose to her feet to go inside the Blue Origin Valley.

Inside the Blue Origin Valley were ruins.

The Moonsabre Sect disciples had been sucked dry of their life force as well as soul energy, and even their bodies had become dry corpses on the ground.

The weapons, medicinal pills, as well as all the other items used by cultivators inside the valley, had all had their spiritual energy sucked by that strange giant formation, and it was as if it had experienced the long passage of years. A light touch would reduce it to scrap metal and trash.

Ah Shiliu came to a residence in the Blue Origin Valley, and lifted her leg to step forward.

The residence door had long since been ruined from the corrosion of the [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation], and was sent flying from her kick.

In the residence, the uncle Justheart from the Immortal Farming Sect had an apathetic look on his face. He seemed to have aged a lot, and his hair had become white under the influence of the [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation].

It was good that that evil giant formation hadn't been maintained for long... or he would have ended up like those Moonsabre Sect disciples, and become a dry corpse.

When he saw Ah Shiliu, he showed a bitter smile.

“Now do you know how you were wrong?” Ah Shiliu looked down at him.

Uncle Justheart began to wail.

He had been inside the valley. However, the sounds from outside the valley had been so loud, and he could hear it clearly.

He knew everything had been Young Master Hai's plot.



He knew the Moonsabre Sect was history.

He knew the Immortal Farming Sect had sustained heavy losses. The dying cries of his junior apprentice brothers still resounded in his ears.

Su Clan's Ah Qi followed behind Ah Shiliu.

He sighed heavily. "Bring him and leave first."

The matter regarding the Immortal Farming Sect, he also had some responsibility... now that the matter had come to an end, he couldn't remain indifferent to the Immortal Farming Sect.

# Chapter 140 - True Monarch White Is Almost Out

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Justheart was crying very gloomily. Su Clan's Ah Qi sighed, and used his hand to chop the back of Justheart's neck, causing him to faint.

“We'll make a trip to the Immortal Farming Sect first.” Su Clan's Ah Qi said.

The entire matter was caused by him being led to the Immortal Farming Sect by Young Master Hai after all. Now that the Immortal Farming Sect had suffered heavy losses, he also had responsibility. At this time, he had to help as much as possible. He had to at least prevent the Daoist traditions of the Immortal Farming Sect from being cut off.

Finally, Ah Shiliu and Song Shuhang climbed onto Su Clan's Ah Qi's streak of light. They dragged Justheart behind them, and flew to the Immortal Farming Sect.

While flying, Song Shuhang took out his phone. He was preparing to call Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives to report his benefits.

The Bloodgod Jewel seemed to be a very valuable material for treasure refinement. Even the seniors in the group viewed it as a great gain. What kind of magical treasures could be refined from this?

Song Shuhang secretly looked at the Bloodgod Jewel in his hand. As soon as he thought of how this Bloodgod Jewel was formed by the live sacrifice of many people, his heart would feel slightly uncomfortable.

This was normal human behaviour. After all, even if you knew a gem was very valuable, but if you knew it was formed by the corpse fluids of a thousand to ten thousand people, your heart would feel uncomfortable even if it was priceless.

If possible, Song Shuhang would rather trade it for treasures of the same value that were more suitable for him.

However, when Song Shuhang dialled Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives.

“Sorry! Your charge is overdue, please renew it, thank you!”

“It can’t be, I remember I still have a lot of call value left. How do I owe charges?” Song Shuhang had a face of suspicion.

Then, he suddenly thought of something.

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives, seemed to be at somewhere in the sea teaching primitives to recognise Chinese words? For him to be able to call from there was quite amazing. As for whatever phone charges, those were trivial.

And as Song Shuhang hadn't enabled international calling, the phone charges would naturally be very expensive.

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In the Immortal Farming Sect.

The surviving disciples all had their faces covered with gloom. All the elites the Immortal Farming Sect had sent out had died!

Even the sect leader had been saved by apprentice brother Justmight and ten or so disciples going all out.

Right now the Immortal Farming Sect was extremely weak. If there were any enemies nearby that wanted to take advantage of the situation, the outcome would be disastrous.

The sect leader's injuries were extremely bad, and he was already starting to make his post-mortem arrangements.

“Justmight. This [Immortal Farming Scripture] chronicles all our sect's secrets. I'll hand it over to you now.” The sect leader trembled and fished out a scripture. He put all his effort into talking to Justmight. “Also, please think of a way to bring Justheart back. Let him succeed the position of sect leader. The Immortal Farming Sect is too small, and I've let you stay inside for too many years. I owe you too much. With your aptitude, it's

enough to enter a famous sect a hundred times better than the Immortal Farming Sect. Go and pursue a higher realm, and don't be tied down by the Immortal Farming Sect..."

The sect leader was filled with many emotions.

Justmight's eyes were red and received the [Immortal Farming Scripture]. He carefully began to flip through and read it. With his memory as a Rank 4 cultivator, a [Immortal Farming Scripture] was memorised within moments.

Inside, there was the method regarding the usage of the Sevenshine Wonderfruit. The true use of the Sevenshine Wonderfruit... was to treat Heavenly Tribulation injuries!

This use wasn't even known to the Immortal Farming Sect disciples.

It was said there was no smoke without fire. It was this kind of meaning. In the outside, it was abuzz with the various miraculous usages of the Sevenshine Wonderfruit. The Immortal Farming Sect even sneered at these foolish rumours in the outside world.

When Justwords, who treated people warmly, gave an introduction regarding the grudge between Su Clan's Ah Qi and the Immortal Farming Sect, he had also made fun that the rumours in the outside world were too fake.

But the true use of the Sevenshine Wonderfruit really was to

treat Heavenly Tribulation injuries!

Regarding this, only a few higher ups of the Immortal Farming Sect knew about it.

Justmight gently closed the [Immortal Farming Scripture] and looked at the sect leader. “Rest assured sect leader. Justheart will definitely be fine.”

Sect leader smiled as he nodded. He opened his mouth, wanting to say more.

But at this moment. The wooden sword beside Justmight abruptly chopped out. Sword light flashed, and the sect leader’s head fell.

The sect leader’s fresh blood gushed out. Before his death, he looked disbelievingly at his pleased eldest disciple.

“I didn’t think that even towards the end, you would still choose Justheart!” Justmight flicked off the blood on his sword and said indifferently. “Just right now, I told myself this. If at the end, Master let me succeed the Immortal Farming Sect, I’ll let everything in the past go. I can even properly cultivate junior apprentice brother Justheart, and let him succeed the sect leader position when he could handle everything by himself. Then, I can go and pursue a higher realm without worries.”

“I don’t care about the position of sect leader in the Immortal

Farming Sect. But you said yourself you've owed me for so many years. When choosing the successor for sect leader, you actually didn't consider me?"

Justmight said this mockingly. He was the most talented in all the history of the Immortal Farming Sect. In the eyes of the various apprentice brothers he was the number one in battle prowess in the Immortal Farming Sect, as well as the gentle eldest apprentice brother. All the disciples believed no one else could be the sect leader.

But, what was funny was that when the sect leader considered his successor he had never considered him from the start. And the reason was because he thought that the Immortal Farming Sect owed him, and he shouldn't be stuck in the Immortal Farming Sect. So there was no place for him as the sect leader.

What kind of reason was this?

The wooden sword returned to its sheath. The sect leader's spirit was completely extinguished.

The Immortal Farming Sect disciples who has survived looked stupidified at all that had happened. They couldn't believe their eyes, and it was as if it was a dream.

How could this be possible. Just why would the strongest in the Immortal Farming Sect, apprentice brother Justmight, kill the sect leader! It was obviously apprentice brother Justmight who had worked so hard to save the sect leader from the Moonsabre Sect, so

why?

“Why!!” The Justwords who treated people warmly shouted. He madly lunged at Justmight, chaotically flailing his arms about.

“Why? If you must have a reason... it’s very simple. I’m just following Master’s last wish, to escape the ties that the Immortal Farming Sect has with me. So that I can pursue a higher realm.” Apprentice brother Justmight easily avoided Justwords attack. In the end, his sword stabbed out.

The sword tip lightly poked Justwords’s forehead. Sword light was revealed.

A bloody injury appeared on his forehead, but Justmight didn’t take the life of Justwords. A force erupted from the sword, and pushed Justwords back.

“So, all I did was fulfill Master’s last wishes.” Justmight said indifferently.

At this time, three figures descended from the sky.

The Devil Monarch Madtyrant with fierce features was flying on a shuttle type flying magical treasure. By his side was the Young Master Hai who was in ragged clothes but maintained his elegant demeanor as usual, as well as the Devil Monarch Anzhi who had his features covered by black smoke.



“Looks like you succeeded over here as well.” Young Master Hai laughed lightly, then extended his hand towards Justmight. “It’s time. We need to go, Brother Justmight.”

“Mm.” Justmight nodded. He grasped Young Master Hai’s hand, and stepped on that shuttle type flying magical treasure.

“Justmight!!” The Justwords behind shouted in rage. “You won’t die a good death!”

“Won’t die a good death? An interesting conclusion. However, from the moment I became a cultivator, I never thought I would die a peaceful death.” Justmight turned around, and looked like a scholar as usual. However, his bearing was sharper than before. “In this life, I’ll either validate the Grand Dao, and achieve Immortality! Or I’ll die a spectacular death! If one doesn’t even have this understanding, one shouldn’t become a cultivator.”

Young Master Hai showed a look of appreciation.

“Receive it.” Justmight’s hand suddenly flung something, and threw that [Immortal Farming Scripture] to Justwords. His eyes showed ridicule. “This records the traditions and inheritances and of the Immortal Farming Sect, and various secrets. Go and bring junior apprentice brother Justheart back! Master’s second wish, wasn’t it for him to become the sect leader?”

Justwords clutched the [Immortal Farming Scripture], eyes filled with hate.

“All of you, continue to guard the small Daoist traditions of the Immortal Farming Sect. Die in ‘peace’. If, any of you have the backbone, get stronger with your hate of me. Then come find me for revenge. Of course, your chances of seeing me again are very remote. From today, the distance between us will become bigger and bigger. If we meet again, you all will be nothing but insignificant ants to me.”

Young Master Hai smiled lightly. “We should get going, or else Su Clan’s Ah Qi will catch up.”

Devil Monarch Madtyrant activated the flying magical treasure below his feet, and they rose into the sky.

On the ground, Justwords clutched the [Immortal Farming Scripture] as he howled towards the heavens. Tears covered his face.

“Brother Justmight really is a gentle person.” Young Master Hai smiled. He was referring to Justmight throwing the [Immortal Farming Scripture] to the Immortal Farming Sect.

“Whatever the case this is still the place that raised me.” Justmight laughed, and the power on his body dissipated. He now looked like a delicate scholar now.

“Crocodile tears.” Devil Monarch Anzhi coldly harrumphed.

“You don’t understand, Devil Monarch Anzhi.” Young Master

Hai smiled.

“Yes. You don’t understand Brother Anzhi.” Justmight then asked. “Has the Sevenshine Wonderfruit been obtained?”

“Of course.” Young Master Hai flipped his hand, and showed that Sevenshine Wonderfruit. He then took out another three Bloodgod Jewels.

“Hmm? There are only three Bloodgod Jewels? Weren’t there four?” Justmight frowned.

“Some problems happened halfway through. But it doesn’t matter. Three is just nice for the three of us. As for the last one, there will surely be a chance to get it back.” Young Master Hai smiled.

“That’s fine as well.” Justmight nodded his head.

Very quickly, the figures of four people disappeared into the horizon...towards the mysterious Infinity Devils Sect.

\* \* \* \* \*

What Song Shuhang didn’t know was that as his phone couldn’t go online anymore as he owed charges, the Nine Provinces Number One Group was very lively.

“@All members, True Monarch White has just contacted me. He said he’ll come out of secluded meditation in about twenty days. Have we decided who is to receive him?” True Monarch Mt.Huang asked in the group.

At that time when Loose Cultivator Northriver and the rest had screwed over Song Shuhang by getting him to receive True Monarch White, True Monarch Mt.Huang had happened to not be online at that time. That was why he would ask this.

Loose Cultivator Northriver said: “Haha, True Monarch White is finally coming out? @Great Pressure of Mt.Books, are you ready? Quickly get your driving license. At the same time I’ll arrange for you to go and learn to fly when you’re free.”

Madsabre Threewaves: “There’s probably no time to learn to fly a plane anymore. At that time why not let Song Shuhang learn together with True Monarch White? If something happens, True Monarch White can still use sword flight to bring Song Shuhang to escape with his life. Mm... to be accurate, it should WHEN something definitely happens?”

“The plane will definitely crash right?”

# Chapter 141 - Ten Million In Call Value... Are You Scared Or Not!

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“Don’t say it like that. Perhaps after being in secluded meditation for so many years, True Monarch White may have become more dexterous, and that avid curiosity of his may have lessened? And, planes aren’t something so easy to break!” True Monarch Mt.Huang spoke out with a sense of justice.

At this time, True Monarch Oldriver View said indifferently: “Haha, Senior Mt.Huang, touch your heart. Do you yourself believe what you’re saying?”

True Monarch Mt.Huang was speechless at that rebuttal. Sorry, I was speaking nonsense just now!

“And a plane is weaker than the mechanisms of a magical treasure. I bet ten custom made talismans, if True Monarch White gets on the plane, IT WILL CRASH!” Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives said resolutely. The custom-made talismans he was talking about meant that no matter what kind of talisman it was, as long as he could make it, he’ll do it!

“Four free chances to refine pills!” Medicine Master chimed in. He could speak so fast today. Was it miss Jiang Ziyang helping him message again?

“Ten free times of divining!” At this time, someone with the ID Immortal Diviner Iron Trigrams said complacently.

Wait, Immortal Diviner Iron Trigrams? Who was that?

Oh my god. That's Immortal Master's Copper Trigrams's sockpuppet. This sockpuppet had been inside the group for very long, and no one actually discovered it.

Now that Immortal Master's Copper Trigrams's main account had been muted, this alternate account had appeared to speak.

Loose Cultivator Northriver: "..."

Madsabre Threewaves: "..."

"I think I don't want you to do any divination, and ruin my mood." Loose Cultivator Northriver said.

"Me too." Madsabre Threewaves maintained formation.

"Agreed." Medicine Master said.

Immortal Diviner Iron Trigrams raged: "Enough!"

[System notification: (\*\*\*\*\*) Immortal Diviner Iron Trigrams has been blocked by chat admin True Monarch Mt.Huang for 30 days]

Who exactly is the one who has truly had enough? Don't think this chat admin is only for show! True Monarch Mt.Huang laughed coldly.

But True Monarch Mt.Huang didn't kick out this account. This account wasn't actually Immortal Master Copper Trigrams's alternate account. It actually belonged to his disciple. It was just that this disciple always lurked, and today Immortal Master Copper Trigrams borrowed his account to chat.

“But, all of you should stop slandering senior True Monarch White. If you discuss any further you'll scare little friend Shuhang. If little friend doesn't receive True Monarch White at that time, you all will draw the lots to decide who goes. Whoever draws it goes to receive True Monarch White!” True Monarch Mt.Huang threatened them.

All the members of the group quietened down, not daring to say anything else.

After a moment, Loose Cultivator Northriver saw that Song Shuhang hadn't come online after so long. He asked: “Little friend Shuhang hasn't replied yet? Is he not online? I saw him post pictures just now in the group space. He wouldn't have pretended to see nothing right?”

“Just now I was talking to him on the phone. I also told him to call me in a while. I wanted to know if he had obtained the Bloodgod Jewel. Wait, I'll give him a call.” Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives chimed in with a smile.

Very quickly, he appeared. “Haha, little friend Shuhang owes charges for his phone... most likely he used up his value just now when talking to me. It can’t be helped. I’m not in China. International calls are a bit more expensive. Mm, in the future he needs to remember to store a bit more value, or else we wouldn’t be able to contact him in emergencies. That’s right, who has the time to go and help Song Shuhang add up call value? So that he can be contactable.”

“You can at most add a value of one thousand online. So troublesome. We also don’t know how much little friend Shuhang owes?” Loose Cultivator Northriver said.

At this time, the Drunkmoon Resident who had a weak presence appeared. “I happen to be resting at a resort now. There’s a mobile business hall next to it. While it’s still not closed, send little friend Shuhang’s number to me. I’ll add some value for him. He won’t have to worry about call value again.”

While speaking, there seemed to be a lofty heroic spirit appearing!

“I’ll send his number to you.”

“Then you all wait. I’ll add some value for him.” Drunkmoon Resident finished speaking, then went to lurk.

At this time, Loose Cultivator Northriver said again: “Take this opportunity to flood the chat. Before little friend Shuhang returns,



flood away the records discussing True Monarch White. Or else when little friend Shuhang opens the group, then sees what we just discussed, he may decide to not do the task. Then we'll be in trouble.”

“Fellow Daoist Northriver speaks sense. Quickly flood the chat. What do we chat about?”

“How about we chat about what Threewaves has discovered at the Mysterious Island?”

The seniors in the group began to shamelessly flood the chat log. Within a short while, several thousand lines of chatting was formed, and the chat logs regarding True Monarch White had disappeared very far away into the flood....

\* \* \* \* \*

On the other side.

Su Clan's Ah Qi brought Song Shuhang, Ah Shiliu, as well as Justheart to the sky above the Immortal Farming Sect.

Looking down from above, he saw the scene of the Immortal Farming Sect disciples.

What happened after the Immortal Farming Sect returned to the sect grounds? Ah qi looked closely, and noticed the corpse of the Immortal Farming Sect sect leader which had had its head chopped

off by one sword stroke!

Something had indeed happened.

Su Clan's Ah Qi lightly patted Justheart, and let him wake up from his unconscious state.

Justheart opened his eyes. He groggily saw the Immortal Farming Sect covered in gloom. He quickly saw the sect leader's corpse, and froze.

Below, the Immortal Farming Sect cried nonstop, with some lamenting to each other in tears.

The disciple had completely lost their pillar. Before, even if the sect leader died, they still had eldest apprentice brother Justnight. But now eldest apprentice brother had killed the sect leader, and left the Immortal Farming Sect. Now, what were they to do?

Justheart stood on Su Clan's Ah Qi's streak of light. He dully listened to the disciple's explanation. He now understood the process of the 'Moonsabre Sect battle'.

Eldest apprentice brother killed Master, then betrayed the sect and left with Young Master Hai?

How, how could this happen?!

After a long time...

Justheart grit his teeth, and a resolute expression appeared on his face. “Senior Ah Qi, please put me down.”

Ah Qi unexpectedly looked at him. “Have you made your decision, and know what to do?”

“I don’t know. But I need to return to the Immortal Farming Sect. Someone needs to stand up now in the Immortal Farming Sect, or the Immortal Farming Sect is finished.” Justheart smiled bitterly.

Ah Qi thought about it, before throwing a tally to Justheart. “Put it on, and display it in the Immortal Farming Sect. It represents that I, Su Clan’s Ah Qi, am covering the Immortal Farming Sect. This way, it can at least block a few thieves and robbers who wish to take advantage of the situation. When the day comes, and you think the Immortal Farming Sect has passed its tribulation, return this tally to the Su Clan.”

“Thank you.” Justheart received this tally. At this time, he didn’t even have the leeway to reject. He needed this tally. The Immortal Farming Sect needed this tally.

Su Clan’s Ah Qi lightly waved, and supported his figure, allowing Justheart to land on the ground.

When the Immortal Farming Sect disciples saw Justheart land

from the sky, many of their eyes shined. Although Justheart wasn't that powerful, he had high popularity in the Immortal Farming Sect.

Seeing the incoming junior apprentice brothers, Justheart grasped the tally tightly, and sighed. He took a large step forward to welcome the disciples of the Immortal Farming Sect!

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Su Clan's Ah Qi clasped his hands behind his back, and looked from high up for very long. He finally spoke softly. "Let's go."

Ah Qi felt that what had happened with the Immortal Farming Sect as partly his responsibility. That was why he had bestowed this tally, so that the Immortal Farming Sect could pass this tribulation. However, in this Immortal Farming Sect incident, Justheart had once had ill intentions on Ah Shiliu, which was why he didn't give any help other than the tally.

The streak of light flew off, and he brought Song Shuhang and Ah Shiliu towards the Jiangnan University City.

Song Shuhang gave a last look at the Immortal Farming Sect. His heart had too many emotions, but he didn't know how to express them through words. Thus, he could only keep it in his heart.

In the future, this Immortal Farming Sect incident would become his life experience, and enrich his Dao heart.

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On the road back, Su Clan's Ah Qi had been silent for very long, before suddenly speaking. "Shiliu, return with me to the Su Clan today. Your injuries, doesn't have no methods to heal."

"Mm." Ah Shiliu said indifferently.

"Don't overthink things. Leave it to me. Believe me, Ah Shiliu, you'll be fine."

"Mm. I've always believed you. I just... came out to clear my mind." Ah Shiliu showed a smile. She originally already had exquisite features. This smile was surely extremely sweet, and it was as if a hundred flowers were blooming.

Very quickly. Su Clan's Ah Qi had already ridden the streak of light to the sky above Jiangnan University City.

"Little friend Shuhang. I really have to thank you this time." Ah Qi used force to pat Song Shuhang.

If not for Song Shuhang, Su Clan's Ah Shiliu would very likely

have been killed by those bastards from the Moonsabre Sect. Just thinking about it made Ah Qi scared. Because he was too emotional, he used too much force to pat and almost patted out Song Shuhang's lungs.

Song Shuhang was patted until he started to cough, and couldn't help but smile bitterly.

Ah Shiliu sighed. She extended her hand to rub Song Shuhang's back, so he could cough more lightly and slowly.

"Cough. I originally had a greeting gift for you. But now, I can't take out that greeting gift." Su Clan's Ah Qi smiled.

Originally he had a Rank 1 fist technique. He wanted to casually give it to this new fellow Daoist Song Shuhang as a greeting gift. But now he had saved Su Clan's Ah Shiliu multiple times. Wouldn't he be laughed to death by the others in the group if he took out this Rank 1 fist technique as a greeting gift?

"So, I'll give it to you next time. After a while, Fairy Biexue will be having the "Banquet of the Immortals". At that time, I'll bring you over, and let you taste this world's true 'deliciousness' and 'Immortal treasures'. This greeting gift should sufficiently show my sincerity, right?"

"Fairy Biexue?" Song Shuhang was confused upon hearing this. Were they going to go for a good meal?

At this time Ah Shiliu lightly poked Song Shuhang, and gave him a look.

“Alright! Then I’ll thank senior Ah Qi!” Song Shuhang gave thanks. This Banquet of the Immortals had large benefits?

“Then we’ll bid farewell here. ”Ah Qi nodded his head satisfied. His right hand raised, and supporting Song Shuhang, sent him to an man made forest where no one was looking.

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“Today, I survived safely again.”Song Shuhang sighed, and took out his phone.

Speaking of which, he owed charges. He needed to go and recharge some value, and see how much he owed?

At this time, his phone suddenly received a message.

It was an automatic message. “Respected customer: Hello, on 10 June you successfully recharged 10000000.00 yuan in value. Your balance now is 9999784.31 yuan. Replying the message can 1, inquire immediately about call value information...[China automated notification services]

Song Shuhang rubbed his eyes. One, two,three... seven. SEVEN ZEROS?

Ten million in call value?

The automated system of China really collapsed in the end?



# Chapter 142 - The Nameless Immortal Sage Of The Nameless Temple

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Should he make a call to customer service, and ask what was going on? It was a sum of money that was ten million after all!

While thinking, the chat software on his phone made a special notification. Someone in the Nine Provinces Number One Group had @ him.

Because he no longer owed charges, he now had internet connection.

Song Shuhang opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group to take a look.

Drunkmoon Resident: “@Great Pressure of Mt.Books, little friend Shuhang, has your phone service recovered? I just helped you add a bit of money. You don’t need to ever worry about your phone service stopping ever again!”

It was the seniors in the group who had helped him add call value?

“Wait senior. The ‘a bit of money’ wouldn’t happen to be ten million right?” Song Shuhang quickly replied.

“Mm. It’s this sum. Did you receive it?” As Drunkmoon Resident

said this, there was blatantly the aura of a nouveau riche.

“Senior, is there a need to be so extreme? It’s too much!” What Song Shuhang now felt was like the first half of his webname... great pressure!

Just so that he didn’t have to worry about phone service stopping ever again? Then he added a call value of ten million for him? The call value in this phone was already more than all the assets of ordinary families.

“Too much? That’s not so, our group members regularly call each other from halfway across the world. Our call charges are a lot every year. With other expenditures phones have, ten million is about the call value for one or two hundred years. It’ll be used up very fast!” Drunkmoon Resident replied.

It’ll be used up in one or two hundred years? And very quickly?

Song Shuhang used strength to hit the tree beside him. He tried to cool down. Did the seniors in the group use centuries as a unit of time?

I can’t keep up. A month before he was still an ordinary person, and he completely couldn’t keep up with the thinking of the seniors in the group!

“Some small money of the mortal realm. There’s no need to be flustered. Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives forcefully cut in,

and asked a question. “Also, little friend Shuhang. How much benefit did you gain from that [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation]?”

To me, this isn’t a little bit of money!

Although it really was a small sum to the seniors in the group, but could you try to understand me, who was just an ordinary citizen not long ago?

Alright. To get the seniors to understand him wasn’t realistic. He had to work hard himself, and catch up with their way of thinking!

Song Shuhang tried his best to calm his feelings, and reply the question of Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives. “There were gains. In that formation, the Qi and blood in my Heart Acupoint increased by a large amount, up till now. I expect with about ten or so amounts of Qi and blood, the Hundred Days Foundation Establishment can be competed! My body also obtained strengthening. Finally, there’s a Bloodgod Jewel.”

After stopping for a while, Song Shuhang typed: “However seniors, this Bloodgod Jewel. Can I change it to other items that suit me more. It’s fine whether it’s medicinal pills, techniques, magical treasures or talismans.”

This Bloodgod Jewel kept having an uncomfortable feeling in his hand.

Also, hadn’t Young Master Hai had a very confident look on his

face as he said: If I have the time, I'll pay a visit and trade back the Bloodgod Jewel.

At that time, let him go visit one of the seniors, and try to trade back the Bloodgod Jewel!

“Haha. I've been waiting for this sentence of yours!” Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives had a [Toothy smile emoticon] as he continued. “After some time, wait for me to teach these primitives on this island how to recognise Chinese, then I'll go look for you. At that time I'll bring you to take a look at my treasury, and let you choose some items of the same value, to trade for this Bloodgod Jewel of yours.”

The Bloodgod Jewel wasn't just a valuable material for refinement, but also a good material for the production of the ink for the creation of high grade talismans.

Every stroke for high grade talismans needed a special ink.

For example, the golden talismans Soft Feathers had used at that time, had its talisman creation ink made from the blood of a single horned Flood Dragon into 'Flood Dragon Ink'.

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives just happened to need this Bloodgod Jewel.

At this time, Loose Cultivator Northriver laughed. “Looks like fellow Daoist Sevenlives am about to make some breakthroughs for

your Dao of Talismans?”

“Hehe, recently I accidentally got some inspirations. I want to take this chance to create high grade talismans to break through this bottleneck for the Dao of Talismans. At the same time, I want to break through to the Rank 5 Spirit Emperor realm. If I drag on my ascension on longer, I’ll be chased up to by my juniors.” Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives laughed as he replied.

He actually could have long since formed his gold core, and ascend to Rank 5 Spirit Emperor.

But it was just that to form a more perfect core, he had suppressed his realm, and dragged things until now.

The Gold Core Realm was grouped into grades of three, six and nine as well. It was based on the number of Dragon Patterns on the Gold Core, and split into nine grades. The greater the number of Dragon Patterns, the higher the grade of the Gold Core. The higher the grade of the core, the further down the path a cultivator could walk in the future.

Frankly speaking, a Gold Core with one to three patterns would stay as Rank 5 Spirit Emperor if they had no miraculous encounters.

As for four to six patterns, as long as they didn’t fall, they could basically rise to the Rank 6 True Monarch realm, with even hope of reaching the Rank 7 Venerable realm!

And if one wanted to go further, to make one's power felt before others and ascend to the Rank 8 Profound Saint realm, one needed a Gold Core with at least seven patterns.

Talisman Mansion Master Sevenlives was suppressing himself for a seven patterned Gold Core.

Also, no one in the Nine Provinces Number One Group had a gold core with fewer than seven patterns. They were all outstanding figures among Rank 5 Spirit Emperors.

“Alright. Then I'll wait for senior's good news.” Song Shuhang quickly replied. “Then, the various seniors, I'll be going for a rest first.”

“Wait! Wait Little friend Shuhang!” Loose Cultivator Northriver said quickly.

“?” Song Shuhang sent a question mark.

“There's something I need to tell you. True Monarch Mt.Huang was contacted by True Monarch White. True Monarch White will come out of secluded meditation in about twenty days! At that time, True Monarch Mt.Huang will send little friend the location of where True Monarch White will come out from. Little friend remember to receive True Monarch White at that time!” Loose Cultivator Northriver said quickly.

The seniors in the group all quietened down. They were afraid

Song Shuhang would reject. If True Monarch Mt.Huang was angered at that time and made everyone draw lots, it would be terrible.

“Oh. Alright, no problem. At that time just notify me of where True Monarch White is and it’ll be fine.” Song Shuhang replied. “Then seniors, if there’s nothing else I’ll go back and rest first!”

He just wanted to go and have a good shower now, then have a beautiful sleep. Today, his body and mind was completely exhausted.

“Go then. Have a good rest. We all think highly of you.” Loose Cultivator northriver said.

Song Shuhang nodded. He carefully kept his phone. Don’t think this phone was just a thousand silver yuan. Inside it had a call value of ten million!

\* \* \* \* \*

11 June. Tuesday.

In the day, Song Shuhang and Turbo went to hand up the fees to learn driving.

Next would be waiting for the coach to call them to learn to drive.

Tubo had already contacted all his connections. Today they would hand up the fees, and tomorrow the coach could call them to learn to drive. Within one week they could participate in their indoor test. If they passed, they could go for their public road driving test. If their luck was good, they could get their license within twenty days!

This was a peaceful day. Nothing messy happened. Mm, during class, little miss Lu Fei had openly been next to Song Shuhang freeloading air con.

After dinner, the three roommates of the dormitory all got busy with their own things.

Gao Momo was dragged away by Zhuge Zhongyang. Supposedly in these two days, they had started meeting up with Zhuge Zhongyang's first fiancée candidate.

Yang De continued to be busy with creating a new computer programme.

Tubo had also been lost in a game these few days.

Thus, Song Shuhang just happened to be able to have the free time to cultivate.

He went to the apartment Medicine Master had bought, and started to cultivate.



First was a round of [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique], then was using [True Self Meditation] to guide the Qi and blood.

Today's cultivation was particularly relaxed. He didn't use any Qi and Blood Pills, but he still managed to practice nine times of [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique]!

In the period of Foundation Establishment, the more the amount of Qi and blood in the Heart Acupoint, there would be feedback to the body, allowing the cultivator's body to strengthen.

And Song Shuhang's body had gotten an additional strengthening from the [Bloodgod Evilsabre Formation] at the Moonsabre Sect.

With the current strength of his body, training fourteen or fifteen rounds in one shot wouldn't require Qi and Blood Pills!

After nine times of [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique] ended, Song Shuhang suddenly felt his Heart Acupoint heat up.

"The Qi and Blood is overflowing!" Song Shuhang's mind moved, and he urgently used the [True Self Meditation] to guide the Qi and Blood into his Heart Acupoint.

This thread of Qi and blood was guided into the Heart Acupoint. It became the straw that broke the camel's back!

The Qi and blood in the Heart Acupoint opened the Heart Acupoint, overflowing!

The Acupoint opened by itself!

The Hundred Days Foundation Establishment was officially completed!

At this moment, he could be considered to have truly stepped into the ranks of cultivators!

Song Shuhang opened his eyes, and his vitality, Qi and spirit all changed qualitatively!

\* \* \* \* \*

About five hundred kilometres south from the Jiangnan area, there was a city called Nanhua Lake.

Linyao Village was located at Nanhua Lake City.

In the village, there was a famous nameless Daoist temple.

Because this Daoist temple was famous far and wide, every year many believers would come from various places to make a pilgrimage, but this Daoist temple didn't have a name. Over the course of time, people called it the nameless Daoist temple.

The nameless Daoist temple wasn't big, and the one it enshrined and worshipped wasn't the Three Pure Ones. It was instead a nameless Immortal sage.

This Immortal sage was an extremely handsome man who was sitting cross legged. He was peacefully sitting on the stone platform, and was extremely lifelike.

Supposedly... this Immortal sage had been discovered several hundred years ago during a large drought.

According to legend, that had been a large drought that would not be seen for decades. It hadn't rained a drop for half a year. The river water had dried up. The villagers also had total crop failure, and were about to die due to hunger and thirst.

They were futilely creating wells at various places, and were hoping to find at least one wellspring. But the villagers had created at least forty wells, but had no gains.

As they were at their most desperate, they had dug up a lifelike statue as they were digging wells. This was the origin of the nameless Daoist temple.

It wasn't carved by human hands, and was of the highest quality!

Of course, there were villagers to believed this Immortal sage figure was buried very very long ago by ancient people.

Anyways, the desperate villagers had worshipped this Immortal sage figure.

It had been miraculous speaking of which.

On the second day after worship... a heavy downpour had come down. There was a welcome rain after a long drought. It was a great rejoicing in one's life.

And thus, this temple for the nameless Immortal Sage became famous like this.

Even now, after a while, there would be rumours of villagers having their wishes realised. The fame of this nameless Immortal sage temple became greater and greater!

At this time, the Daoist temple had several worshippers secretly talking.

“Do you feel like the nameless Immortal Sage has become even more lifelike recently?”

“You also have this feeling? I keep feeling as if this nameless Immortal sage will come to life anytime, and ascend to the heavens!”

“And... I keep feeling this nameless Immortal sage keeps looks better and better.”

Whether it was male or female, they would have this kind of feeling. The entire idol became better and better looking, releasing endless charm.

# Chapter 143 - The Dormitory's Unexpected Visitor

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The Heart Acupoint had been filled up with Qi and blood. When the conditions are right, success will follow naturally, and the acupoint will open by itself!

After the Heart Acupoint opened, cultivators could truly grasp the power of Qi and blood in their body. They could then unleash power that exceeded the human limit! When the power of Qi and blood was strong enough, bare handedly twisting metal and the like could be achieved!

In the sea of consciousness, the true self had become more solid and real, revealing the qualities of a cultivator.

Song Shuhang stood up, taking light breaths.

He began to recall the scene at that time in the illusionary world of the [Vajra Foundation Fist Technique] of the master with a naked upper half putting to good use the fist technique.

A simple fist technique, could in the hands of that master release fists in curves, with straights amongst the curves. It could have great strength and profound power, with the fists like cannons. It could be as gentle as the breeze, coupling strength and gentleness.

Before opening the Heart Acupoint, Song Shuhang couldn't have so easily freely did as he intended like that.

But now, perhaps he could give it a try after opening his Heart Acupoint!

He could feel the Qi and Blood energy that was constantly flowing out. With the beating of his heart, the Qi and Blood energy was sent to every part of the body. After circulating a round in the body, the Qi and Blood energy would get stronger and return to the Heart Acupoint. With this circulation, as long as Song Shuhang was still alive and kicking, the Qi and Blood energy in his body would slowly get stronger.

And as the Qi and Blood energy revolved around his body, Song Shuhang could feel the state of every muscle in his body as well their explosive power.

This was a realm about grasping the state of one's body.

Song Shuhang once again took up the starting position of the [Vajra Foundation Fist Technique], his muscles half taut and half relaxed. He could faintly feel himself in harmony with his surroundings, and his entire body had an easy and smooth feeling that couldn't be described.

Holding his breath, concentrating his attention, and a fist was launched!

The speed wasn't fast, but there was booming sounds of explosions. It was heavier compared to the booming sounds of Song Shuhang's full force blows in the past. A casual punch, and

every movement or action, all had the effect of manipulating the power of the spiritual energy in heaven and earth, just like chanting the 'Fist Technique Chant' in the past.

Only after he finished a set of [Vajra Foundation Fist Technique] from start to finish, did Song Shuhang exhale a long breath.

This was a true completion of one set 'within one breath'.

With this heavy breath, every muscle in his body trembled slightly. His body had been adjusted to a perfectly healthy state.

Song Shuhang only then showed a satisfied smile.

Today's cultivation came to an end here.

Although he could rely on Blood and Qi Pills to train a few more rounds, Song Shuhang didn't plan to cultivate any further.

Haste brings no success. After just finishing his Foundation Establishment, he needed a period of time to adapt to his current body condition, to completely grasp his current body!

Sharpening the axe won't interfere with cutting wood.

After a shower, Song Shuhang took out the black suitcase he had obtained from Altar Master.



Then, he put the Bloodgod Jewel he had obtained yesterday inside. Then he put that treasure sabre he had obtained from the Moonsabre Sect sect leader together with the black suitcase.

The sabre had its name inscribed on it. Tyrantbreaker.

The sabre was 1.1 metres long. The body of the sabre was burnt by the Tribulation Flames, and had completely become black. The originally beautiful treasure sabre had become a black and swarthy black sabre.

However, after being burnt by the Tribulation Flames, the ‘controls’ and ‘spiritual imprints’ left behind by the Moonsabre Sect leader had been completely cleared away. Now, this sabre had become a completely ownerless item.

“It’ll be great if this sabre could have a concealing formation like senior Medicine Master’s flying sword. That way I could have it on my body at any time.” Song Shuhang hiddenly sighed.

He really liked this sabre, and really wished to have it on him at all times.

Unfortunately this sabre was a sharp object, and if it wasn’t concealed, it’ll be confiscated by the policeman uncles. Perhaps he may also have to suffer the criminal charge of carrying restricted sharp tools.

He put these treasures into the apartment’s safe. Medicine

Master's home had the protection of the formations he had erected. There was no need to worry about thieves making a visit. It couldn't be safer storing the items here.

Then Song Shuhang took Great Master Tongxuan's flying sword, and returned in the direction of the Jiangnan University City.

This flying sword needed to be mailed back to Great Master Tongxuan.

He had already contacted Little Monk Threedays on the chat software to tell him the news that the flying sword had been found.

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On the way, Song Shuhang gave a call to Sima Jiang. "Hey, Little Jiang? Haha, I contacted you so late. Are your injuries better? Mm. Can you make a trip here? I want to send that delivery from that time again."

In the phone, Sima Jiang quickly answered. "No problem. Do I still go to Jiangnan University City? Alright? I understand. I'll be there immediately!"

Sima Jiang had originally worried that Song Shuhang would no longer patronise his business anymore. With this call, he finally

relaxed.

“Four of you come with me.” Sima Jiang called out. If this time the delivery was robbed again, he would really not have the face to see anyone anymore.

“Mister Sima, how do we deal with the thief?” The bespectacled man in a western suit pushed up his spectacles as he asked.

“Keep him locked up for now. Wait for me to ask Song Shuhang and see his thoughts.” Sima Jiang brought four big fellows in western suits, talking as he walked.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the way back to the University City, Song Shuhang unexpectedly met two ‘acquaintances’.

The two metre tall Nan Haomeng and the thin and weak Lin Tao.

Lin Tao was the senior who had sold information about Song Shuhang in that Altar Master incident. After that, he had suffered a Face-breaking Punch of Friendship from Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang saw them at the turn. Because of the angle, the other two didn’t see him.

It seemed the other two had only encountered each other by

chance.

Nan Haomeng showed a brilliant smile. He went towards Lin Tao to meet him. “Student Lin Tao, have you repaired your broken teeth?”

Lin Tao’s face still had some slight swelling. His expression was gloomy, but he still fawningly replied. “Repaired, it’s been repaired.”

However because he had needed to repair relatively more teeth, that unexpected fortune from a while ago had almost been spent completely. This was tantamount to having no profit, and even having half his teeth broken by someone else for nothing. Lin Tao was really bitter in his heart...

“It’s good if you’ve repaired it. Technology is really advanced now, you can’t even tell it’s fake teeth. That’s right, you wouldn’t have complained to the school authorities right? You and me aren’t little children anymore. We are all adults, and we are at fault we need to bear the responsibility, right?” Nan Haomeng gave a kindhearted smile, patting Lin Tao’s shoulder.

“No. Of course not.” Lin Tao put strength into shaking his head.

“If you didn’t that’s good. You and I can be considered to have become friends through an exchange of blows. After having a fight, we got to know each other through fate.” Nan Haomeng being a chatterbox was something Song Shuhang had already known when meeting him the first time.

And this fellow didn't know himself. He was obviously a chatterbox but he still didn't want to admit it.

"Let's be friends in the future. Of course, you don't want to 'become friends through an exchange of blows' again right? So, let past matters scatter with the wind. The various things in the past, let it vanish like smoke in thin air. It was this saying right?" Nan Haomeng used force to pat Lin Tao's weak and skinny shoulder.

"Yes, yes." Lin Tao really wanted to cry. Who was it that especially wanted to be friends with you?

"Then we'll talk again in a few days. I also wish your academics go smoothly." Nan Haomeng laughed 'haha'. Waving, he confidently and freely left. It seems like... he was still worried about Lin Tao complaining to the school authorities, and after a few days had specially come to threaten Lin Tao.

It seems like this lunkhead was surprisingly careful?

Lin Tao grit his teeth. Rubbing his swelled up face, he mumbled. "If I had the power, I'll definitely screw all of you over. Bastards!"

As his voice just sounded, he suddenly heard someone behind him talk faintly as if he was a ghost. "Mm. Not bad. You can still be considered to have some backbone."

Lin Tao jumped in fright. Who was it that didn't even make a

sound as he went behind his back?

He turned, and saw Song Shuhang's white and clean face.

Suddenly, Lin Tao's face cramped, and he faintly felt the part that was hit a few days ago start to hurt faintly.

“But you need to properly train. You're now as weak as a chicken. I can crush you with one finger. When you've properly trained, come find me anytime.” Finished speaking, Song Shuhang turned his head to look at the surroundings. There happened to be an old building in the process of being demolished.

He came to the building's wall, and held a fist up. Regulating his strength, he lightly punched at the wall.

Dong! It was a very loud sound.

The wall was full of cracks. It was simply like if it had been smashed by a giant hammer.

Song Shuhang nodded his head in satisfaction. He turned towards Lin Tao. “Mm. Saw that? When you train to that level, then you're more or less able to come to me for revenge.”

Lin Tao's eyes were dazed, and stared at the cracks on the wall, silent for very long.

Until after Song Shuhang had left far off, Lin Tao then walked to the wall, and pushed again at it.

This wall that was about to be demolished wasn't a [tofu dreg project](#), a poorly constructed building. It was one properly built, and its quality was good!

Lin Tao's legs felt like jelly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten minutes later, Jiangnan university City, the male dormitory.

Sima Jiang received that delivery from Song Shuhang once again. This time he carefully put this delivery into a black suitcase that was obviously high tech at first glance.

“Little Jiang, I'll be troubling you for this delivery.” Song Shuhang said.

Sima Jiang candidly smiled. He was smart to not ask how this package had made its way back to Song Shuhang.

Before going, Sima Jiang asked, “That's right, student Shuhang. How do I deal with that thief I caught that time?”

“Oh, that fellow who got his legs broken? Do as you see fit. If you think it's too troublesome throw him into jail.” Song Shuhang

replied after he thought about it.

Speaking of jail... he still didn't know how that Western monk was? Where could he find out about news regarding the Western monk?

"I understand. This time, I will definitely send your delivery for you. Rest assured!" Sima Jiang said energetically.

"I believe you." Song Shuhang waved his hand. He kept feeling very guilty inside. Sima Jiang had been embroiled into unexpected bad luck because of him. If there was a chance in the future, he had to think of a way to make it up to him.

After seeing off Sima Jiang, Song Shuhang returned to his dormitory.

His three roommates still hadn't returned. Ever since Yang De had rented somewhere outside, he kept feeling the dormitory wasn't so lively anymore.

Should he raise a pet?

No way no way, the student dormitory didn't allow pets to be raised.

While thinking, Song Shuhang pushed open the dormitory door.



Then... he saw a giant tail with towering fur. It was huge, and it looked as big as a floor type electric fan!

Song Shuhang decisively closed the door, before he used strength to rub his eyes. His heart had an ominous feeling.

After a deep breath, he then opened the dormitory door again.

This time, he saw a giant Pekingese, wagging its tongue at him acting cute.

# Chapter 144 - Giant Dog: Borrowing Your Chat Account To Use!

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Song Shuhang summoned up his courage to enter the dormitory. He then locked the dormitory door on the way in.

It was possible that there was only one such big Pekingese dog in the world. Without doubt, the one before his eyes was the Pekingese giant demon dog which had been chasing Devil Monarch Anzhi around yesterday, and gave him a vicious bite at the end.

This proved that for things like dogs, the smaller they were the cuter they were. Even if it was a dog with various mixed bloods, it would still be chubby when it was just born, and very cute.

Nevertheless when the small dog grew up, a large majority would become completely uncute. Even if it was the small dog breeds like a Pekingese, when they grew bigger than five metres, they would lose any relation with the word cute.

The giant Pekingese demon dog was squatting there, its tongue lolling out as it panted. It was just like a normal dog. Actually for a demon dog of this rank, it wouldn't be afraid of the heat, so why would it need to loll its tongue?

In that instant, Song Shuhang's mind thought of the method of the Immortal Farming Sect to 'shout towards large demon dogs: Screw your mother! If you have the guts come eat me!'

Mm, he wasn't adorably foolish. He wouldn't do this.

"Nice to meet you." Song Shuhang gathered his courage to wave at the giant Pekingese demon dog.

"Huhuhu." The giant Pekingese tilted his head. It was a pose that could have been very cute if it was smaller by several tens of times.

"You can understand me right? I know high ranking demon beasts have intelligence." Song Shuhang saw that this giant demon beast didn't have the intention to attack him, so he temporarily sighed in relief.

The giant Pekingese demon dog changed its angle, and continued to tilt its head and act cute.

"He doesn't understand [Standard Chinese](#)?" Song Shuhang asked suspiciously.

This giant demon dog definitely had intelligence. It wouldn't be any less than a human. This could be seen from the ridiculing look in its eyes when it was facing the Immortal Farming Sect members.

However, demon dogs aren't humans, and didn't have a nine year compulsory education system. Perhaps what it spoke was some weird area's dialect? So it didn't understand Standard Chinese?

So, when that Immortal Farming Sect disciple had been courting death in front of that giant demon dog, saying ‘Screw your mother! If you have the guts come eat your grandaddy!’, it simply hadn’t understood? So, it spared those two Immortal Farming Sect disciples?

Song Shuhang began to feel this was more and more likely.

Then, it used the expressions and tone of humans to infer the meaning of what was being said?

Thinking to this point, Song Shuhang had a sudden thought. He thought of a joke he had seen not long before.

So, he had a slight smile on it’s face. Using a gentle tone, he said, “[Hello, is your mother a big monkey?](#)”

When the giant Pekingese demon dog heard this, it no longer acted cute. It’s head was no longer tilted, and it retracted its tongue. A ridiculing look appeared in it’s eyes again.

Then, it used a smooth Beijing dialect accent to reply. “Your mother is a gorilla! Woof!”

“...” Song Shuhang was speechless.

This Pekingese demon dog had really bad taste!

After the giant Pekingese demon dog had finished speaking, it then stuck out its tongue and began to make ‘huhuhu’ panting sounds, and looked at Song Shuhang with a expressionless face, and even rolled its eyes.

Song Shuhang sighed. He took off his shoes and went to the dormitory bedroom. At the same time, he became more relaxed. This giant demon dog still knew to make jokes with him, so at least it wouldn’t eat him right?

He came to the bedroom, and the giant Pekingese demon dog also followed.

“Did you come find me for anything?” After Song Shuhang thought for very long, he couldn’t think of how to address this giant Pekingese demon dog.

“Mm. I came to ask some questions.” Human language came out of the mouth of this giant Pekingese demon dog again. “Did you come into contact with Medicine Master recently?”

Song Shuhang was immediately on the alert, his mind thinking about how to best reply.

“No need to deny it. The truth was that a few days ago I could already the scent of Medicine Master on you. Mm, I also smelt that little lass of the Su Clan on you yesterday, and then that fellow Su Clan’s Ah Qi.” The giant Pekingese demon dog seemed to be very familiar, and went through the names of the cultivators Song

Shuhang had come into contact with recently.

When Song Shuhang had heard to this point, his mind flashed.

“You’re the precious giant demon dog that ran away from True Monarch Mt.Huang’s home?” He still remembered how when he had just entered the group, the group members had said True Monarch Mt.Huang had been very busy those few days. His precious giant demon dog had run away from home again.

At that time Song Shuhang had thought the seniors in the group were all chuunibyou, and thought it had been a pet dog of True Monarch Mt.Huang that had run away from home.

Mm... Now it seemed that it really was a pet dog. Pekingese was indeed a breed of pet dog. It was just that the one that True Monarch Mt.Huang had was a tad bigger .

“Woof.” The giant Pekingese demon dog tilted its head, a look of annoyance on it’s face. Don’t ask why Song Shuhang could tell a look of annoyance from a dog’s face. Anyways he could magically tell so.

“True Monarch Mt.Huang didn’t bring you back last time?” Song Shuhang asked suspiciously. Recently True Monarch Mt.Huang had kept appearing online. He had thought the giant demon dog had been found already.

“Woof.” The giant Pekingese demon dog tilted his head to

another direction, continuing to coldly harrumph in annoyance.

Song Shuhang secretly sighed. Mm, with such a pet dog, True Monarch Mt.Huang was also quite pitiful.

“So, what did you look for me for?” Song Shuhang asked.

“I’m looking for Medicine Master. I want him to make some medicinal pills as snacks.” The giant Pekingese demon dog continued to act cute. “So yesterday I followed you, to look for Medicine Master. After following and following, until the hospital. Then, some unknown bastard released some poison gas bomb. I wasn’t taking notice and suffered the attack. It was so disgusting I couldn’t eat for a whole day. Woof woof!”

“...” The corners of Song Shuhang’s mouth cramped. That wouldn’t be the Stink Pill he himself released right?

“So, I’m asking you, where is Medicine Master now?” The giant Pekingese demon dog asked.

“Medicine Master seems to suddenly have something on, and went to help a few friends treat their illness. His friends had some problems while adventuring, and seemed to have lost their memories. So, Medicine Master will only be back in a few days. If you’re not in a rush, you can come back in a few days to look for him.” Song Shuhang replied.

The giant Pekingese demon dog thought about it. “Then that’s

alright. I'll look for him a few days later. Finally, are you a new member of the Nine Provinces Number One Group? With relations to Medicine Master, and contact with that fellow Su Clan's Ah Qi. But I've never seen you before in the chat."

Song Shuhang nodded. "Mm. I am indeed a newly added member of the Nine Provinces Number One Group."

"Then that's good. Lend me your account. Can I chat for a few sentences? Woof woof!" The giant Pekingese demon dog got excited, and its tail began to wag at high speed.

"Chat?" Song Shuhang looked at that small computer. Looking at that over five metres large giant Pekingese. With a light tap of its paws, his computer would shatter and need to be sent to the recycling centre right?

"I can shrink!" When it saw Song Shuhang's gaze, the giant Pekingese demon dog immediately understood. Its body flashed. In the white light, it quickly became the size of a normal Pekingese.

With this size, it was actually really cute?!

"How is it? My transformation is really cool right. Come come come, switch on the account and enter the account." The Pekingese cheerfully jumped about.

"Alright." Song Shuhang switched on the computer, but didn't



enter the account on the desktop chat software. He instead found an independant chat software backup from a folder in the E Drive. He used that to log in.

Ever since the incident with Altar Master, he had become more careful with regards to his identity as a cultivator. He had prepared various protections on his computer. He didn't dare leave the records of his account log in on his computer. He used the methods used in Internet Cafes. When he logged out it would automatically delete the chat account records.

After typing in the account password and logging into the chat software. He then turned around to let the giant demon dog use the computer. He was still on the alert. After all whether the Pekingese was the one that belonged to True Monarch Mt.Huang was merely a guess.

The Pekingese demon dog happily climbed onto the computer table. It seemed that after becoming small, even its mass had decreased. Or else this computer table would have long since broken down.

Then, it familiarly used it's paws to open the window for the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Then, it even used the five stroke input method to type!

My god, it's even using the five stroke input method to type? I myself use pinyin! Song Shuhang thought in his heart.

While thinking, the Pekingese demon dog had already tapped a whole stream of words, and was also very fast at typing.

Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “@True Monarch Mt.Huang, Mt.Huang you big foolish——idiot! Come out! If you have the guts come out!”

Song Shuhang began to have cold sweat that he couldn't stop.

“?” Loose Cultivator Northriver was the first to reply. He asked a question suspiciously. “Little friend Shuhang?”

True Monarch Mt.Huang: “...”

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “Wahaha, I've escaped again! How about it! Big foolish——idiot Mt.Huang! Come bite me!”

Song Shuhang silently watched as the Pekingese demon dog typed at lightning speed. If senior Medicine Master saw this, he would surely be crying until he fainted in the toilet!

Loose Cultivator Northriver: “...”

Roamcloud Monk Tongxuan: “...”

Medicine Master: “...”

Then there was a long row of seniors, who were using ellipses to maintain group formation.

There was no need to say it. They had guessed the reason. True Monarch Mt.Huang's precious giant demon dog had ran away from home again. It had even ran over to little friend Shuhang's place. It was using little friend Shuhang's account to chat online.

“Little [Dou Dou](#), don't make trouble anymore.” True Monarch Mt.Huang replied.

“Che. I want to make trouble. What can you do to me? If you have the ability, come bite me, come bite me!” The Pekingese cheerfully used strength to tap on the keyboard.

When this had just been sent.

[System Notification: (\*\*\*\*\*) Great Pressure of Mt.Books has been blocked by chat admin True Monarch Mt.Huang for 1 day]

He was banned.

These few days, True Monarch Mt.Huang had been using the great banning art more times than the entire whole of last month. Just thinking about it made Song Shuhang feel tired for him.

“Fudge, Big Idiot Mt.Huang, you dare block me! Woof woof woof!” The giant Pekingese demon dog raged.

If I was True Monarch Mt.Huang, I’ll definitely ban you. No, I’ll definitely consider having dog meat hotpot for dinner. This was what Song Shuhang thought in secret.

...That wasn’t right. Wait wait wait. This account was mine ahhhhhhhhh!

At this time, in the Nine Provinces Number One Group, True Monarch Mt.Huang sent a message. “Little friend Shuhang, I’ll have to trouble you for a while about little Dou Dou. Wait for me to finish my matters here. In at most two months, I’ll hurry to your place and retrieve it. Before that... Don’t let little Dou Dou run off!”

Song Shuhang looked at the giant Pekingese demon dog. Then he looked at his thin arms and tiny legs. Look after ‘little Dou Dou’? He felt there was absolutely no hope for this task.

The Pekingese demon dog turned to look at Song Shuhang. “Woof woof, Big Idiot Mt.Huang, how is this rookie supposed to watch me?”

Song Shuhang felt the veins on his forehead began to buldge!

[https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Standard\\_Chinese](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Standard_Chinese)

This is a Chinese joke that is about making fun of those that don’t understand the language.

Dou Dou means Bean Bean in English

# Chapter 145 - Another Emergency Delivery!

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Because Song Shuhang had had his account banned by True Monarch Mt.Huang, it couldn't happily chat, so the Pekingese Dou Dou jumped off from the computer table.

It then climbed onto Song Shuhang's bed, and boredly began to roll around. Since when they had first met, it had never calmed down.

Song Shuhang looked at it and stared carefully for a long time. Was this giant [demon dog](#) Dou Dou really a Pekingese breed, and not from some funny ancestry? This level of liveliness was a bit too excessive!

After the Pekingese Dou Dou had rolled around for very long, it suddenly stood up, and spoke sternly to Song Shuhang. "Sigh. Little friend Shuhang, from today onwards I'll protect you!"

Song Shuhang laughed dryly, saying, "Thanks."

"No problem. You can call me Dou Dou. Don't call me Little Dou Dou. That's Big Fool Mt.Huang's special address. Mm... if you think you're a Big Fool as well, I'll also acknowledge you calling me Little Dou Dou." After the Pekingese Dou Dou finished speaking, it began to roll about on the bed again.

From the top to the bottom of the bed, rolling in circles, rolling vertically and rolling horizontally...It had good bed rolling skills. There were various fancy ways of rolling, and it was never

repeated from start to finish!

“Alright, Dou Dou.” Song Shuhang said.

In front of the computer, he casually flipped through the news records of the Nine Provinces Number One Group. He wanted to see the records of yesterday.

Yesterday his phone had been out of service for a while, and he hadn’t noticed what the seniors in the group had chatted about.

Then... Song Shuhang went up and went through tens of pages, and it was all about the seniors in the group chatting about ‘how is the scenery at the East Sea’, ‘Threewaves have you eaten? What did you eat?’, as well as ‘which holiday village is better to play at’ questions etc.

So much. There was so much!

“Weird. Why did the seniors chat so much yesterday?” Song Shuhang asked doubtfully.

In the past, the seniors in the group would chat about things relating to cultivation and exploring ancient cultivator ruins. But the chat records yesterday were about this and that, where anything was chatted about. And the chats were slightly baffling.

After going up for a few more pages, all the chat records were all torrential flooding. Song Shuhang no longer went up anymore.

Loose Cultivator Northriver's talking nonsense to do battle was a great success. Song Shuhang didn't persist until the chat records where the group members talked about True Monarch White.

Song Shuhang then opened the group space. He opened his game farm and ranch to manage it. He took a look at the list. Everyday, the number of seniors who spent time coming to him to steal vegetables were not few.

Were these seniors all so bored?

The Pekingese Dou Dou was extremely bored. Getting up he asked, "Shuhang, woof, are there any games installed on your computer?"

"Oh, there is one, but it's very old." Song Shuhang replied.

This was the battle game, where one attacked the opponent's base to win, and where his three roommates had used a bot Yang De created as an alt account. This game was almost a decade old.

"Let me play. Woooof woof!" On the bed, the Pekingese Dou Dou jumped and got up.

"Alright." Song Shuhang closed the chat software on the computer. He logged onto that game.



The Pekingese Dou Dou jumped onto the computer, and made it's body slightly bigger. It's left paw pressed on the keyboard and it's right hand was on the mouse. "Woof woof! Let's have some fun! Let's have some fun!"

This image really was too perfect. Song Shuhang couldn't bear to look straight at it. In legends, having the teammate that was a primary school student already screwed the team over enough already. But it was unexpected that there would something that screw over the team even more. Could you imagine how you would feel when your teammate was a dog?

This was perhaps the feeling of a 'true dogshit day'?

Looking at the dog that was having fun, Song Shuhang thought of a question and asked it. "Dou Dou, after you shrink, can ordinary people see you?"

He was worried that when his roommates came back, they would see a dog on the computer playing games. Would they believe it if he made an introduction of this dog as being one specially trained?

"Don't worry, us demon beasts won't be seen by ordinary people if we don't want to." Dou Dou didn't turn back it's head, it's paw tapping 'papapa' on the keyboard. The mouse also flew back and forth, and it was playing with proper form.

Song Shuhang nodded his head relieved...

\* \* \* \* \*

Time passed very fast.

Seven days later, 18 June.

The Medicine Master that the Pekingese Dou Dou never forgot, still hadn't come back yet!

Medicine Master's treatment of the four fellow Daoist's 'amnesia' didn't go smoothly, and still hadn't found the cause of their loss of memories up till now.

The head area of the four fellow Daoists didn't suffer any harm, nor did their memory abilities suffer any damage. There also wasn't any obvious methods of memory seals found. But they just couldn't remember any more memories of the time they were on the Mysterious Island.

Based on the conjectures of Medicine Mastee and other seniors in the group, the memories of these fellow Daoists were most likely sealed by a powerful cultivator.

If it was really so, then they had to be careful. Two of these fellow Daoists were Rank 5 Spirit Emperors, experts of the Gold Core stage. How powerful was a powerhouse who could seal their memories?

Now, Medicine Master had invited several experts of the

cultivation world that specialised in ‘memories’, ‘spiritual energy’ and ‘seals’ to research this amnesia.

Medicine Master had said in the chat that this amnesia of the four fellow Daoists was expected to take at least half a year.

Jiang Ziyang frowned and asked. “Medicine Master, is their loss of memories really so hard to recover?”

“Ah, it is hard to treat. Also, in truth I don’t have much confidence in recovering their memories.” Medicine Master sighed.

Jiang Ziyang asked, “Are we going to stay here until we treat their amnesia?”

“That’s no need for that. I expect in about ten or so days, we can at least confirm the cause of the amnesia. Then we’ll research how to recover it. Then we’ll have to consider at length, and we won’t need to keep staying here.” Medicine Master frowned, repeatedly checking some data on a journal.

“Then after we confirm the illness, will we return to Jiangnan University City?” Jiang Ziyang asked. She still wanted to be together with Medicine Master in that small apartment. Little friend Shuhang was also good at understanding others. He wouldn’t often come and bother her and Medicine Master’s two people world.

“We can’t go back.” Medicine Master put down the data records in his hands. “In twenty days, True Monarch White will be coming out. At that time, Song Shuhang will be going to receive True Monarch White! If I go back in about ten days, wouldn’t that be walking right into the trap!”

So, even if he was to drag it on. He had to drag it on until when Song Shuhang had finished his mission of receiving True Monarch White. Then he’ll consider going back to Jiangnan University City.

Jiang Ziyang, “...”

.....

.....

In the apartment Medicine Master had bought.

Taking advantage of the afternoon break, Song Shuhang took time out to go through cultivation.

He had already opened his Heart Acupoint and completed the Hundred Days Foundation Establishment. Now he had to work hard in assaulting the Rank 1 Second Acupoint, the ‘Eye Acupoint’.

If he opened the Eye Acupoint, his visual prowess would increase by a level. Also, if he was lucky, when he opened the Eye Acupoint, he might obtain a minor ability like the ‘[Heavenly Eyes](#)’.

Heavenly Eyes was an ability of the Caucasian Monk

After the cultivation of twenty rounds of [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique] and [True Self Meditation Scripture] was finished, Song Shuhang used a Qi and Blood Pill.

After the Heart Acupoint opened, the time taken to cultivate a round of [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique] had largely decreased. He now needed an hour to train twenty rounds of the foundation fist technique. It was just nice to use up all the stamina in his body.

His body had become stronger, and the requirements for the amount of Blood and Qi Pills had become greater.

Now after his stamina finished, a single Blood and Qi Pill could only recover the state of his body once.

He maintained a cultivation time of four to five hours daily. In a short five days, he had already used up twenty Qi and Blood Pills.

He shook the bottle of Qi and Blood Pills in his hand. There was merely one pill left of those he had obtained from Altar Master.

If he didn't have the support of Qi and Blood Pills... and calculating the time in one day to slowly recover his body, he could only cultivate thirty or so rounds. Wholly relying on his body, he would most likely need more than a year to open the Eye Acupoint.

“Qi and Blood Pills.” Song Shuhang sighed lightly. After tasting the effects on cultivation that Qi and Blood Pills brought, he wouldn’t be able to take the days where there was no longer Qi and Blood Pills.

The good thing was that in fifteen or so days, True Monarch White was coming out of secluded meditation!

Although he didn’t know why the seniors kept avoiding True Monarch White, but now, Song Shuhang really wanted to quickly meet True Monarch White.

In his eyes, True Monarch White represented ‘Qi and Blood Pills’ and ‘succession of techniques’.

Also, he had already opened the Heart Acupoint, and could contract the spirit ghost. He could request True Monarch White to give him guidance. The success rate of the contracting could increase greatly.

After all, he only had two chances.

After the Blood and Qi Pill came into effect, Song Shuhang began to cultivate again. He couldn’t bear to waste even any of the medicinal energies.

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The giant demon dog Dou Dou had gone off to who knows where. Song Shuhang couldn't control it.

At times he wouldn't see it for the whole day, and it would occasionally come over to where Song Shuhang was to take a look. Then it would snatch Song Shuhang's account, go to the Nine Provinces Number One Group to annoy True Monarch Mt.Huang, and be banned.

Then it'll go out and play again.

It's days passed by so simple mindedly just like that.

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Since Su Clan's Ah Shiliu had been brought back to the clan by Ah Qi, she hadn't come online yet. Perhaps she was undergoing some secret treatment.

Song Shuhang was slightly worried about Ah Shiliu. She had said before to Song Shuhang that she had around twenty days left to live at most. Now five days had passed in the blink of an eye.

Did the Su Clan really have a way to heal her injuries?

Song Shuhang sighed hiddenly.

His mind involuntarily thought of that scene where Ah Shiliu had been talking with Su Clan's Ah Qi at the end. At that time she had showed a smile. "I just came out to clear my mind."

This smile was surely extremely sweet, and it was as if a hundred flowers were blooming. However... there was some unspeakable depression in that smile. She seemed to not hold much hope towards her own survival.

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Great Master Tongxuan's invisible flying sword was finally sent back, and this time Sima Jiang hadn't been robbed. It was worthy of celebration?

On the day of receiving the flying sword, Little Monk Threedays used the chat software to leave a message for Song Shuhang, and to thank him in place of Great Master Tongxuan.

Little Jiang really had it tough.

Just as Song Shuhang thought of Little Jiang, his handphone rang.



He swiped the screen, and it was the deliveryman Little Jiang calling.

“Hey? Is there something, Little Jiang?” Song Shuhang answered the call and asked.

“Student Shuhang? Where are you now? There’s another emergency delivery for you that you need to sign for.” Sima Jiang’s candid voice sounded from the phone. “This delivery is pretty big. When it’s upright it’s as tall as a person.”

Just like the two previous deliveries, the dimensions of this delivery was just as frighteningly big!

“Another delivery?” Song Shuhang was slightly doubtful.

Recently it seemed that no one had said they wanted to send something to him? He also hadn’t ordered anything online.

And it was even one as tall as a human?

“I’ll immediately return to Jiangnan University City. Go directly to the dormitory to wait for me Little Jiang.” Song Shuhang replied.

TN note: The words 妖(Yao)犬 that was translated by the previous TL as Devil Dog has been translated as Demon Dog now by me. If anyone is interested in the reasoning behind the change, here are two articles by [RWX of Wuxiaworld](#) and [Saint](#) on the topic. The one by RWX in particular, written one and a half years ago, was

the reason for the change.

## Chapter 146 - Accompany Me For A Walk!

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On the way, Song Shuhang took out his phone again. He opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group. There wasn't any seniors who mentioned they were sending him something?

It wouldn't be Soft Feathers sending something again right?

He remembered three days before, they had met in the group. She had suddenly asked if he wanted Spirit Jade Vein Tea. As Spirit Butterfly Island had just picked a new batch of Spirit Jade Vein Tea tea leaves, and she had personally picked a small amount herself. Then she had happily gone online and said when the Spirit Jade Vein Tea tea leaves was finished manufacturing, she wanted to gift Song Shuhang some.

Song Shuhang had happily agreed at that time. If it was just 'a little tea leaves', there was no problem accepting this small gift.

But when hearing about this box 'as tall as a person' Song Shuhang had some faint worry in his heart. Soft Feathers was a bit of a nouveau riche. All the seniors in the group agreed on this. If the 'a little tea leaves' she spoke of was a box as tall as a human, then the favour he owed was really too big.

Speaking of miss Soft Feathers, she was still making a desperate attempt at the [Five Elements Spirit Contract Altar](#).

This was originally called the Five-Way Spirit Contract Altar

She was very talented in cultivation. At a young age she was already at the Rank 3 Houtian realm. But it seemed that all her talent was in cultivation. Her pill refining, formations and talisman creation weren't that praiseworthy.

She had already researched the Five Elements Spirit Contract Altar for half a month. She had tried four times within this period, and had failed each time. She still hadn't succeeded to this day.

Whenever they met recently in the group, she would often be sulky over this matter.

It was because Soft Feathers had failed four times consecutively that Song Shuhang hadn't dared to attempt to contract the spirit ghost.

He only had two tries. When he failed he would have to find the materials for the Five Elements Spirit Contract Altar himself. Who knew how long he would take to collect so many materials?

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While thinking nonsense, Song Shuhang had already reached the male dormitory.

Sima Jiang had already been here for very long. The truth was that he had been when he had called Song Shuhang, he had already

been waiting at the male dormitory entrance. Four muscular men in black western suits were guarding an around 1.8 metre tall giant box.

“Little Jiang, you’ve all had to wait so long for me. It’s been hard on you.” Song Shuhang said sorrily.

“No problem, we just reached.” Sima Jiang said candidly. “Come, sign here.”

Song Shuhang nodded. He signed his name, then opened the dormitory door.

“Need us to help you carry it in?” Sima Jiang called out. After all, this box was big, and it wouldn’t be easy for one person to drag it in.

But just as he was halfway through his words, Song Shuhang bent over. His two arms hugging one end of that box. He easily lifted it up horizontally, just as easily as lifting a school desk.

Song Shuhang smiled as he replied. “Ah? No need, it’s not very heavy, I can do it alone.”

Sima Jiang gaped, and bid farewell to Song Shuhang.

Then he brought his four subordinates along to the lift.

“That box. Was it so light?” Sima Jiang murmured to himself.

“Although it’s not that heavy... But with that length, we can do it alone if we hold it firmly. But we probably can’t do it if it’s holding it from one end horizontally.” A black suited man said as he thought about it.

Also, that student looked to have thin arms and thin legs, and with a weak body. To think he would have such strength!

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He had carelessly forgotten to conceal his own strength.

Song Shuhang sighed hiddenly, and carried the box into the room.

After tearing open the cardboard box packaging, inside was a box made out of wood. It looked slightly like a coffin!

A coffin? Who would send a coffin to him?!

Was it someone he offended lately?

In that instant, Song Shuhang braced himself mentally.

He immediately thought of that ‘Elder Young Master Hai’ of the Moonsabre Sect!

At that time as the other side left they had said, “If so, I’ll entrust this Bloodgod Jewel to fellow Daoist Mt.Books. if I have the time, I’ll pay a visit and trade back the Bloodgod Jewel.”

Could it be that fellow had sent a coffin over?

That fellow wanted to visit so soon?

“Dou Dou! Are you here?” Song Shuhang called out.

“Woof. What is it?” The Pekingese Dou Dou called from the computer in the bedroom. All that could be seen was him having that game of Song Shuhang’s open, and having fun playing. It had recently gotten addicted to this game. The number of teammates it had screwed over was uncountable.

“Come over for a while. I want to open a box. But I keep feeling something is off. Perhaps there is some kind of trick in the box! A few days ago I offended a person. Perhaps that person sent a delivery to ensnare me as revenge.” Song Shuhang said cautiously.

Dou Dou turned over, and gave a sniff. Then, it spoke lazily. “Open it. With me here, you at least won’t die.”

With this, Song Shuhang relaxed slightly.

He gingerly grabbed the lid of the coffin, and lightly opened it.

It wasn't nailed, and it was very easy to open the lid.

Nothing like flying arrows shot out. Song Shuhang exhaled hiddenly, and moved his head closer to take a look...

Only to see a beautiful girl sleeping soundly. Her figure was petite, with shoulder length short hair. Her features were delicate like a doll.

“Ah Shiliu?!”

Song Shuhang called out.

The box was 1.8 metres long. Removing the outer cardboard covering, the wooden box, and a thick padding of bubble wrap, it was just nice in accommodating the 1.5 metre tall Ah Shiliu, letting her lie comfortably inside.

After hearing Song Shuhang calling out, Ah Shiliu bewilderedly opened her eyes.

Next to the computer, Dou Dou disdainfully harrumphed. It had long since smelt Ah Shiliu's smell.



Ah Shiliu blinked, and got up from the box. “Oh, hi Shuhang.”

After rising, it could be seen that apart from her, the box also had a small jar, and an exquisite small box.

“Weren’t you returning with senior Ah Qi to the Su Clan to treat your injuries. Why did you escape again?” Song Shuhang asked anxiously.

According to what she had said, she only had a lifespan of fifteen days left if her injuries weren’t treated! Why wasn’t she obediently staying in the Su Clan to receive treatment, but instead escaping again.?

What’s to be done if her injuries flared up again halfway through?

“Hehe, I’m really amazing. I thought of using delivery to send myself out. I easily escaped from the Su Clan again! But don’t worry. This time I brought protective talismans, so there’s no need to fear another attack on me. I also brought some medicinal pills to suppress my injuries.” While saying, Ah Shiliu looked at Song Shuhang’s anxiousness, and was doubtful at first.

Then she extended her small hand to pat Song Shuhang, and consoled him. “Don’t worry, with the protective talismans, Ah Qi can quickly find my position. He’ll pick me up at night at the latest! I’m just out for half a day.”

Song Shuhang didn't go whether to laugh or cry. He couldn't help but look at the Pekingese Dou Dou which was playing games, then look at Su Clan's Ah Shiliu again.

True Monarch Mt.Huang and senior Ah Qi, you two have it tough!

"Did you escape again this time for something?" Song Shuhang sighed. He could only wait for senior Ah Qi to come fetch her.

"Mm, there's something." Ah Shiliu nodded. She first handed the small jar to Song Shuhang. "One hundred Fasting Pills. I keep my promises, and I'm giving it to you!"

"Just over this? Even if you want to fulfill your promises, and return my Fasting Pills a hundred fold, there's no need to specially escape to give it to me?" Song Shuhang once again didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Ah Shiliu didn't reply, and her eyes fell slightly. She was silent for a long while.

Then she handed over the small box. "And there's still this. Spirit Jade Vein Tea as a present for you! Whatever the case you're a cultivator now, and if you have any fellow Daoists and cultivators as guests, you at least need some Spirit Jade Vein Tea to receive them. Also Spirit Jade Vein Tea can be given to ordinary people in small amounts to improve their bodies. You can give it to your family, but it has to be in small amounts."

Song Shuhang looked at the box in Ah Shiliu's hands. She was suddenly gifting Spirit Jade Vein Tea, and it wouldn't be because Soft Feathers had mentioned it in the group right?

Ah Shiliu's black and sparkling eyes stared straight at Song Shuhang, maintaining the posture of offering the box.

"Thanks. Then I'll impolitely accept this." Song Shuhang could only accept the Spirit Jade Vein Tea in her hands. It wasn't good to reject her good will.

"Then... there's still some time before Ah Qi comes. Will you go out for a walk with me?" ah Shiliu gave a radiant smile.

"Alright. Where do you want to go play?" Song Shuhang asked. He had no lessons on tuesday afternoon.

Also, his driving lessons had come to a temporary close. He had already successfully passed Subject Two together with Tubo. Now he was just waiting for the coach to notify them. They would go a few rounds on the road, then take their road test.

So he had happened to be free recently.

"Many many places. I want to go to a clothing store first, then Luoxin Street area's food street. Watching a movie also isn't bad, and I also want to go to a large gaming centre. We'll walk to wherever we walk to. Whatever's fun, whatever's delicious, whatever's nice to see, I want to try them all." Ah Shiliu beamed.

After pausing for a moment, she then spoke again. “Then, there’s a big problem. I don’t have a single cent, so I still can’t return the money I owe you for the taxi yet!”

“Alright. Owing fifty is owing, and owing five thousand is also owing. I’ll pay then?” Song Shuhang smiled.

“Alright.” Ah Shiliu gave a stretch. “Then let’s go!”

“Dou Dou, want to come with?” Song Shuhang called out to the Pekingese at the computer.

As they were planning to go to the Luoxin Street area, they could buy some food for Dou Dou at the same time.

The Pekingese Dou Dou turned it’s head over. He used a silly but amusing look at Song Shuhang. After a long time, it spoke. “I’m having fun. I don’t want to go out and play with you. When you come back remember to buy some beef flavoured dog food. I’ve always wanted to have a taste. Big Fool Mt.Huang has never bought me dog food. What a Big Fool, where is there a dog that doesn’t eat dog food?”

“...Alright.” Song Shuhang replied with difficulty.

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Ah Shiliu was in a good mood, and held Song Shuhang's hand. She went to the women's clothing shop first.

"How's this?" She had had changed into a cute dress with a scattered flower pattern. She gave a twirl in front of Song Shuhang.

This scattered flower patterned dress suited Ah Shiliu's style a lot. She had an eye for picking out clothes.

"Fantastic!" Song Shuhang gave a thumbs up.

"Then let's buy it. Let's continue!" Ah Shiliu smiled. She turned around and continued to go back and forth in the sea of clothes in the women's clothing shop.

The assistant as the side couldn't help but praise, "This little brother, your sister is really cute. Her eye for picking clothes is also very good. Those clothes just now suited her a lot."

"Haha, thank you, thank you." Song Shuhang smiled as he payed.

The Ah Shiliu in the sea of clothes lifted her head and looked at her reflection in the mirror and wondered, Am I really so small?

## Chapter 147 - True Monarch, How Many Meanings Does 'All Kinds' Have?

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Ah Shiliu had a lot of fun. She played through everything that she could think of and everything she could play. She then had a face of contentment.

At nightfall, Song Shuhang accompanied her to the rooftop of the Guoxin building.

Ah Shiliu leaned on the railings, overlooking the nighttime scenery of the Jiangnan University area. There were large bundles next to her. They were the spoils of war of today's stroll.

"Tired?" Ah Shiliu turned around and asked.

"It's still alright." Song Shuhang said.

Whatever the case he was still a cultivator who had opened his Heart Acupoint, with plenty of physical strength. He wasn't like those weak male leads in shows, who were close to dying after walking with a girl for half a day.

"Haha, that's a pity." Ah Shiliu gave a stretch. "Then we'll end it for today! Ah Qi should be more or less about to fetch me!"

Song Shuhang said, "He'll directly come here to fetch you?"

“It’s sword flight after all. Others can’t see it anyways.” Ah Shiliu raised her head, and smiled. “The money I owe you, I’ll pay you back the next time we meet.”

“Alright.” Song Shuhang nodded.

“Then it’s settled. I’ll pay you back the next time we meet!” Ah Shiliu stretched. “I need to go. Ah Qi is here.”

As they were speaking, a streak of light flashed past.

Ah Qi seemed to move in an instant, appearing before Song Shuhang.

Ah Shiliu laughed happily, waving. “Oh, Ah Qi, you came so slowly!”

Ah Qi ruthlessly flicked her forehead without a trace of politeness. Ah Shiliu crouched down on the ground, hugging her forehead in pain.

Ah Qi said embarrassedly, “Little friend Shuhang, you’ve been given trouble again.”

“That’s not so. My afternoon is free anyways.” Song Shuhang said.

Ah Qi laughed, then grabbed Ah Shiliu. The magical sabre rose

and transformed into a streak of light. “I’ll bring Ah Shiliu back first. We’ll meet again next time.”

Song Shuhang gave a wave. “Goodbye senior.”

“Wait, my things” Ah Shiliu made some threatening gestures.

Su Clan’s Ah Qi extended his hand high into the sky and made a seizing motion. That large bundle was sucked into his hand, landing on the streak of light.

“Bye Shuhang!” Ah Shiliu laughed happily.

“Mm, bye.” Song Shuhang waved.

Ah Qi jumped lightly and stepped on the streak of light. The streak of light soared into the sky, flying higher and higher.

“Goodbye.” Ah Shiliu said softly.

In the next moment, it was as if all her energy was sucked out in an instant. She was limpy in Ah Qi’s hands.

Ah Qi spoke softly. “Shiliu... there’s still hope.”

“Mm mm. I know.” Ah Shiliu said weakly. “I will give my all! Although the chances aren’t high, but there is after all still a



chance to live on!”

Ah Qi grit his teeth, and the streak of light became even faster.

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Song Shuhang’s smile withdrew. He looked at the far off streak of light with some unease. He kept feeling that this trip of Ah Shiliu was like her completing her last wishes.

Could it be that Ah Shiliu’s injuries couldn’t be treated?

When he thought of this possibility, he felt a suppressed panic in his heart.

Who decided life or death?

“Bah. Good luck. We can probably still meet again. You still owe me money after all.” Song Shuhang murmured.

After a long while, he went back to the male dormitory, holding a bag of beef flavoured dog food.

\* \* \* \* \*

After returning to the dormitory, Song Shuhang saw that the box used to deliver Ah Shiliu was shifted to a corner of the room. He didn't know how to deal with this wooden box.

If it was a normal wooden box throwing it away wouldn't matter. But this box came from Ah Shiliu. Perhaps it could be made from some precious wood? When he had time he would haul it to the apartment Medicine Master purchased.

Today the three roommates, as well as Zhuge Yangde, were all here.

Tubo asked a question doubtfully when he saw Song Shuhang carrying a bag of dog food. "Shuhang, you're rearing a dog?"

"Nope, I'm helping to buy this for a friend's dog." Song Shuhang laughed as he replied, while at the same time looking at the dormitory.

The demon dog Dou Dou was boredly rolling about on the bed. As his roommates were back, it couldn't openly play games anymore. Otherwise, wouldn't his friends be scared half to death if they saw no one at the computer, but it going 'papapa' as a game was played?

Seeing Song Shuhang return, Dou Dou boredly rolled its body

over, and stared at the dog food in his hands.

Song Shuhang casually threw the dog food onto the bed. He secretly swiped his finger lightly, cutting open the bag. As long as demon dog Dou Dou was a little careful, his roommates basically wouldn't find anything abnormal.

At the same time, Song Shuhang gave a large bag of snacks to his roommates. Taking a walk with Ah Shiliu for an entire day, he naturally wouldn't forget to bring something back to eat for his roommates.

"It's still Ah Hang who's thoughtful enough." Gao Momo approached the large bag of snacks, laughing.

Song Shuhang asked, "What are you all chatting about?"

"We're chatting how to let Zhuge Yangde continue to meet girls. He met the first fiancée candidate today. They hadn't even met for ten minutes before the conversation broke down, and couldn't take the other." Gao Momo laughed coldly. "Honestly I understand this miss. This lady isn't that simple. She could last ten minutes facing Zhuge Zhongyang's personality, which makes others want to ignore him, before the conversation broke down!"

Zhuge Zhongyang shook his head. "You're just jealous of me."

"Jealous your granddaddy!" Gao Momo said ferociously.

Song Shuhang laughed as he shook his head. He put the jar of fasting pills and Spirit Jade Vein Tea Ah Shiliu had given to the side.”

The Spirit Jade Vein Tea could be given to his roommates to drink. However he had to first ask the seniors how many tea leaves to put for ordinary people, just in case he gave it too excessively.

Gao Momo suddenly asked. “That’s right Shuhang, did you know Lu Fei has an elder sister?”

“I never asked her.” Song Shuhang shook his head. That miss would at most go and sit with him during class and follow him back to the dormitory after school. Usually the two didn’t have much interaction, and they hadn’t held hands many times.

Faintly, Song Shuhang wondered... this miss wouldn’t be freeloading cold air right?

“Hehe, one of Zhuge Zhongyang’s fiancée candidates is miss Lu Fei’s elder sister. A blood-related elder sister! We decided to arrange for him to meet that elder sister Lu after the holidays start. It’ll be best to find some place with seaside scenery for the date. If so, even if Zhuge Zhongyang and that elder sister Lu have their conversation break down, she can simply consider it as going out for a vacation. That way it won’t be considered as wasting her youth.” Gao Momo smiled.

“Mm, that’s a good idea. Do you need me to pass it on to classmate Lu Fei?” Song Shuhang asked.

“No rush, no rush. We’re still choosing a location. The further the better. Going overseas is also not bad. We’ll talk about it again when we’ve decided the place.” Gao Momo laughed.

“Work hard. If you need help, I’ll help.” Song Shuhang smiled.

The roommates continued to choose places on the map, discussing the plan for the date.

Song Shuhang sat on the bed. The demon dog Dou Dou used Song Shuhang’s body as a shield, and began to chew the dog food in small mouthfuls.

Song Shuhang took out his phone, and flipped through the news records of the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

In the records, miss Soft Feathers had come online in the afternoon.

After half a month of repetition, she had finally completed the Five Elements Spirit Contract Altar, and formed a contract with the spirit ghost. With tears streaming down her face, she had immediately entered the Nine Provinces Number One Group to pour out the bitter process of the the spirit ghost contracting to everyone.

All the seniors in the group generously gave her praise... a consolation prize.

Soft Feathers had at that time had also @ Song Shuhang. However at that time Song Shuhang had been strolling on the streets with Ah Shiliu, and hadn't responded in time.

So, Song Shuhang replied in the chat: "@Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feathers, [Thumbs Up Emoticon]. Congratulations, well done Soft Feathers."

Soft Feathers just happened to be online, and she immediately replied happily. "Hehehehe, thanks senior Song. Why did senior only come online now today?"

"I was on a walk with a friend to clear their mind. I just got back." Song Shuhang replied.

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feathers: "I also want to go out to clear my mind."

"Eh? Didn't you already contract the spirit ghost?" Song Shuhang asked.

He remembered that Soft Feathers had mentioned before that she and Venerable Spirit Butterfly had a promise. When the contract with the spirit ghost was complete, she could then go out to clear her mind.

Soft Feathers sent a tears streaming down her face emoticon, "Old gingers are really hotter than young gingers. Old people are

really hard to deal with!”

“What?” Song Shuhang asked.

“Senior Song let me tell you this. I originally thought that as soon as the contract with the spirit ghost, I could become one with it, and then share our power between us. Then, I can let it temper my energy. But I didn’t realise that after contracting with the spirit ghost, it would still take half a month to synchronise with it before that I can become one with it and share power! Dad never said this before. Which means, I need at least another half a month of seclusion.” Soft Feathers poured out her grievances.

So now, miss Soft Feathers had to tearfully strive for a better future. So that she could finish the synchronisation faster. For the sake of going out, she was working quite hard.

“Haha. Work hard.” Song Shuhang silently nodded. His knowledge had risen.

Middle grade and above spirit ghosts could help their masters temper their energy. Whether it was ‘Qi and Blood’, ‘True Qi’, or ‘Spiritual Energy’, spirit ghosts could help their masters make their energies more pure and of increased quality.

Together with the property of sharing power, having a spirit ghost was like having a clone unceasingly helping you cultivate who would never tire, and would always be loyal and never betray you.

The spirit ghost brand add on, was an add on all cultivators of Rank 5 and below dreamed of!

“I’ll definitely work hard! I heard that Mysterious Island is still floating in the East Sea. Senior Song, when I synchronise with the spirit ghost, let’s go look for it to play there!” Soft Featgers said happily.

“Alright, if there’s a chance.” Song Shuhang smiled. Without knowing when, his originally depressed feelings had lightened up a lot.

“Then it’s a promise. I’ll go and synchronise with the spirit ghost!” Soft Feathers energetically went offline.

The group temporarily quietened down.

After about ten minutes, True Monarch Mt.Huang appeared. “@Great Pressure of Mt.Books, little friend Shuhang, do you have your license yet?”

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “Not yet. I just passed the Subject Two, and still have the road test. I can get my license within ten days at the fastest.”

“Work hard. The time when True Monarch White comes out of secluded meditation is soon. After you pass and get your license, have you thought about what car you want?” In the True Monarch’s tone, a lofty heroic spirit was revealed! It made Song



Shuhang involuntarily think of the ten million call value.

“I’ve never considered it. I’m still a student, and live at school. I don’t need a car.” Song Shuhang quickly replied.

“You need it!” True Monarch Mt.Huang said convinced. “Also, I need to prepare some extra. I’ll send one of various models each. You need at least twenty or so. That’ll be more or less enough for True Monarch White to take apart.”

“Take apart? Is True Monarch White taking it apart for research?” Song Shuhang had heard True Monarch White liked to research the mechanisms of implements. So all the various types of cars for True Monarch White to take apart for research right?

“Mm.” True Monarch replied. Then after a long while, he sent two words. “All kinds!”

What was all kinds?

Speak clearly True Monarch, what does that mean?

Song Shuhang felt his bladder swell up slightly.

# Chapter 148 - Looking Forward To It!

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Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “True Monarch, how many meanings does ‘all kinds’ have?”

After a long while, True Monarch Mt.Huang sent two words. “Work hard!”

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “...”

After a while, Madsabre Threewaves made his appearance. He changed the subject. “Northriver are you here yet? I have a premonition that we can find the Mysterious Island in these few days!”

“I’ll reach soon. To deal with the amnesia, I prepared some magical treasures and modern day products. So I spent some time.” Loose Cultivator Northriver replied .

Medicine Master: “Actually, I think that you all should wait a few more days. It would be better for you all to wait for me to analyse why the four fellow Daoists lost their memories before you go in.”

With such a fast typing speed, it was definitely Jiang Ziyan doing it for him.

Loose Cultivator Northriver: “Medicine Master quickly find out the reason behind the memory loss of the fellow Daoists. After all when Mysterious Island appears, there aren’t any rules behind its

disappearance. If we come across it, we can't miss the chance."

Medicine Master: "I'll try my best."

The chat topic continued to develop, centered on the 'Mysterious Island' and 'amnesia'.

Song Shuhang looked the chat news jumping about in a daze. Without knowing when, he entered dreamland.

Late at night.

The three roommates had also fallen asleep.

At this time, a spiritual body black in colour appeared at the position of Song Shuhang's head,

"I hate, I hate so much!" That spiritual body let out a ferocious shout, gradually becoming bigger.

The sleeping Song Shuhang involuntarily contracted his body.

"Che, it came again?" The demon dog Dou Dou opened its eyes. Then it skillfully opened its mouth and swallowed this black spiritual body. Seeing how proficiently it did so and its tone, it didn't seem to be the first time it swallowed this spiritual body?

\* \* \* \* \*

Today, June 19. It was overcast and there was sometimes a shower of rain.

Today the instructor had arranged for Song Shuhang and Tubo to go onto the road. Then, they would go to the grounds for the road test for a few rounds, to familiarise themselves with the grounds, to be prepared just in case.

Song Shuhang had long since cultivated a few rounds of the foundational fist technique. When it had reached the appointed time, he slowly ran to the east school gate.

Tubo had already long since waiting at the east school gate.

“The instructor still hasn’t come?” Song Shuhang waved, asking.

“I heard the instructor say there was a girl who was going to familiarise the road test grounds together with us. So, that girl is driving a round first.” Tubo answered.

As they spoke, a car was driving towards them.

The instructor was a thirty plus years old man who had shaved a crew cut. Beside him was a pony tailed girl, with an anxious expression.

Song Shuhang's hearing was acute, and he heard the conversation between the instructor and girl from afar.

The crew cut instructor pointed at a pedestrian not far ahead in front of the car. "See that person in front? Charge forward, and run him over to death!"

"Ah? Why do we need to run him over to death?" That ponytailed girl had a look of astonishment. She said softly, "I don't dare to run someone over."

"Don't dare? Then why aren't you loosening up on the accelerator?" The crew cut coach roared in a low voice.

The ponytailed girl immediately burst into a fluster.

"Alright stop first. Do you remember the steps to stopping the car? Turn towards the lamp, then observe the pedestrians. Then slowly keep close to the side. Stop beside those two men." The coach gave instructions step by step.

Recently he had Song Shuhang and Tubo, two students who could master it as soon as they were taught, as the standard. When he turned again to look at his other students, he kept wanting to do a lion's roar at them.

When the coach's car stopped, Tubo opened the car door and made his way inside.

“Come, Shuhang, it’s your turn to drive a bit.” The crew cut coach called out.

The ponytailed girl was as if she had been relieved of a huge burden, and quickly made her way to the backseat.

“Alright.” Song Shuhang calmly and collectedly put on his seatbelt, and adjusted his seatbelt and rearview mirror.

The car stably began to set out. He familiarly changed the gear, and stably began to accelerate.

If he didn’t know this was Song Shuhang had gone on the road, the crew cut instructor would have thought that he was an old hand at driving.

This was the kind of template of students he wanted. The instructor had a face of satisfaction. If each student could be just as worry-free like this, the job of instructing wouldn’t need him roaring like a lion everyday.

“Very good. Shuhang, change lane, then change back. Switch to Turbo for a while. With your standards, you can apply for the road test in one week!” The crew cut coach smiled. “Then what about me?” The ponytailed girl moved her head closer.

“Mm, if it’s you... let’s wait for the day where you don’t get on the car and keep wanting to die together with me. I’ll let you apply for the road test.” The crew cut instructor said seriously.

“...” The ponytailed girl laughed dryly twice, then shrunk back.

After it was switched to Tubo, Song Shuhang made his way to the backseat, and opened the NINE Provinces Number One Group. He prevented the ponytailed girl was being able to move her head closer and see the contents of his phone.

Now, the group was being noisy.

“Found that Mysterious Island’s an interesting place. Just like the information from Medicine Master, nearby there’s the power of a flight restricting formation. However, the thick fog next to the Mysterious Island I can already smell the fragrance of medicinal herbs.” Madsabre Threewaves sent the news.

True Monarch Oldlake View: “Threewaves send the coordinates. Northriver and I will rush over immediately.”

Loose Cultivator Northriver: “At that time you all should take along the magical treasures I prepared. There’s also the pinhole cameras, one for each person. If we really lose our memories, we’ll still have a chance to solve the mystery of the amnesia if these magical treasures and pinhole cameras aren’t damaged.

Medicine Master: “Be careful about everything. The island had ferocious demon beasts, and even two Gold Core Spirit Emperor acting couldn’t block them. Don’t be greedy, with safety being your utmost priority.”

True Monarch Mt.Huang spoke out to remind them. “Take note to use spiritual energy protection magical arts, so as to not be disturbed.”

About five minutes later, the three of them, Madsabre Threewaves, Loose Cultivator Northriver as well True Monarch Oldlake View, entered the Mysterious Island.

True Monarch Oldlake View power’s were profound. Threewaves and Loose Cultivator Northriver were also powerful members in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Madsabre Threewaves had unparalleled sabre arts, and Loose Cultivator Northriver was a powerhouse nearing the Rank 6 True Monarch realm. If these three were to return in low spirits following a failure, this Mysterious Island would have to be marked as a highly dangerous mysterious territory.

Today, Su Clan’s Ah Qi and Ah Shiliu hadn’t appeared as usual.

Soft Feathers was also struggling to synchronise with the spirit ghost.

“Hopefully the seniors that entered the mysterious territory are safe. I hope Ah Shiliu can also pass this tribulation.” Song Shuhang prayed in his heart.

\* \* \* \* \*



Eight days later, June 27. A Thursday.

Song Shuhang and Tubo passed the road test and the Subject Four Theory Test. They successfully got their licenses. The two invited their roommates to properly give it a good rub and roll between their hands.

It had been eight days since Madsabre Threewaves, Loose Cultivator Northriver as well True Monarch Oldlake View had entered the Mysterious Island. The three seniors hadn't appeared from the Mysterious Island yet, and no one knew their harvests.

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June 29, Saturday. A large downpour.

In Medicine Master's five floors apartment.

Song Shuhang was refining Body Tempering Liquid right now.

He lifted the hot pot lid and switched on the kitchen exhaust hood. He switched on the fan power to maximum. The acute stench was mostly sucked away. But the whole room continued to have an acute stench fill the air as always.

Song Shuhang had already moved the Body Tempering Liquid ingredients that Soft Feathers had given him to Medicine Master's place in batches.

The Blood and Qi Pills had long since been used finished. The Simplified Body Tempering Liquid could still be used.

Along with the strengthening of Song Shuhang, the amount of Body Tempering Liquid used had also been increasing. Now, the amount of Body Tempering Liquid refined each time was only enough for him to use one time.

Also, the Body Tempering Liquid was having less and less of an effect. When the Body Tempering Liquid was completely ineffective, then it would be time to stop using it.

At the side, the giant demon dog Dou Dou was boredly rolling all over the floor. "Didn't you say Medicine Master would be back soon? Why isn't he back yet?"

The amnesia Medicine Master is dealing with is more troublesome. The time to return has been dragged out." Song Shuhang held his nose, and when the Body Tempering Liquid had cooled down, he drank it all in one shot.

"Everytime I see you drink the Body Tempering Liquid, I sympathise with your stomach. To think you can drink something so smelly." The demon dog Dou Dou climbed up from the ground.

“Actually apart from being a bit smelly, the taste is still not bad. Do you want some?” Song Shuhang asked.

“I don’t want it even if it’s free. I prefer Medicine Master’s little pills. Beef flavoured dog food also tastes better than that. I’m so borrrreeeddd. I can’t get through these days. Give me something to play.” It began to roll all over the floor again.

“You’re not returning to True Monarch Mt.Huang’s?” Song Shuhang asked doubtfully.

“I’m waiting for him to come find me. Woof~How little face will I have if I just go back myself?” The Pekingese Dou Dou said coldly. Then it suddenly seemed to think of something, and ran over to Song Shuhang’s computer. To facilitate Dou Dou’s gaming, Song Shuhang could only bring the computer over to Medicine Master’s apartment.

“Quickly come Shuhang, log into your chat account!” Dou Dou jumped about saying.

He hadn’t taken assaulted True Monarch Mt.Huang with insults yet today. He would make insults for several sentences everyday, before being banned by True Monarch Mt.Huang. This had already become an indispensable part of Dou Dou’s daily life.

Song Shuhang casually logged into the account.

Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “@True Monarch Mt.Huang, Mt.Huang. I’ve come yet again! When are you going to catch me and bring me back? I’m so bored!”

“Not free, come back yourself!” True Monarch Mt.Huang replied.

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “Big Idiot Mt.Huang. If I go back myself wouldn’t I have no face left? Come and catch me back, quickly come and catch me back!”

“Not free.” True Monarch Mt.Huang still had these two words. Then, he banned Song Shuhang’s account at the same time.

“Ahahah, will you die if you chat with me a few more sentences!” Dou Dou began to roll around on the ground again.

After about three minutes, True Monarch Mt.Huang sent a message. “Little Dou Dou, call little friend Shuhang over. I have something to look for him for!”

“Shuhang, Big Idiot Mt.Huang is calling you over for something.” Dou Dou called out excitedly.

“Is True Monarch White about to come out of secluded meditation?” Song Shuhang came to beside the computer, and clicked open the private chat window for True Monarch Mt.Huang, sending a question mark over.

Calculating the time, it was about time for True Monarch White to come out of seclusion.

Dou Dou was looking from the side, and its eyes flashed. “I actually forgot about the private chat function! Woof woof, let’s see how Mt.Huang still bans me then!”

“Little friend Shuhang, I received True Monarch White’s Thousand Miles Sound Transmission before. His seclusion ends tomorrow night. In a while I’ll send the address to you. Go and receive him.” True Monarch Mt.Huang said.

It really was True Monarch White. Song Shuhang smiled. “Good. Would True Monarch send me the address? I’ll receive him tomorrow.”

“The rough position is Linyao Village of Nanhua Lake City. Today I’ll give you a Thousand Miles Sound Transmission. When you reach the place tomorrow night, you can use the magical treasure to contact True Monarch White and find his seclusion grounds.”

“Alright!” Song Shuhang replied.

He felt slightly nervous. He could see True Monarch White’s seclusion grounds tomorrow already.

How was True Monarch White’s seclusion grounds like? It should be some secret place right? The seclusion grounds should

have several hundred protective formations right?

There was that Xiangong Resident in the chat space who hadn't been blown apart from even nuclear weapons, who had constructed over a hundred kinds of defensive formations.

It really made one look forward to it!

# Chapter 149 - A Series Of Events That Hurts The Eyes!

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Today was June 30, Sunday.

At 5.30, Song Shuhang rose from bed, practiced twenty rounds of [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique], and condensed the collected Qi and Blood energy into the Second Acupoint, the Eye Acupoint.

Without Qi and Blood Pills, he even more couldn't waste any chances to cultivate!

At 6.40, as he was enjoying his breakfast, Song Shuhang received the call of a delivery.

“Hello, is this this Song Shuhang, of the 19th cohort, 43rd class of the Mechanical Design and Manufacturing Faculty? There's an emergency delivery for you, could you sign for it?” This time was a rare time where it wasn't Sima Jiang sending the delivery.

After all, Feng Shou Courier hadn't reached the level of monopolising all the deliveries in the whole country.

“Alright, I'll immediately come down to sign it.” Song Shuhang replied.

It should be the magical treasure that could do a 'Thousand Miles Sound Transmission with True Monarch White' that True

Monarch Mt.Huang mentioned yesterday right?

Frankly speaking... were all the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group all so relaxed about sending things? Whether it was flying swords, treasure refining materials, magical treasures or even people, they were all so relaxed about giving it to couriers to send.

Whatever. They weren't afraid of it being lost in delivery, so of course they were relaxed.

Song Shuhang tore open the small package. Inside was a jade green small bamboo flute, that was palm sized. Its body was ice cold, and although it was obviously bamboo, it had the texture of jade.

The delivery also had a instruction manual. The method of usage was very simple. As long as one blew the small bamboo flute within a set distance, the person could contact True Monarch White and communicate with him.

The stronger the spiritual energy of the flute player, the greater the distance at which they could contact True Monarch White. True Monarch White and True Monarch Mt.Huang could communicate across the entire China Mainland. But if it was Song Shuhang, it would be considered good if he could communicate within the area of a small village.

So that was why True Monarch Mt.Huang let Song Shuhang make a trip to Linyao Village in Nanhua Lake City first before



using the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission to contact True Monarch White. He would then confirm True Monarch White's location before receiving him from seclusion.

The instruction manual had some words at the end as well. "Little friend Shuhang, I prepared various models for you. There are thirty six in total. I'm already handling the procedures and license plates. Afterwards, I'll send them bit by bit to an underground car park in Jiangnan University City. At that time I'll notify you to sign off for that batch of cars. PS: This trip to Nanhua Lake City would be about 500 kilometres or more in total. If you don't mind you can use Little Dou Dou as much as you want. Don't let it commit crimes out of having too much free time. Finally, I wish you... success and safety on the battlefield."

Thirty six new cars of various models? Did they need so many new cars for True Monarch White to take apart?

True Monarch, did you buy life insurance for me?

After sighing, Song Shuhang returned to the dormitory.

The roommates were all only partially resident students. On Sundays, they would all return to their own homes.

Thus, the Pekingese Dou Dou was unrestrained.

It was munching on beef flavoured dog food, and was playing a game Song Shuhang had never seen before. Most likely it was

something it downloaded in the past few days.

The game had been minimised into a small window, and the computer also had a small chat window. Inside was a seventeen or eighteen years old beautiful girl doing a video chat with Dou Dou!

“Hubby, you’re just too awesome! Our guild normally needs a team of seven elites to pass the BOSS for this instance dungeon. And that’s at ‘Normal’ difficulty! Now, the two of us easily passed the ‘Difficult’ difficulty!” That beautiful girl said excitedly. Her voice was very soft and pleasing to the ear.

The Pekingese Dou Dou munched on some dog food. With the face of a lonely expert, he typed into the chat box, “No big deal. This can’t trouble your hubby. I, your hubby, am an expert!”

“Definitely a super duper expert! I like hub~by the most! Muah muah!” The beautiful young girl said sweetly, and even made a kissing expression.

The Pekingese Dou Dou made a pleased laugh. He tapped on the keyboard, “Your mouth is the sweetest. Come, let’s open the BOSS treasure chest, and see what we can take out. Wait for I, your hubby, to reach level 80, and collect the Five Stars War God set. After that, we’ll go and abuse those bastards who dared camp my wife’s corpse. Watch me send them back to the beginner’s village!”

“Hub~by is too overbearing!” The young girl’s eyes turned into little stars, and she asked a question. “Hubby, when will your camera be fixed! I want to see how you look, and hear your voice!”

“Don’t be impatient. I’ll buy the camera tomorrow. Let me tell you this. I, your hubby, am very handsome.” The Pekingese Dou Dou typed. At the same time, it flipped through Song Shuhang’s computer, and found an old photo of Song Shuhang.

This was a picture of Song Shuhang from high school, and was from the time he regularly exercised. Brimming with youthfulness, it could be counted as a teen idol.

“Come, I’ll let you see a picture of I, your hubby! But this photo was taken long ago. I’m more mature and more handsome now!” Then, it sent Song Shuhang’s photo to that girl.

After the girl received the photo, she saw the man in the photo had some handsomeness.

In truth she could accept it in her heart as long as this ‘husband’ in the game wasn’t too ugly. This photo was much better than what she had imagined. So, she very happy, and sweetly called out, “Hubby is the best~ I like you the most!”

“Wahaha, I like that sweet little mouth of yours the most! Use a coquettish voice to call me darling, and I’ll bring you through the ‘Nightmare’ instance dungeon again!” Dou Dou wagged its tongue and panted. Seducing a human girl seemed to make it very excited.

“Dar~ling~, wuuuu, it’s so embarrassing!” The girl stuck out her tongue.

“Woof woooooof, my bones are already soft, come come come, let’s go for the Nightmare instance dungeon again! Watch hubby show off his skills, and flatten it!” Dou Dou began to excitedly jump about on the computer table.

This Pekingese demon dog was beyond saving!

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Song Shuhang was standing behind the Pekingese Dou Dou, looking on helplessly at this extraordinary thing that hurt his dog eyes. He felt that his feelings now, could only be described by the phrase ‘a dogshit day’.

It was nothing much if the Pekingese Dou Dou wanted to game or chat, but it actually was online picking up girls!

What hurt his eyes even more, was that he had even picked up a girl that wasn’t bad!

How will all the single males in China endure this?

And this cute young girl, if she was to discover one day that the one she kept calling ‘hubby’ and ‘darling” was a Pekingese dog. I can’t do it. This picture is simply too beautiful that I don’t dare

think about it!

Song Shuhang collapsed.

“Eh, little friend Shuhang you’re back!” The Pekingese Dou Dou unperturbedly greeted. It was as if the one who had just sent Song Shuhang’s photo anyhow simply wasn’t him.

Song Shuhang sighed. “You just sent my photo to that girl anyhow. Is there really no problem?”

“Of course there’s no problem. I’m also preparing for you two to have a video chat tomorrow noon. No need to be too long. Just chat with her a few sentences, and show a few smiles. With your pretty boy look, just a slight smile of yours will cause the fall of a city! You can definitely charm her to death and back!” Dou Dou said.

“I reject. Lying to others is wrong.” Song Shuhang said.

“Haha, then I’ll send your class, school index number to this girl. I’ll let her come to Jiangnan University City to look for you.” Dou Dou laughed triumphantly.

“...” Song Shuhang’s mind was immediately filled with the menu for dog meat hotpot and dog chop braised with soy sauce.

“Relax. I won’t make you help for free. I’ll also help you do some things as payback. I’ Dou Dou, don’t like to owe people favours!”

Dou Dou said. “Also, don’t you feel it’s cruel if you let this young girl know that the one she admires is a Pekingese dog? At this time, spread a beautiful lie and let her stay in a beautiful dream. She and I would be a loving ingame husband and wife. Wouldn’t that be collecting merit and virtue?”

So it turns out you actually knew yourself that you were a Pekingese dog, Song Shuhang ridiculed.

“Hehe, I won’t chat with you any longer. Watch how I clear this Nightmare instance dungeon!” The Pekingese Dou Dou’s paws quickly tapped on the keyboard. The character in the game brought the girl to destroy soldiers and pass generals, and couldn’t be obstructed!

Song Shuhang sighed hiddenly. “That’s right. Dou Dou accompany me to Linyao Village in Nanhua Lake City this afternoon.

“Oh? You’re picking up True Monarch White? However, I’m not free. I need to clear this instance dungeon with my wife.” Dou Dou unhesitatingly rejected it.

“Mm. I think you shouldn’t reject me. Or else...Haha.” Song Shuhang laughed calmly.

“Woof, you’re threatening me?” Dou Dou turned his head over and said unsatisfactorily.

“Mm, I am. I’m threatening you.” Song Shuhang nodded his head and said truthfully.

“Detestable. Wait for me to finish this and tell my wife before I accompany you to Nanhua Lake City.” Dou Dou sighed. “I’ll bring you to Nanhua Lake City’s Linyao Village. Tomorrow you’ll show your face to this girl, and chat with her for a bit.”

“Alright.” Song Shuhang said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two hours later.

Dou Dou had finally finished explaining to his ingame wife. It then came to the balcony, and shaking its body, transformed into the form of a five metre large Pekingese dog.

“Come. Come up and I’ll bring you there. That’ll be faster.” Dou Dou said unsatisfied.

“Mm.” Song Shuhang climbed onto Dou Dou’s back. “Do you know the location?”

“I’ve already taken a stroll around the whole China several times. There’s no place I don’t know.” Dou Dou gave a low whistle. His body emitted a fog, which enveloped Song Shuhang inside. As a demon beast, it wouldn’t be seen by ordinary people. But Song Shuhang had a human body. If they didn’t conceal his body, Song

Shuhang would be on the newspaper headlines tomorrow.

Also, this fog also protected Song Shuhang from the effect of wind pressure and cold winds at high altitudes.

“Sit tight.” Dou Dou jumped lightly, and soared into the sky. It began to run in the sky, and its speed wasn’t much slower than Su Clan’s Ah Qi’s sword flight by much.

After running for a while, those four Wind Fire Wheels appeared beneath Dou Dou’s feet. The speed of flight rose by more than double.

Before even half an hour passed, Dou Dou had already finished running the five hundred kilometres and landed at the Linyao Village in the Nanhua Lake City.

“Do you know where True Monarch White is undergoing seclusion?” Dou Dou recovered to his small Pekingese form and asked.

Song Shuhang took out that green coloured small flute. “True Monarch Mt.Huang gave me this. As long I blow it, I can contact True Monarch White.”

He put the green coloured small flute in his mouth, and used strength to blow.

“Huuuummmmm~~” A sound was transmitted from the green



coloured small flute. However, this sound wasn't a sound wave human ears could hear.

The sound wave spread far and wide, and quickly reached a corner of Linyao Village.

After a moment, a same sound wave was spread from somewhere in Linyao Village, and connected to the small flute in Song Shuhang's hands.

# Chapter 150 - The Nameless Immortal Sage Statue That Makes The Heart Beat

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The soundwave from deep inside Linyao Village connected with the green coloured small flute in Song Shuhang's hand.

“Zzzz zzzzz...” A period of sound came out from the green coloured small flute. Then, a soft and gentle voice sounded out. “Hello!”

This was True Monarch White's voice? It sounded very clear and distinct. The Thousand Miles Sound Transmission magical treasure wasn't inferior to handphones in communicating.

“Hello True Monarch White. I'm Song Shuhang. As per True Monarch Mt.Huang's request, I'm here to receive senior from seclusion. Where are you now senior?” Song Shuhang spoke to the green coloured flute.

He was looking forward to it. He could soon see the place a True Monarch senior had undergone seclusion for over a hundred years!

At that time, he could see how the seclusion grounds of seniors was like. Also, how exciting would those over a hundred layers of defensive formations that could block a nuclear weapon be!

His mind imagined the image of an Immortal paradise. Above would have layers upon layers of defensive formation light effects just like those movie magical formations!

It would definitely be very imposing!

“Zzzzzzz zzzzzzz... Hello, this is White’s seclusion grounds. Time remaining before end of seclusion is 0 days 11 hours 8 minutes. Please wait patiently!” That green coloured small flute continued to transmit that gentle voice. When reporting the time left, the tone became slightly stiff.

Song Shuhang was immediately reminded of the China’s automated voice prompt system from whenever he checked his call value.

“...” Song Shuhang paused. He looked towards Dou Dou. “It’s not True Monarch White?”

The voice from the green coloured small flute seemed to be something like a voice prompt?

“Of course it’s not True Monarch White. He’s in closed door seclusion. Have you seen cultivators who are undergoing closed door seclusion chatting? Then that wouldn’t be closed door seclusion, but just a normal seclusion.” The Pekingese Dou Dou said scornfully.

He was actually looked down upon by this Pekingese again.

Song Shuhang didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He explained, “I’ve never gone through closed door seclusion before,

nor have I heard what kind of state it is from the seniors in the group. Also, didn't True Monarch Mt.Huang keep saying True Monarch White had contacted him? I thought the True Monarch White in seclusion would occasionally move about and contact True Monarch Mt.Huang."

Now it seemed like True Monarch White had long since set up a 'voice prompt'. When the seclusion was coming to an end, it would automatically contact True Monarch Mt.Huang through the green coloured small flute.

So it turned out that the abilities of modern handphones, such as voice prompts, alarm clock notifications, had long since been played with thoroughly by cultivators several hundred years ago.

"There are about eleven hours left. We can't just wait in vain here. Should we find a place to sit first?" Song Shuhang sighed as he said.

"Yes yes! Go and find a Internet café! With such a long time, it's enough for my wife and I to clear a few instance dungeons." Dou Dou suddenly got excited.

"Don't be noisy. It's too obvious if you game at an Internet café." Song Shuhang rejected it flatly.

Dou Dou looked down on him as it said. "Stupid, don't you know how to get a small single person private room?"

He was looked down again by this Pekingese!

“Alright. You make sense. I’ll get you a small private room!” Song Shuhang rubbed his pocket. He had brought his wallet and his identity card.

When the Pekingese Dou Dou heard it, it immediately said fawningly, “Little friend Shuhang, you’re really a good person!”

Forget about it if a person wanted to give him a good person card, but a dog wanted to give him a good person card?

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Linyao Village was a prosperous village, due to its proximity to the city centre. The human traffic was very large.

Song Shuhang successfully found a pretty good Internet café.

As personal computers became commonplace, business for Internet cafes slowed down by not a little amount. However Linyao Village had a large temporary population, so the people going on the Internet in the Internet café wasn’t few.

“Excuse me, do you have small single person private rooms available?” Song Shuhang enquired.

After the Internet cafe’s cashier girl checked the computer, she

replied, “Hello, there are still empty small private rooms!”

“Then give me one. How much is it?” Song Shuhang asked.

“Twenty yuan for one hour.”

Song Shuhang handed over his identity card and two hundred yuan. “I’ll book it for ten hours for now.”

After the registration was complete, Song Shuhang brought Dou Dou to the private room, guided by the network administrator.

At this time, Song Shuhang heard the cashier girl start to chat with a colleague. “Little Jasmine, did you hear about it? That nameless Immortal sage statue in the nameless temple is becoming more and more lifelike recently. I heard from people that when they look at that nameless Immortal sage now, they keep feeling like it’s going to come to life.”

“You heard about it too? I have a more exciting piece of news. I heard from my mom that ever since a girl from next door went to the nameless temple a few days ago, she’s no longer had any appetite. Supposedly, she’s lovesick and is in love with the nameless Immortal sage in the nameless temple. Pui pui, that’s a statue! To actually like a statue, that girl is really extremely sick.”

At this time, another network administrator cut in. “Hehe, that little miss’s lovesickness can still be cured. I have a piece of news even more amazing. You all know about the network

administrator Little Song who resigned a few days ago? Supposedly he had gone on a trip to the nameless temple to pray to the nameless Immortal sage before resigning. After returning, he's been dull and dazed, and doing everything wrong. A few days ago he resigned. I heard that it seems he wants to go the nameless temple to be a Daoist priest. Pui pui, that's a real sickness, and it's incurable! And that nameless Immortal sage statue is a male!"

Song Shuhang used his ears, and silently went to the private room.

"Mister, this is your membership card. When you spend two hundred yuan or above, you will receive a free membership card. Please keep it well." The network administrator gave a membership card to Song Shuhang before leaving.

"Thank you." Song Shuhang smiled slightly as he accepted the membership card.

"I wish you an enjoyable time playing." The network administrator smiled as he left.

The Pekingese Dou Dou excitedly jumped onto the computer. He called out, "Little friend Shuhang, quickly switch on the computer, I already can't wait to go for the next instance dungeon with my wife!"

It didn't know whether his wife had been bullied while it was offline. Someone had even camped her corpse today morning.

“Wait a while first. I want to check something.” Song Shuhang made Dou Dou move to the side. He opened a web page to search keywords such as ‘Linyao Village, nameless temple, nameless Immortal sage’ etc.

Very quickly. A whole string of information was shown on the computer.

According to legends, during a large drought one hundred years ago, people dug out the ‘nameless Immortal sage statue’, then enshrined it. This information was something which every resident in Linyao Village had heard of and knew of the particulars regarding.

The address of the nameless temple was also attached at the back.

“You’re interested in this kind of thing?” Dou Dou asked doubtfully.

“Yes. I’m now interested in anything and everything ‘mysterious’!” Song Shuhang confirmed. As long as it was something that didn’t conform to ‘common sense’, he would be interested!

“You can continue playing here, I’ll be going to that nameless temple. When I go remember to lock the door.” Song Shuhang laughed.

“No problem. Go wherever you want. Just don’t bother me. It’s



best if you come back only after you receive True Monarch White.” the Pekingese Dou Dou waved his paws, and excitedly opened his game. He began to play on the keyboard.

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Using the address found from the Internet, Song Shuhang successfully found the nameless temple in Linyao village. “Here it is!”

When he took a look, the number of people who had come to make offerings to the nameless temple weren’t few. Entering the temple required queuing up.

Joss sticks filled the inside of the temple. Everyone was below the Immortal sage statue making their wishes...

Also, there were many young men and women, who had misted over eyes.

After they, whether it was a he or she, burned the joss sticks, they would stupidly stare at the Immortal sage statue. After a long while they would reluctantly leave. These were the ones ‘extremely sick’ or ‘incurably sick’.

It wasn’t easy before it was Song Shuhang’s turn. He bought two joss sticks from the little Daoist priest at the entrance. It was a

price set with a conscience, as they only accepted twenty yuan for it from Song Shuhang.

He entered the nameless temple with the three aunties. The three aunties inserted joss sticks with great familiarity, and began to offer prayer.

They were lowering their voices, and softly repeating themselves. But it was heard by Song Shuhang. It could only be blamed on his good hearing.

“Immortal sage, my family’s daughter is going for her college administration exam next year. Please bless her with intelligence, and let her results become better! Let her get into the capital’s university!”

“Immortal sage, my family’s son is almost thirty eight. We still don’t have a daughter in law. Please set one up for him. I no longer have any requirements, as long as it’s a female and can give birth.”

Then there was the final auntie with a calm and collected expression. Lowering her voice, she murmured, “Immortal sage... I love you so!”

“Pffft...” Song Shuhang almost spurted out. He forcefully held it back!

So it wasn’t just ‘young men and women’ who were extremely sick, but even aunties were extremely sick. Perhaps, there may be

incurably sick grandpas as well?

Song Shuhang had never given offerings before, and once upon a time had believed in science and rejected superstitions. He hadn't expected he would have a chance to enter a Daoist temple.

Following the three aunties, he inserted the joss sticks. He thought about it, and he didn't have anything to request anyways.

After all, his main goal was to see this nameless Immortal sage statue.

While no one was noticing, Song Shuhang secretly lifted his head, and looked at that nameless Immortal sage statue.

With just that look, in that instant... he felt his heart rate faintly speed up.

This was obviously an unliving statue, but a figure involuntarily appeared before Song Shuhang's eyes as he looked at this statue.

It was a figure as fine and as smooth as jade, with extraordinarily fairy-like beauty.

Pitch black hair that cascaded down like a waterfall. Eyes that shined like the stars. White clothes that lightly fluttered. It was as if any moment he would grow wings and ascend to the Heavens with the wind. Even if it was that Young Master Hai of the Moonsabre Sect, he was still inferior to the peerless grace and

charm of this figure.

Superb craftsmanship!

Song Shuhang could only use this adjective to describe this statue.

Also, the more he stared at this statue, the more he felt as if he was being drawn there, and unable to turn around himself.

Eh? That's not right, how did I end up captivated by this statue as well?

Song Shuhang was shocked in his heart. He immediately closed his eyes, and hiddenly activated the [True Self Meditation Scripture].

Only then did his throbbing heart start to calm down.

At this time, those three aunties had already gotten up, and turned away to leave the nameless temple.

Song Shuhang hurriedly left...

Just now, was he affected by some spiritual energy type of magical art? Such as the 'charm' type like in various movies and novels?

He immediately used his spiritual energy to check the state of his body up and down. He didn't discover any traces of being affected by magical arts.

Perhaps, that 'statue' had superb craftsmanship, and reached a type of utter beauty!

It made those who saw it couldn't help but be shocked, and be intoxicated in its perfection?

This world, actually had something so perfect?

Song Shuhang thought about it. Mm, it wasn't possible!

So, he had to go back and look for the demon dog Dou Dou, and let it check his the state of his body up and down.

# Chapter 151 - True Monarch White Was Dug Away!

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After Song Shuhang left the nameless temple, the speed of his heart rate started to calm down.

Now, outside the nameless temple, worshippers still came in an endless stream as usual. In the past, a majority of the worshippers were still aunties and old grannies. Now however, the number of young men and women had increased a lot.

When Song Shuhang left the nameless temple, there were four young men and women who entered the temple together.

One of the young women amongst them, lowered her voice and asked her companion. “Lin Yue, do you think the nameless Immortal sage statue in this temple really so amazing?”

The girl next to her still had some baby fat. She replied softly, “I’m also very curious. Do you know about that Young Master Yu in my class? His family has a lot of spare money, and he keeps switching girlfriends. But a few days ago, after he came to this nameless temple to take a look at this Immortal sage statue out of curiosity, he changed completely. He doesn’t even want a girlfriend anymore, and just wants to come to this nameless temple everyday.”

The man at the side nodded and supplemented, “I’m also here because I’m curious about this matter regarding Young Master Yu. I’m really curious about how exactly is this Immortal sage statue

that can entrance people?”

The three young man and women were still students. They had come to burn joss sticks because they were curious. It wasn't a small number of people who had come to burn joss sticks because they were curious about the Immortal sage statue. No wonder the joss sticks of the nameless temple had become more prosperous recently.

Besides the three students, there was a young man who was twenty seven or twenty eight years old.

Unlike the three students, he had heard that the nameless temple's nameless Immortal sage statue was very effective, so he had rushed over here from a very far distance.

The young man entered the temple, burned joss and lit the candles. He softly prayed. “Immortal sage, please bless and protect, and let my little sister fully recover from her sickness. Please don't let her suffer anymore from the torment of her strange illness that is making her body weak. Would Immortal sage grant this wish of mine. If my little sister is cured, I'll definitely come and build a giant Daoist temple for Immortal sage as repayment!”

After finishing his prayers, the young man lifted his head to take a look at the statue of the Immortal sage.

With just this look, he felt his heart rate quicken and his breathing become rough. The Immortal sage statue before was utterly perfect, and made one unable to take their eyes away!

Even if he had to give everything in exchange for it, he wouldn't have any regret!

These kind of thoughts stayed in his mind.

The young man's eyes misted over. Until the end, he didn't know he had left this nameless Daoist temple.

He went back to his car as if he was sleepwalking.

Then, only after the driver called out to him a few times, did he wake up.

"Young Master Yigu, can we return?" The driver frowned as he asked. He felt that the Young Master Yigu just now was possessed.

"Yes yes, let's return first. That's right, we'll talk more when we get back." Young Master Yigu replied, nodding his head.

The nameless Immortal sage statue... this matter needed to be considered at length!

\* \* \* \* \*

Song Shuhang returned to the Internet cafe, and knocked onto the door to the private room.



The Pekingese quickly opened the door, then quickly climbed back to the computer.

“Dou Dou, don’t play anymore. Take a look at me!” Song Shuhang called out.

Dou Dou didn’t even turn its head. “What?”

“Look at me, and give me a full body check out!” Song Shuhang said.

“You’re not even a girl, why do I need to check you out?” Dou Dou cast a sidelong glance at Song Shuhang.

“That’s not it. I just went to that nameless temple. I saw the nameless Immortal sage statue, then some strange things happened.” Song Shuhang talked about that weird increase in heart beat when he saw the nameless Immortal sage statue, as well as that process, in detail. “So, could you quickly take a look, and see whether there’s any strange magical art on that nameless Immortal sage statue? Then see if I am under some kind of charm type magical arts?”

Dou Dou paused. Then his pair of dog eyes emitted a golden coloured light, and looked at Song Shuhang from end to end. It replied, “No problems, your body is as healthy as a bull. There are also no traces of magical arts on your body.”

Having finished talking, Dou Dou withdrew his dog eyes, and continued enjoying himself.

Song Shuhang was slightly relieved.

Could it be possible that that Immortal sage statue was really just superb craftsmanship, and had reaching the extremes of the carving arts? So when someone saw it they would be deeply stuck inside?

But he kept feeling as if something was off.

\* \* \* \* \*

After that, Song Shuhang stayed in the private room.

Without anything to do he opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group. He wanted to see if there was any news or gossip in the group. However, the group actually had no one speaking in it today.

Loose Cultivator Northriver, Madsabre Threewaves and True Monarch Ancient Lakeview had entered the Mysterious Island. The other seniors were all waiting for a good show. To watch Song Shuhang receive True Monarch White from seclusion.

The time waiting always seemed especially long. Song Shuhang rested, cultivated, ate a Fasting Pill, then cultivated again...

It wasn't easy enduring until eight plus at night.

True Monarch White was coming out of seclusion!

“The time is around there already.” Song Shuhang took out that small flute, and was thinking about contacting True Monarch White.

At this time, the green coloured small flute trembled. Then, a soft and gentle voice came from the green coloured small flute. “Hello! Is this fellow Daoist Song Shuhang?”

It was news from True Monarch White. Through the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission magical treasure's ability to leave messages, he knew Song Shuhang was the fellow Daoist in charge of receiving him.

Song Shuhang replied. “Hello senior True Monarch White. Have you ended your seclusion?”

“Yes, I've already ended my seclusion... You can come and pick me up.” True Monarch White replied.

Song Shuhang replied. “Where in Linyao Village is your seclusion location? I'll come and look for you.”

“If it's location, I seem to be in a small room. Haha, there seems

to be some abnormalities next to me. How about this... use the connection of the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission Flute to find me. Just hold the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission Flute, activate a spiritual energy art. You'll be able to sense a special soundwave between me and the magical treasure. Follow this sound wave, and you'll be able to find me." True Monarch White said.

Song Shuhang activated the [True Self Meditation Scripture], and really could sense that Thousand Miles Sound Transmission magical treasure was carrying some kind of special sound wave connection.

"I sense it, senior True Monarch White. I'll immediate go looking for you." Song Shuhang replied.

Then, he asked the Pekingese, "Dou Dou, do you want to go receive True Monarch White together?"

"Never mind. Just bring over True Monarch White. That's right... when you go out help me top up a bit of the fees for the Internet. Just now the network administrator made a reminder that ten hours passed already, and we owe one hour of fees." Dou Dou replied without turning its head.

"Then stay here and don't run about anyhow. Wait for me to receive True Monarch White. Then we'll go back." Song Shuhang went to the Internet cafe counter, and topped up another hundred.

Then, he followed along the special soundwaves of the Thousand

Miles Sound Transmission flute, going along that direction to search.

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As he walked, he got closer to True Monarch White. Song Shuhang felt that the topography around him was more and more familiar.

Finally... he reached that 'nameless temple'.

"Here?" Song Shuhang looked at the nameless temple doubtfully.

Now, there were still many worshippers outside the temple. The temple was still well illuminated inside by lights.

Song Shuhang held the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission Flute between his finger and thumb as he asked, "Senior True Monarch White, is the place you're undergoing seclusion the nameless temple?"

"Nameless temple? When you say it like that, I do seem to be in a Daoist temple." True Monarch White's voice replied. "Fellow Daoist Shuhang. I can feel your location. Enter the temple, and you'll see an enshrined statue. That's me!"

That's me... That's me...

Song Shuhang went stiff. That nameless Immortal sage statue in the Daoist temple was True Monarch White?

That was quite out of his expectations.

Before this, he would never have made a connection between True Monarch White and the nameless Immortal sage statue!

One was a senior who had been in seclusion for very long. One was a statue of a divine being enshrined and worshipped in a Daoist temple.

One was a luxurious seclusion grounds in his imagination. And the other one was an ancient nameless Daoist temple.

What was more important, was that True Monarch White had obviously gone into seclusion over one hundred and fifty years ago. This statue of a divine being had however been enshrined several hundred years ago. As expected, a story 'handed down through the generations' would always have many mistakes and exaggerations. This time was off by a few hundred years.

So, no matter how matter how much bigger his brain was, up there was all empty air, so he wouldn't be able to connect the two together.

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There was no magnificent seclusion grounds, no over a hundred grand defensive formations. What there was was an old Daoist temple!

Song Shuhang couldn't help but ask. "Senior True Monarch White, aren't you in seclusion? Why have you suddenly become a statue of a divine being, and enshrined in a Daoist temple?"

"Haha, this matter is a long story. Wait for me to come out, and I'll slowly explain it to you." True Monarch White sighed. "Fellow Daoist Shuhang, do you have a method to lure away these worshippers, so that I can come out from this statue? Most importantly, when I come out, I'll blow up the outer layer of this stone shell. The power will be quite big. If someone sees it it may attract unnecessary troubles."

If True Monarch White were to in front of the worshippers, blow apart the statue with a 'boom' and come out from inside after that... it would definitely attract endless troubles!"

Song Shuhang saw that the worshippers outside the temple were still a lot.

With so many worshippers, he didn't have any methods to lure away so many worshippers aside from starting a fire!

“Senior True Monarch White, how about we wait a while? When it’s later, the worshippers should more or less disperse.’ Song Shuhang said after thinking about it.

“No problem. It’s fine as long as you’re not in a rush.” True Monarch White was indifferent. He had already undergone closed door seclusion for a whole hundred and fifty years. How would he mind waiting a few more hours?

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Life doesn’t always go the way one wants.

Time slowly passed, until it had already reached around ten at night. The number of worshippers outside the temple didn’t decrease, but instead increased!

If it continued like this, even if they waited until the early hours of the next day, there would still be many worshippers staying.

Perhaps the worshippers would stay until tomorrow morning!

If it was like this, how was True Monarch White supposed to come out from the statue?

“True Monarch, I’m going to go get a helper, and think of a way



to disperse the crowd. Then, take the chance to escape True Monarch.” Song Shuhang thought of Dou Dou.

It should have some method to disperse the crowd right?

“No problem.” True Monarch White replied.

Song Shuhang quickly ran over to the Internet café.

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Soon after Song Shuhang left, four far off pickup drove over to the nameless temple.

Sixty broad shouldered and solidly built muscular men jumped of the pick up trucks, and gathered.

Then, that twenty seven or twenty eight year old Young Master Yigu from the morning got off from a car.

Young Master Yigu looked at the nameless temple from far away. Sighing deeply, he said, “Go, dig away that nameless Immortal sage statue and bring it away!”

“Yes!” The sixty muscular men responded, and swarmed towards the nameless temple... They barbarically pushed away the worshippers who were blocking them. Ten muscular men with hand held tools went to the bottom of the nameless Immortal sage

statue, preparing to dig away the whole Immortal sage statue.

# Chapter 152 - Cultivation Maniac True Monarch White!

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The sixty muscular men Young Master Yigu got to work, their movements dextorous.

The ten who brought tools went to below the statue, preparing to dig away the 'nameless Immortal sage statue'.

Then, first there were four muscular men who were holding a giant cloth covering. They threw it upwards, and covered the 'Immortal sage statue'!

This was to prevent the muscular men from seeing that statue of a divine being while lifting it, then getting influenced by that endless charm.

Then six muscular men prepared rope tools. They were waiting for the Immortal sage statue to be dug away, before lifting it out.

Finally, a muscular man drove a forklift to the entrance of the Daoist temple.

The remaining muscular man blocked up the entrance. They split up, driving away the worshippers rudely, and not letting worshippers near the nameless temple!

All of the preparations were in place.

“Take note, your eyes are not to look at the statue of this divine figure. Faster, dig away this statue of a divine being within ten minutes!” Young Master Yigu directed loudly from the back.

When the four muscular men in charge of throwing the cloth covering threw it out, their eyes misted over. Even if they had already been reminded by Young Master Yigu before, they had been deeply attracted by the perfection of that ‘nameless Immortal sage statue’ in the instant they had lifted their heads to throw the cloth covering.

In that instant, the desire to seize the Immortal sage statue and take it for themselves surfaced in their hearts.

Young Master Yigu went forward, and viciously gave a kick to the four muscular men whose eyes had misted over. “All of you get out, and block the worshippers outside!”

The four muscular men’s eyes were glazed over. They muddledly went out, going to locking the worshippers.

The worshippers outside had long since started to make noise

“What are you goddamned people doing!”

“Robbers. They want to steal the Immortal sage statue!”

“You’re breaking the law, scram! Block them, we can’t let them steal the Immortal sage statue!”

“Get rid of these fellows!”

The worshippers roared, and some people picked up bricks and bottles and threw them at the muscular men.

The stocky and strong muscular men weren’t any kind of good people, and with a hideous laugh, ferociously struck at these worshippers with their fists.

“Call the police, call the police!” Worshippers were struck down to the floor, and took out their phones shouting.

For a moment, the police hotline was overloaded by the worshippers.

The scene was extremely chaotic.

Young Master Yigu looked outside, and coldly harrumphed. “Ignore the worshippers outside. Faster.”

Quickly, the Immortal sage statue that True Monarch White had transformed into, and even its base, had been dug out.

At the side, the six who had long since had their preparations in place used ropes to bind the Immortal sage statue. A few people

lifted up the Immortal sage statue and moved to to that forklift.

The forklift's throttle roared, and it carried the nameless Immortal sage statue towards a delivery truck behind.

The worshippers couldn't pass the defensive perimeter of the muscular men. They could only look on helplessly as the Immortal sage statue of a divine being was snatched away. For a moment, angry abuse and curses flooded the nameless temple!

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On the other side.

Song Shuhang managed to drag Dou Dou away from the computer with great difficulty, bringing him to the nameless temple.

At this time, the True Monarch White's voice came from the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission Flute. "Fellow Daoist Shuhang, the efficiency of the people you sent is really high. They got me out of the nameless temple so fast... However, we on the path of cultivation need to collect good blessings and virtue. Our methods can't be too intense sometimes. The worshippers outside are innocent. Fellow Daoist Shuhang you should let your subordinates show a bit of mercy. Don't injure these worshippers heavily!"

“What?” Song Shuhang was confused upon hearing this. He was still on the way to the nameless temple. Where did these helpers come from? “True Monarch White, someone dug you away from the nameless temple?”

“Yes. I’ve already been brought to a transportation vehicle that is similar to a horse cart. Eh? Could it be that... these people aren’t the helpers you found?” True Monarch White asked.

“The helper I found is still on the way to the nameless temple. The nameless temple isn’t even in my sights yet.” Song Shuhang didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. Speaking of which, who was the one who was digging away True Monarch White?

“Oh, I say, a fellow Daoist whom True Monarch Mt.Huang took a liking to shouldn’t be someone too savage. If it’s not your people then I’m at ease.” True Monarch White laughed.

“I’ll go and pick you up right away.” Song Shuhang said. If True Monarch White was picked up by someone else, he wouldn’t have the face to meet the seniors in the group anymore.

“No problem no problem. This is good, this saves us from dispersing the worshippers ourselves. When these people bring me to a safe place, I’ll come out from the statue.” True Monarch Monarch White laughed in a simple minded manner.

“Alright... Then I’ll follow you from behind. When you come out from the statue, I’ll go and support you.” Song Shuhang replied.

He could lock onto True Monarch White's location through the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission Flute, and follow him from far behind.

"Then we'll do like this. Maintain contact." True Monarch White laughed.

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"You just talked to True Monarch White?" Dou Dou asked. "Did something happen?"

"Someone dug away True Monarch White." Song Shuhang rubbed his forehead.

"What?" Dou Dou had an expression of incomprehension. He had never heard of a cultivator in closed door seclusion being dig away by someone else!

"Actually I should have expected this long ago. The statue of a divine being that True Monarch White transformed into has an attraction ordinary people can't resist. Under the influence of that attraction, there would definitely be some fellows who would take a risk out of that desperation, and act to seize that statue of a divine being." Song Shuhang sighed.



But this was also fine. This would save him the trouble of dispersing the crowd of the nameless temple. Now, they just had to directly bring True Monarch White back from those fellows who dug away the statue of a divine being.

While talking, Song Shuhang happened to pass through a mask shop “Boss, how much are the masks!”

“Five yuan for one. It’s made of strong materials and isn’t easy to damage.” The boss smiled.

“Give me that Ultraman mask.” Song Shuhang took out money and handed it over.

When picking up True Monarch White in a while, this mask may be of use.

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Young Master Yigu’s subordinates were very efficient, and managed to load that nameless Immortal sage statue onto the delivery truck within ten minutes.

“GO! Quickly leave!” Young Master Yigu called out loudly.

The sixty subordinates quickly retreated, climbed onto the delivery truck. In the blink of an eye they were gone.

The ones left were the enraged worshippers in the nameless temple square who stamped their foots in anger!

“The police? Why aren’t they here yet?” A worshipper with a bloody nose and swollen face called out loudly.

“How could they be deployed so fast. Under normal circumstances, if there are any patrol cars nearby, the fastest they can reach the nameless temple is ten or so minutes.” Someone said depressed.

“Did you take photos? We need to post the shameless manner of those fellows on the net and let them suffer the disdain of the citizens!”

“The sky is too dark, the shot is too blurry!”

Just as the worshippers were making all sorts of comments... another two trucks stopped at the nameless temple entrance.

Then, a young man jumped off from one of the trucks.

Another forty plus stocky and strong muscular men got off the trucks. “Young Master Yu, is it here?”

“It’s here. Charge, and dig out that nameless Immortal sage statue of a divine being for me! Take note, don’t look at that statue of a divine being!” Young Master Yu had a manner of this being imperative.

The forty stocky and strong muscular men overbearingly charged towards the nameless temple.

When they charged halfway they felt something strange. This was because those worshippers at the side were looking them with the gaze they would use on a silly but amusing person. The majority calmly and collectedly took out their phones and started recording.

Although the forty muscular men felt strange, their mission was more important. Young Master Yu had spent quite a lot. Whoever had money was the boss! The worshippers not blocking them saved them energy!

They rushed into the nameless temple, and there was also three muscular men carrying a large cloth like before, preparing to cover the statue of a divine being first.

But when they entered the temple, they were immediately dumbfounded.

Eh? Where was the statue of a divine being?

The agreed Immortal sage statue of a divine being, only had a hole left now?

“Fudge!” Young Master Yu raged. “Someone snatched before us. “Which bastard dared snatch before this young master?”

Just as Young Master Yu was angrily stamping his foot, there was the sound of an emergency braking outside the nameless temple again.

Now it was two large trucks.

Fifty muscular men in black western suits jumped off, and were also stocky and strong. Their imposing manner was threatening.

Then a young lady got off, and a sweet voice called out, “It’s this Daoist temple, all of you charge! Go and dig out the Immortal sage statue of a divine being for me! Take note, don’t look at the statue of a divine being! Also be careful, if you damage it, see if I don’t shatter your heads!”

It was basically the same lines. Even the tone was similar to the previous Young Master Yu.

“Yes!” The fifty muscular men in black western suits shouted uniformly, and charged towards the nameless temple.

Just as these black clothed men had run half of the way... there was the sound of an emergency braking from behind again.

A limousine with a trident symbol and three large trucks stopped.

On it were forty uncles with strong muscles and a beautiful married woman.

“Dammit, someone else was first! Charge, no matter what don’t let that Immortal sage statue land in anyone else’s hands. We must seize the Immortal sage statue!” The beautiful married woman said flustered and exasperatedly.

A chaotic three way battle already couldn’t be avoided!

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Song Shuhang used the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission Flute to follow, and finally reached a large and magnificent estate outside the outskirts of Nanhua Lake City.

The four trucks brought the statue True Monarch White transformed into and had long since entered the estate.

A tall fence and steel gate blocked Song Shuhang’s path.

“It’s here.” Song Shuhang held it between his finger and thumb, and used strength to blow, and contacted True Monarch White.

Now, even if True Monarch White blew himself out of the statue like a Russian doll, it wouldn’t cause any effects. At most it would scare the fellows who had dug away the statue of a divine being.

“Zzz zzz... Hello.” True Monarch White’s soft and gentle voice came out of the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission Flute.

“Senior it’s about time. You can come out from the statue. I’ll pick you up to leave.” Song Shuhang said.

“Zzzzzzz zzzzzzz... Hello, this is White’s seclusion grounds. Time remaining before end of seclusion is 1 hour 2 minutes. Please wait patiently!” The soft and gentle voice continued.

Song Shuhang, “...”

Fudge, seclusion?

True Monarch White had actually decided to go through seclusion at this time. Although the period of seclusion this time was only one or two hours.

But, senior True Monarch White, was there a need to be so hardworking! You couldn’t even bear to waste this amount of time, and had to use it for seclusion?

At the same time, Song Shuhang’s mind thought of what Loose Cultivator Northriver had said in the group before. “True Monarch White is truly a seclusion maniac, a true model for my generation.”

So, it turned out that seclusion maniac referred to this. Whenever there was time to cultivate, don’t waste any minute or second!

Song Shuhang felt... this should be some obsessive-compulsive disorder for seclusion, and had to be treated!

“Whatever.” He sighed.

It wasn't a big deal. He would just bring True Monarch White's statue back himself.

His right hand held a Defense Talisman just in case.

Then, Song Shuhang put on that Ultraman mask, and slowly came before that thick steel gate.

“Charge!” He took a deep breath.

He mobilised the Blood and Qi energy in his Heart Acupoint, and transferred it to his arm.

His mouth chanted the [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique] incantation.

Foundational Fist Technique... One!

Fists like cannons, sweeping away thousand of troops!

Then, Dou Dou was at the side, boredly wagging its tongue... a

blot on the landscape!



# Chapter 153 - Discussing The Importance Of A Good Teammate

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Knock... knock...

An oppressive and deafening sound, like the giant bells in temples being struck, the echoes surging.

The people in the large and magnificent estate jumped in fright. More than ten people in charge of security quickly rushed towards the gate, so as to not be caught off guard.

The gatekeepers looked through the CCTV, and could only see a fellow wearing an Ultraman mask standing outside the gate. Someone wearing a childish mask in broad daylight and using so much force to knock on the gate... was it someone crazy?

“Old Wang, who’s outside?” The security team leader asked.

“It’s simply just someone crazy. Who’s going to go chase him away?” The gatekeeper Old Wang asked.

“I’ll go. Two of you come with me. Be careful, if it’s someone crazy we’ll chase him away. Chase him further away, just in case he comes back to bother us again.” The security team leader led them to a small side door at the side.

If the fellow outside was really crazy, it was best to be a bit

careful. If he was stabbed it would be being stabbed for nothing. Bring two others to chase away the other side would be better.

If it was a troublemaker, he would let the other side see his power.

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At this time, Song Shuhang shook his fists.

The gate was in severe pain!

Wrong, it was the fist that was slightly sore!

The steel gate was thick, heavy and hard. It wasn't the kind covered in steel sheets. Of course, Song Shuhang wasn't so self confident that he thought he could punch through the steel gate in one punch.

He was a person who knew himself well.

That punch was only trying to blow apart that gate's lock.

He just hadn't thought that the gate lock was just as hard as the steel gate. Him operating Blood and Qi energy with the addition

spiritual energy was enough to twist steel bars bare handedly. Using a full strength punch under these conditions, the gate was actually absolutely still.

Song Shuhang sighed. Turning, he looked at the Pekingese demon dog Dou Dou.

“Huhuhu.” The Pekingese Dou Dou was wagging its tongue. It even winked at Song Shuhang, acting smart and adorable.

Song Shuhang sighed. “Dou Dou let’s go in.”

If the gate didn’t open. Then I’ll just fly in!

With Dou Dou, this five to six metres tall gate was a height that could be easily jumped!

“Woof! OK!” Dou Dou cooperatively nodded. His figure swelled, transforming into that of a five metre large Pekingese demon dog.

Then, it raised his paws to swat viciously towards that steel gate.

Boom...

The five metres tall steel gate fell just like that.

Countless dust was raised when the heavy gate fell, blocking the

people's line of sight.

Song Shuhang turned around to look at Dou Dou. You were doing this on purpose right?

The Pekingese demon dog wagged its tongue, as cute as usual.

Song Shuhang rubbed his forehead. Was it the right choice bringing along this doggy teammate?

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At this time, the security team leader had just happened to be at the small side gate. Then, the giant metal gate actually fell down with a large boom!

The security team leader felt his heart almost stop. Fortunately he was taking the side door. If he had taken the gate, when the metal gate crushed down, it would happen to crush him under as well. With the weight of the gate, it would want his little life.

“How did the gate fall? Did the crazy outside use explosives?”

“I didn't hear any explosion sounds.is this the newest model of miniature demolition bomb? Or was that booming sound from that explosive?” The security muscular men widened their eyes,

looking at the place the gate fell.

Only to see a man clasp his hands behind his back as he stood. The Ultraman mask on his face was especially unsightly.

The security team leader couldn't see the demon dog Dou Dou. Naturally he assumed Song Shuhang was the culprit who broke down the gate.

“It wasn't an explosion” The security team leader looked at the felled gate. He didn't see any traces of explosions. Then how was this gate broken open?

However, the security team leader quickly calmed down. He waved his hand to sign those subordinates to surround Song Shuhang. He said in a low voice. “Who are you!”

Song Shuhang laughed. With a husky voice, “Relax. I have no ill intentions.”

The corners of the security team leader's mouth twitched. Tearing down someone else's gate then saying ‘ I have no ill intentions’. Are you taking us for fools?

“Haha. I'm here to bring away a friend.” Song Shuhang continued. At the same time, he secretly activated the [True Self Meditation Scripture] and begun gathering spiritual energy.

“Your friend? Dare I ask who your friend is?” The security team

leader asked doubtfully.

“My friend was just brought into the estate by you all.” Song Shuhang said. “I’m here to bring him back. So, it can’t be better than if you could return him to me.”

The security team leader was confused. He said quietly to someone at the side. “Did Young Master Yigu finally become depraved, and went to forcefully snatch a girl?”

“He shouldn’t have. Young Master Yigu did snatch something today. But it’s just that nameless temple’s statue of a divine being. Although why was Young Master Yigu mad, but it’s just a statue of a divine being. If he snatched it he snatched it. At most he’ll have to pay back money.” The subordinate behind said in a low voice.

At this time, Song Shuhang said, “Yes, that statue is my friend. So, could that Young Master Yigu of yours please return my friend.”

Hearing to this point, the security team leader used a pitying look on Song Shuhang. So he really was an idiot!

At the side Dou Dou suddenly lifted a leg and kicked Song Shuhang. “Why are you talking so much nonsense. Just directly charge. They snatched away the statue of a divine being with great difficulty. How would they return it with just you saying a few sentences?”

Song Shuhang's hidden activation of the [True Self Meditation Scripture] was almost interrupted by Dou Dou. He looked gloomily at Dou Dou. "I'm dragging on the time, and suppressing spiritual energy for a big move!"

My teammate was a dog, so how am I supposed to carry out a pentakill?

Song Shuhang wanted to put to use 'spiritual pressure'.

After the Heart Acupoint and Foundation Establishment was complete, his spiritual energy was also raised substantially. Now if he put to use the 'spiritual pressure', it definitely wouldn't stop at just simply scaring a female teacher!

Then, he suppressed a long time's worth of spiritual energy with great difficulty. It was almost kicked away by Dou Dou's leg.

"Then when are you going to release it?" Dou Dou called out.

"Then I'll release it!" Song Shuhang took in a deep breath. [True Self Meditation Scripture] was activated, and the True Self in his sea of consciousness abruptly opened his eyes

In the next moment, the spiritual energy he had tiringly suppressed, was released in the direction of the security team leader and his subordinates.

The security team leader saw Song Shuhang talking to air, as if

he was talking to a person... It really was someone crazy!

Also, it was a crazy with the ability to knock down a steel gate.

It really was a terrifying opponent! Should they make a call to the nearby mental hospital?

At this moment, they felt a formless force act on their body, and made their whole bodies experience goose bumps.

Faintly, they seemed to see a ferocious beast leaping at them, it's bloody mouth wide open. It wanted to swallow even their leather and bones

The team members with weaker willpower only felt their heads swelling, and covered their heads as they squatted. The ones with stronger willpower would feel their legs becoming numb, and even their leg areas involuntarily trembling.

“Not even one fell over?” Song Shuhang said. He had thought with the success of Foundation Establishment, and his Heart Acupoint opened, if he unleashed some ‘pressure’, he could make ordinary people all fall down and become unable to get up.

“With this bit of spiritual energy of yours, making ordinary people's leg numb is the limit. To make all ordinary people fall over with spiritual pressure, ascend to Rank 5 Gold Core first.” The Pekingese Dou Dou said.



But when he reached the Rank 5 Gold Core realm, why would he need someone like ‘spiritual pressure’?

With a gaze, and releasing some of his power, he could directly make ordinary people unable to handle it, and faint on the ground.

At this time, the security team leader was the first to recover.

“This fellow has something strange with his body, advance shoulder to shoulder!” The security team leader shouted loudly. The roar dispersing the fear in their hearts, he and his subordinates all roared as they charged at Song Shuhang...

Thirty or so seconds later.

Song Shuhang shook his fists, and the security team leader and members fell to the floor in pain, unable to rise again.

“The ‘spiritual pressure’ I wasted so much time suppressing for, wasn’t as useful my fists.” Song Shuhang kneaded his fists, saying gloomily.

“So that’s why I said earlier, why are you wasting time? Woof, don’t play anymore. Bring True Monarch White away, I’m still waiting to accompany my wife. Woof woof!” The Pekingese Dou Dou said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Deep within the estate, a separate small courtyard and small building.

This was Yigu's residence.

Young Master Yigu directed twenty muscular men to carefully move the 'nameless Immortal sage statue' to the small courtyard. Even with the cloth covering, when he neared the Immortal sage statue, he was unable to control his accelerating heartbeat as usual.

This feeling wasn't even there during that pure first love!

Young Master Yigu casually asked, "What happened outside just now?"

"It seems someone came over to make trouble. Team leader Liu already went over to handle it. I believe it should be over soon." A muscular man replied.

"Alright. Let them get rid of the troublemakers further away so they won't bother me." Young Master Yigu waved his hands, letting the muscular men leave the courtyard.

Then, he rubbed his hands, and with an excited expression he grabbed a corner of the cloth covering. He gingerly opened the cloth covering.

The perfect statue of a divine being was before his eyes again.

“Perfect. I’m willing to watch it for the rest of my life.” Young Master Yigu murmured. With this statue of a divine being, he didn’t even want women anymore.

He just wanted to accompany the statue of a divine being for the rest of his life. He was willing to become a Daoist priest who abstained from meat from today onwards, and worship the Immortal sage statue day and night. That wasn’t right ... the ones who abstained from meat seemed to be monks.

Just as Young Master Yigu was thinking nonsense, an unexpected voice sounded next to him. “Found it.”

He lifted his head and saw a figure was squatting on the wall of his small courtyard. The figure’s face was even wearing an Ultraman mask.

“Hello.” Song Shuhang waved to Young Master Yigu. “That statue next to you is my friend. I need to bring him away.”

“Bring him away? Impossible. Don’t dream, the statue of a divine being is mine, it’s mine FOREVER!” Young Master Yigu raged.

“How troublesome.” Song Shuhang sighed.

If at this time the Immortal sage wasn’t in seclusion, but just directly blew himself out of the statue, how would it be so

troublesome?

Song Shuhang jumped off from the wall. “Regretfully, this statue of a divine being doesn’t belong to anyone. You just suffered from the outflow of the statue of a divine being’s energy. Sleep a while. When you wake up, everything will have recovered.”

Song Shuhang was prepared to give one to Young Master Yigu, and let him have a good sleep.

At this time, a weak and angry voice of a girl came from outside the building. “Elder brother, I heard that to pray for good fortune, you directly snatched a statue of a divine being from someone’s Daoist temple? What is in that head of yours?”

# Chapter 154 - Dou Dou + True Monarch White!

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That girl's voice was filled with anger

Behind was an expressionless muscular man in a western suit, single mindedly pushing the wheelchair, entering Young Master Yigu's small courtyard.

A seventeen or eighteen year old young girl was sitting on the wheelchair. Her long hair that covered her face hung down loosely casually. A pair of clear pitch black eyes shined.

Her skin was white... but it was the type of whiteness from after a long period of sickness.

There were no problems with her legs. The reason she needed to sit on a wheelchair was because she had a strange sickness. Everyday at a regular time, her entire body would feel weak. When it was severe, she wouldn't be able to move even her fingers, like someone in a vegetative state.

Her family had brought her to see many doctors. But after scouring all the famous doctors in the world, they weren't even able to identify the cause of her illness, to say nothing of curing it.

Young master Yigu had gone to the nameless temple before to pray for his sister's good fortune. Then... his whole goal had changed when he had been emotionally affected by the nameless

Immortal sage statue of a divine being.

When he saw his enraged little sister, Yigu felt his head clear up a lot.

“Return this statue of a divine being to their Daoist temple, and apologise!” Although the young girl was weak, her imposing manner was like that of a king of ten thousand beasts.

Yigu turned around, and like a shy little bee, lowered his head silently. After a long while, he finally squeezed out a few words. “Can I not return it? At most... I’ll compensate them ten statues of a divine being!”

“Elder brother, you’re trying to anger me to death, aren’t you!” The young girl used strength to smack the wheelchair armrests, and angrily rebuked him. “Either you return the statue of a divine being, or you turn yourself a statue of a divine being and send yourself over. Choose one!”

Although it was an angry rebuke, her voice continued to have the softness and sweetness of cotton candy. It made people’s heart soften upon hearing it.

...The Song Shuhang at this point was ignored by this brother and sister.

Dou Dou turned its head over, looking at that young girl. Then it continued to wag its tongue, exhaling ‘huhuhu’.

Song Shuhang sized up this weird pair of brother and sister.

He kept feeling that if you looked at this brother and sister pair from another angle, the little sister had a majestic imposing manner, like an elder sister. And the elder brother kept retracting his head, like a little brother who had something wrong.

It was an interesting pair of brother and sister.

“After... after a few days, then I’ll send the statue of a divine being back?” Yigu grit his teeth. At most he’ll spend some money, and get someone to carve an identical statue of a divine being to return!

“Now, immediately, right away return that statue of a divine being!” As the little sister spoke, her entire body weakened, and she lay powerlessly against the wheelchair.

Dou Dou shook its tail and spoke suddenly. “Shuhang, bring along that True Monarch White’s statue of a divine being, let’s go. Woof~”

“Mm, alright.” Song Shuhang said.

“That’s right... Shuhang, before going, do you want to form some good karma?” Dou Dou said suddenly. Its tail swept across the ground back and forth.

“Good karma? What?” Song Shuhang said doubtfully.

Dou Dou had a serious expression. “You’re carrying Body Tempering Liquid on you right? The kind where you made yourself and has weaker medicinal strength.”

“I’m carrying it.”

“In a while before leaving, take out a small drop the size of a fingernail. Then, let that little miss open her mouth, and put it into her mouth.” Dou Dou said.

“Then?”

“Then, you’ll form some good karma with her. Trust me. This is an extremely big good karma!” The Pekingese Dou Dou guaranteed solemnly.

“It won’t kill her right? The body needs to have enough Qi and blood when taking the body Tempering Liquid right? This little miss looks to be quite weak. Can she bear the medicinal energy?” Song Shuhang asked doubtfully.

“That’s why it’s good karma. Trust me!” The Pekingese dog said.

Song Shuhang started at it. He laughed. “Alright. I’ll listen. We’ll just take it as me accumulating moral quality.”



Song Shuhang clapped his hands. He cut off the facing off brother and sister. “Apologies. I don’t have much time. I need to bring my friend away.”

“You’re dreaming. I won’t let you take away the statue of a divine being!” Young Master Yigu rushed forward to hug the statue of a divine being. “Someone come, chase away this crazy person!”

But when he had shouted halfway through, he suddenly limply fell down. Next to him, Dou Dou withdrew its paws with a disdainful expression. It had lightly flicked, and knocked out Young Master Yigu.

“Who are you?” The little sister frowned as she stared at Song Shuhang. Behind her, the man in a black western suit reached into his bosom. That posture seemed to be like he was taking out a gun or something similar.

Then... the western suit man fell down as well.

Dou Dou withdrew its claws disdainfully once again. Ordinary people couldn’t see it, so it could brazenly knockout others.

For a moment, there was only Song Shuhang, the little miss and the Pekingese Dou Dou in the whole small courtyard.

“Don’t be so nervous. It’s only letting your brother have a good nap. There won’t be any problems when he wakes up.” Song Shuhang smiled slightly. It was a pity that this kind smile of his

couldn't be seen by anyone because of the mask.

“I'll bring back the statue of a divine being back first. He doesn't belong to you all. That's right before going, I want to give you a present.” Song Shuhang went to the side of the statue of a divine being, and lightly lifted.

The heavy statue of a divine being was easily lifted onto his shoulder

The little miss widened her eyes. This masked man obviously didn't seem so strong, but could actually lift such a heavy statue easily. Her eyes couldn't help but show an envious light. Don't even talk about this kind of godly strength. Even just living like a normal girl was an unattainable thing for her.

Just as she was thinking deeply, Song Shuhang suddenly turned around. “Open your mouth!”

The little miss subconsciously opened her mouth.

Song Shuhang took the chance to lightly flick, and a drop of Body Tempering Liquid into her mouth. She didn't even need to swallow, and the Body Tempering Liquid directly slid into her throat.

“Forming some good karma with you. It's also completing your elder brother's wish.” Song Shuhang had finished speaking. He confidently jumped up high. “Dou Dou let's go!”

Song Shuhang originally wanted Dou Dou to coordinate with him. When he jumped up high, it would catch him, then ride the clouds and fly on the mist and leave.

But, Dou Dou clearly wasn't the type of teammate that could coordinate and reach a silent understanding. It looked curiously at Song Shuhang jumping high up. It had a perplexed expression, as it simply didn't know what Song Shuhang was doing.

And thus, Song Shuhang fell to the ground awkwardly.

“Go!” He once again grit his teeth. Carrying the statue of a divine being, he jumped over the surrounding walls. He left even turning his head...

The Pekingese Dou Dou winked. When Song Shuhang ran away far off, it secretly patted the young girl with its paw.

Then, it chased after Song Shuhang's far off figure.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behind, that young girl froze. She immediately reached into her mouth with her hand. She wanted to immediately spit out that thing the masked man had fed her.

Who the heck knew what that masked man flicked into her

mouth? And she also kept feeling that that thing she swallowed was carrying a concentrated abnormal smell.

But at this moment, she felt a burning sensation from her throat. Her throat was about to be burned, was it poison?

Then, that feeling only lasted for two seconds. Immediately, that burning sensation turned into a warm current that flowed into her lower abdomen. With her lower abdomen as a transfer point, it gushed to every corner of her body. She couldn't help but moan comfortably.

The warm current lasted for very long.

Finally, she burped twice continuously. With these two burps, she felt her internal organs felt like it had been washed clean, cool and refreshed throughout. With every breath she took, it felt as clear and fresh as the forest in the morning.

But all this wasn't important. What was most important was that when her hands grabbed the wheelchair, she effortlessly stood up.

That strange 'weakening sickness' was completely gone. She could now feel a strength in her entire body she couldn't completely use!

"Good karma." She clenched her small fists.

Karma?

And at this time, Young Master Yigu’s grand residence was in a mess.

The security team members was searching that grand residence for that masked crazy. However, they had no gains. That crazy seemed to have vanished into thin air without any traces.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dou Dou brought Song Shuhang, the statue True Monarch White had transformed into, and flew to a mountainous area in Nanhua Lake City with no one there.

He didn’t directly bring him back to Jiangnan University City as when True Monarch White ended his seclusion, he had to blow up that layer of statue on his body. True Monarch White had said himself that there would be a lot of activity when he blew himself out. Blowing himself out in Jiangnan University City would cause a lot of disturbance.

Song Shuhang put True Monarch White down. He asked, “Dou Dou, have all the traces in the grand residence been cleared?”

Science now was very advanced. With enough money, even if it was just a small section of a fingerprint, it could very well be discovered.

“Relax, all the traces have been cleared away by magical

techniques. However, if the other side wants to find you, they can still find you. You didn't hide when you entered Linyao Village. If the other side pumps in enough money, finding out about you is just a matter of time." Dou Dou laughed mischievously.

"No problem... I believe you can settle it Dou Dou. After all I formed some good karma with that little miss." Song Shuhang laughed.

Dou Dou's dog face twitched.

Song Shuhang put True Monarch White's statue of a divine being down nicely. He took out his handphone and waved to Dou Dou. "Come come come, let's take a photo together."

After spending so much effort to bring True Monarch White out, he would take a photo to send to the group and let the seniors see it. He would also let True Monarch Mt.Huang see his effort. This way when the task was over, True Monarch Mt.Huang may give him more rewards.

Dou Dou coordinated and showed his body. Together with Song Shuhang, they took a photo with the statue of a divine being.

Song Shuhang sent the photo to the Nine Provinces Number One Group group space. Caption: After twists and turns, True Monarch White has been finally received.

It was added to the the group photo of him, Dou Dou and True

Monarch White's statue form.

Just as the photo was sent, the chat seniors all instantly praised it. These seniors had all been staring at the group?

Then a whole stream of comments.

Mansion Master Sevenlives Talisman: "Little friend Shuhang has had it hard. Also... I only see you and Dou Dou, where's True Monarch White?"

Medicine Master: "Where's True Monarch White?"

Transformations Technique King: "Same question, where the True Monarch?"

Roamcloud Monk Tongxuan: "?"

At this time, Transformations Technique King replied quickly. "Wait, could that statue be True Monarch White?"

Mansion Master Sevenlives Talisman: "It really is True Monarch White! How did the True Monarch become a statue?"

Cave Master Snowwolf: "True Monarch White is always changing his methods of giving us pleasant surprises... You've worked hard little friend Shuhang, it's Dou Dou + True Monarch White!"

Mansion Master Sevenlives Talisman: “That’s right, it’s actually Dou Dou + True Monarch White!”

Medicine Master: “Dou Dou + True Monarch White!”

True Monarch Mt.Huang: “Little friend Shuhang, work hard!”

This picture made many lurking chat seniors appear.

Song Shuhang silently closed his handphone, looking at the Pekingese Dou Dou next to him.

Seeing Song Shuhang’s expression, Dou Dou understood. “Are those amusing fools in the group saying something bad about me again?”

“No.” Song Shuhang said calmly. “They’re just putting you and senior True Monarch White together.”

Dou Dou: “...”

Minutes and seconds of time passed by. Finally, True Monarch White’s cultivation time had ended!



# Chapter 155 - How Terrifying Is A Senior Who Can Fall On Flat Ground?

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At this time, True Monarch White's voice came from the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission Flute. "Is little friend Shuhang there? I was too bored waiting just now, so I went to cultivate a while... Now, i don't know where they've brought me. Can you still find me? I'm about to come out from the statue protective shell."

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Hello senior True Monarch White, I'm beside you."

"..." True Monarch White was extremely embarrassed.

"Senior, you just need to come out. That's right, when you blow yourself from out of your statue, do I need to take shelter?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Yes, retreat to about ten metres. I can control the explosion's power." True Monarch White replied confidently.

Ten metres was it? Song Shuhang retreated about twenty steps.

This should be about ten metres right? At this time, he turned around and saw that Dou Dou had actually calmly and collectedly retreated to be about one hundred metres. His tail was swaying left and right.

Song Shuhang thought about that ‘confident’ reply of True Monarch White, then looked at Dou Dou’s calm and collected expression. Without hesitation, he quickly went to the same line of battle as Dou Dou, quickly going to the hundred metres mark.

“You can still be considered to have some brains, woof!” Dou Dou laughed mischievously.

“I just think that you would definitely have a reason for running so far. However, True Monarch White was so confident, and is an expert of this level. Logically speaking, he should be able to perfectly control the power of the explosion right? Why would you retreat a hundred metres?” Song Shuhang said softly.

“Haha, did I say he couldn’t control the power of the explosion?” Dou Dou swayed his tail. “I’m avoiding something else, to avoid getting buried by True Monarch White!”

As they spoke, the statue True Monarch White had already exploded with a boom!

It really was quite powerful, and really was like firing off mountain artillery. The entire ground was shaking.

But True Monarch White’s control was very strong. Although the outer shell fragments of the statue flew out violently, they all landed within ten metres.

After the statue’s outer shell was blown apart, the true body of

True Monarch White was shown.

It was a figure that was as if that of an Immortal who had descended into the mortal world. Pitch black hair cascaded down the back, eyes that shined like the stars. White clothes, with complex formation inscribed on it, fluttered and rose in the aftermath of the explosion. Power incessantly flowed like liquid, making him more like an extraordinary Immortal.

Song Shuhang couldn't help but to sigh. Compared to the 'illusion' he had seen that time at the nameless temple, the True Monarch White possessed even more of the bearing of an Immortal.

Mm, it had to be mentioned. Even after the seclusion of one hundred and fifty years where he didn't wash his hair, his hair still remained black and soft. And those white robes also remained spotless after one hundred and fifty years.

The hair remaining soft could be considered to be that when cultivators reached a certain realm, they would no longer be dirtied by dust and dirt. For clothes... could it be the 'Body Cleaning Spell' of legends really existed? Bah, it should be Clothes Cleaning Spell instead? These kind of things related to body cleanliness magical techniques?

If there was these kind of magical techniques it would be great. Clothes wouldn't need washing ever again. With a magical technique incantation, the clothes would become as clean as if it was new with a 'whoosh'. Wouldn't that be great?

This magical technique was especially important in winter. Song Shuhang still remembered how the year before during the December winter, the numbness when he had been hand washing his winter clothes, and how his hands had been frozen until they no longer had feeling.

That was off topic.

Song Shuhang stared at senior True Monarch White. Since he could control the danger radius of the explosion to within ten metres, why would Dou Dou retreat to one hundred metres?

At this time, True Monarch White gave a thumbs up, and gave a Song Shuhang a Daoist gesture from far off. “Hello fellow Daoist Shuhang!”

Song Shuhang had never seen this gesture before, and could only copy True Monarch White to return the greeting. “Hello, senior True Monarch White.”

“Where do we go next? After seclusion for a hundred and fifty years, I keep feeling like the outside world has changed a lot. Whether it’s the transportation tool that brought my outer statue shell, or the clothes. In a short period of over a hundred years, there were more changes than the previous one thousand years!” True Monarch White smiled calmly as he spoke.

That smile was simply the kind that could topple countries, and made people unable to take their eyes off it!

“We’ll return to Jiangnan University City first. If True Monarch White doesn’t dislike it, you can stay at an apartment Medicine Master bought for a while. During this time, I’ll familiarise you with modern items.” Song Shuhang said.

“Alright, I’ll follow fellow Daoist Shuhang’s arrangements for everything.” True Monarch White smiled again, and his smile was pretty and brilliant in all kinds of ways!

Then, True Monarch White’s gaze landed on the Pekingese Dou Dou. “Little Dou Dou, long time no see.”

“Woof woof, long time no see, senior White.” Dou Dou called out.

True Monarch White asked, “Is True Monarch Mt.Huang still well?”

“Mt.Huang is still very good, he’s currently preparing to charge at the Rank 7 Venerable realm.” Dou Dou replied. Speaking of True Monarch Mt.Huang, it resentfully grimaced.

“That’s great, cultivators that are talented and hardworking like True Monarch Mt.Huang can definitely successfully ascend to the Venerable realm.” True Monarch White replied, then walked towards Song Shuhang.

As he walked, True Monarch White’s eyes misted over, and seemed to be pondering some issue.

“Fudge, True Monarch White’s mind has wandered!” The hair on Dou Dou’s tail stood erect.

“?” Song Shuhang was suspicious.

Just as Dou Dou’s words fell, True Monarch White seemed to trip on something. Then his entire body fell over!

Song Shuhang dared to guarantee that before True Monarch White tripped, there were no obstructions on the ground.

Which was to say, this was the divine technique, ‘falling on flat ground’!

If it was a normal person who tripped and fell on the ground, they would be fine after getting up and dusting off the mud and dirt on them. At most they would break some skin.

But if the one falling on flat ground was an existence on the level of True Monarch White...

BOOM!!

A deafening explosion. It was even greater than the explosion when True Monarch White blew himself out of the statue.

Dust and dirt rose from the position True Monarch White was at.

After a long while, Song Shuhang widened his eyes, and saw a giant pit had been smashed open where True Monarch White had fallen! It was simply as deep and large as if a meteor had fallen there!

Dou Dou secretly swallowed a mouthful of saliva. “One hundred and fifty years of seclusion really isn’t playing around. This pit is actually such a large area. Fortunately I retreated a hundred metres or I’ll have fallen into this pit. Seeing the size of this bottomless pit, perhaps... True Monarch White is no longer True Monarch White, but Venerable White?

Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva. “Tell me truthfully, Dou Dou. Does True Monarch White often accidentally trip on the ground?”

“Mm, don’t worry!” Dou Dou consoled as he replied. “True Monarch White only easily trips when his mind wanders while pondering a question.”

But Dou Dou would absolutely never tell Song Shuhang that True Monarch White could have his mind wander at any moment. He could even do so over a hundred times in one day!

“He easily trips when his mind wanders?” Song Shuhang immediately thought of an image. One day, when he was accompanying True Monarch White and walking on the streets, he would be introducing some modern knowledge at the same time. Because True Monarch would be pondering some question, his

mind would wander...

Then , BOOM!

Based on a visual estimate, True Monarch White was 1.82 metres tall. If other factors weren't considered, then from when True Monarch White fell to when he quickly landed, how much terror would Song Shuhang feel?

At that time, perhaps only 'hole in the earth' could explain it.

He definitely had to remember. He had to always take note of senior True Monarch White's condition. He definitely had to prevent him from falling on flat ground accidentally.

A senior who spaced out wasn't scary.

A powerful senior wasn't scary.

A person who could fall on flat ground wasn't scary.

But when it was a powerful senior who spaced out and fell on flat ground, it was extremely scary.

It's damage was off the charts!

"Eh?" At this time, the True Monarch White in the pit climbed



out. He patted his clothes as if nothing had happened. His clothes remained as pure white as snow. It seemed if these white robed really had the ability of ‘clean’ and ‘dust preventing’.

“I was just thinking of something from the seclusion. My mind ended up wandering haha.” True Monarch White looked at Song Shuhang and Dou Dou and laughed embarrassedly.

Then, True Monarch pointed his thumb to his forehead. He shouted lightly, “Flat Ground Spell!”

With his light shout, the soil at the corners of the pit moved, and the pit levelled quickly. Seeing his practiced skill, Song Shuhang knew True Monarch White hadn’t used this Flat Ground Spell only a few times in the past!

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After burying the soil, True Monarch White said, “Alright, done. Can we go?”

“Alright senior. Dou Dou and I will bring up the front. Senior, just follow us!” Song Shuhang replied.

Dou Dou silently expanded its body to five metres length. Song Shuhang climbed onto its back.

“Eh, wait! Let me ride Dou Dou too.” True Monarch White suddenly said. “My lifeblood flying sword was stolen away when I was in seclusion. I can’t use sword flight. After a few days when I familiarise modern things with fellow Daoist Song Shuhang, I’ll go and get my flying sword back!”

Song Shuhang, “...”

Even the lifeblood flying sword got stolen by someone? Senior, what was going on with this seclusion of yours?

Dou Dou’s dog face was also twitching. Finally it sighed, and expanded its body again by a small amount.

True Monarch White laughed, and lightly jumped onto Dou Dou’s back. “I’ll have to trouble you, Little Dou Dou! When I return and reopen my treasury, I’ll give you something good to eat.”

Dou Dou immediately said, “I want a Thousand Years Vermillion Fruit.”

“No problem, I have to see how many fruits the Vermillion Fruit Tree bore in these one hundred and fifty years.” True Monarch White said readily.

Dou Dou was satisfied, and brought Song Shuhang and True Monarch White to the skies, flying towards Jiangnan University

City.

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On the way, Song Shuhang curiously asked, “Speaking of which senior, why were you in that statue? Where are your seclusion grounds?”

“It’s a long story. My seclusions grounds were destroyed because of an accident.” True Monarch White sighed.

The demon dog Dou Dou asked doubtfully, “Your seclusion grounds should have at least over three hundred defenses right? What accident can destroy that grounds of yours?”

“It was a Heavenly Tribulation.” True Monarch White shrugged his shoulders. “Just as I had been in seclusion for fifty plus years, I suddenly advanced, and Heavenly Tribulation fell! The power of that Heavenly Tribulation was great, and with just a few minutes my over three hundred defenses were destroyed. Then, my seclusion grounds was smashed to pieces.”

As he was in closed door seclusion and secluding, secluding, secluding, he suddenly advanced? This really was a happy and tragic method of advancing.

# Chapter 156 - I Feel Like I've Been Left Behind By The Times Every Time I Come Out Of Seclusion!

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It could only be said, as expected as seclusion maniac True Monarch White! The demon dog Dou Dou sighed in its heart.

While in closed door seclusion he advanced, and the seclusion grounds was smashed to pieces by the Heavenly Tribulation. Although this was seldom seen, but it had happened before in the cultivation world.

But there wasn't anyone like True Monarch White, who underwent the Heavenly Tribulation while in seclusion and successfully advanced, but continued calmly continuing closed door seclusion and not immediately coming out!

Cultivators went through closed door seclusion mostly for the sake of advancement. Since they had advanced, their goal had been achieved, so they would obviously come out of seclusion to notify their still alive fellow Daoists to celebrate.

Only True Monarch White went into seclusion wholly for the sake of seclusion... to enjoy the process of seclusion itself!

"Which to say, True Monarch White, you're now a 'Venerable'?" Dou Dou asked.

"Yes." True Monarch White calmly nodded his head.

The him as of now was ‘Venerable White’, and no longer ‘True Monarch White’!

Song Shuhang asked curiously, “Then Senior White, how did you become a statue afterwards, and even got enshrined in the nameless temple.”

Also, the timeframe didn’t match up.

True Monarch White had gone into seclusion one hundred and fifty years ago. In the process of the seclusion he had met a Heavenly Tribulation, and the restrictions in the seclusion grounds had all been destroyed. That would be a hundred years of time at most right?

But according to the records of ‘Linyao Village’ regarding the ‘nameless temple’, that Immortal sage statue had been enshrined ‘several centuries ago’.

“It’s a long story.” True Monarch White laughed, and said tirelessly, “That Heavenly Tribulation destroyed my seclusion grounds. I relied on secret arts in the end to overcome the Heavenly Tribulation. The remnants of the secret art transformed into the ‘outer statue shell’ you all saw, protecting me within.”

“Then because I had just advanced, I happened to be familiarising myself to my new spiritual energy condition. I didn’t immediately enter closed door seclusion, but a partial cultivation state.”

“Perhaps that Heavenly Tribulation had been too great, and it coincidentally attracted a nearby cultivator. It was a cultivator from the Empty Void Thief Sect. He mistook my seclusion grounds as a good place. He found my seclusion grounds with great difficulty, and got through layers upon layers of mechanisms, digging all the way to my seclusion grounds.”

True Monarch White held his chin, reminiscing about the situation then. “He was very excited after getting to my seclusion grounds. Unfortunately, there weren’t any treasures except for my lifeblood flying sword, ‘Meteor Sword’.

“That cultivator’s cultivation level wasn’t high, and perhaps his vision wasn’t that good. He actually thought my lifeblood flying sword was an ownerless item. He delightedly took away my flying sword... I felt he was quite interesting, so I let him take away my flying sword.”

“So my lifeblood flying sword should be still with him now? After a while I’ll retrieve it. Not having a flying sword is inconvenient. After letting him play with it for a century, he should be satisfied right?”

“...” Dou Dou had a regretful expression. Senior White’s flying sword really had been stolen by someone?

“Immortalstay Sword, what a good name.” Song Shuhang’s attention was on the flying sword. After experiencing the effects of sword flight a few times, his yearning towards ‘flying swords’ had

already reached an extreme level.

The Pekingese Dou Dou asked again. “Then, senior White you were dug up by the villagers digging wells?”

“No, it was still that Empty Void Thief Sect’s cultivator. He was very weird. The first day he took away my flying sword. The second day he came to my seclusion grounds again, and moved the statue I transformed into out. At that time I thought he had discovered my true body. But it seems he just wanted to take out my statue. He stood guard in a daze day and night. He did so for a few days.” True Monarch White said pondering.

Song Shuhang and Dou Dou looked at each other. Without saying, it was definitely caused by that the effect of that special charm senior White gave off right?

Speaking of special charm, Song Shuhang turned his head to look at the deep in thought True Monarch White.

He suddenly felt that the True Monarch White now, was becoming more and more graceful! He was like a black hole, and could draw in people’s gazes, making people unable to take away their eyes.

Even the heart rate would involuntarily start to speed up.

Song Shuhang who had experienced it before quickly turned his head away forcefully. Then, he saw Dou Dou firmly staring at True

Monarch White, an expression of being unable to bear taking away its eyes.

Song Shuhang hurriedly patted Dou Dou's head. Dou Dou was currently flying in the air. If he didn't look clearly in front, what would they do if they crashed into an airplane?

Dou Dou embarrassedly wagged its tongue, pretending to be panting.

True Monarch White continued, "Then... after about three or four days, that Empty Void Thief Sect's cultivator suddenly had a terrified expression, and dug a deep hole and buried me into the ground. What a strange fellow!"

"Then, I felt that being buried in the ground didn't really matter. So I continued to be in closed door meditation. The things after that, I'm not really clear on them. When the villagers dug me up and enshrined me in the Daoist temple I didn't feel it. You all know what happened next. I only knew I got enshrined as a statue of a divine being when my seclusion ended." True Monarch White laughed.

When he had awoken from seclusion and found out he had been enshrined in a Daoist temple as a statue of a divine being, he had felt quite embarrassed.

Song Shuhang hiddenly sighed. As expected, legends weren't reliable. Thinking about it, it was probably because the villagers had passed it down orally, as it got passed down, the time of the



‘digging out of a divine statue was exaggerated.

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On the other side.

Nanhua Lake City’s television was playing a piece of news. Outside the ‘nameless temple’ of Linyao Village, over a hundred people had collectively brawled, and the scene was very tragic.

The police had already quickly got to the scene, and on the spot arrested about seventy of the brawling crowd...

Also, the statue of a divine being in the ‘nameless temple’ had been stolen by someone in the chaos.

According to the descriptions of the worshippers present, before the collective brawling of the three waves of over a hundred people, there had been a wave of people who had charged to the ‘nameless temple’ and took away the statue of a divine being.

The police expressed that this collective brawling incident was abominable. They would definitely heavily punish the people who had punished in this brawl, and would definitely find the statue of a divine being of the nameless temple!

\* \* \* \* \*

Dou Dou's flying speed didn't need to be said, and they quickly landed at 'Medicine Master's apartment'.

True Monarch White stood on the rooftop, overlooking the distance.

Looking over, tall buildings rose steeply from level ground. The whole Jiangnan University City area seemed like a forest forged from iron and steel.

"Just remembering it a hundred and fifty years ago, this was still a giant forest. There was also a beautiful lake at the side." True Monarch White compared the scene before him to the memories in his mind. He faintly sighed.

He always had a feeling like he'd been left behind by the times everytime he came out of closed door seclusion!

The True Monarch White in a sighing state was also a handsome mess!

True Monarch White quickly adjusted his mental state. "Fellow Daoist, where should we start familiarising from about the modern world?"

Song Shuhang laughed, pleased with himself. "I've long since made the preparations. Would senior White please follow me."

Then, Song Shuhang took True Monarch White to the third floor, the room he would be temporarily staying in.

True Monarch White curiously sized up everything in the room. Colour television sets, air conditioners, fridges and microwaves all hadn't existed a hundred and fifty years ago.

These were all things the previous owner left behind. Senior Medicine Master had spent in such a wealthy manner. The owner naturally wouldn't quibble over a few small items.

Song Shuhang switched on the computer, then logged into the Nine Provinces Number One Group, and opened the chat space.

Then he dragged out a few files, and downloaded it.

1. Modern electrical appliances and their diagrams; Air-conditioning, Television, Computers, Cell phones, Rice cooker..... *etc.*
2. Things that cultivators' need to take note of: Science and technology are advancing very quickly, ten ways on how to quickly assimilate into society.
3. Road safety rules, please keep in mind to never knock into a car. Attachment: Various pictures of car shapes.

To show some consideration for True Monarch White, Song Shuhang had used a software to change the words in the file to the traditional characters.

“Senior, look at these files first. This consists of the diagrams and uses of electric appliances used in normal homes. When you slightly understand these things, I’ll help you register for a chat software account, and let True Monarch Mt.Huang add you into the ‘Nine Provinces Number One Group’. That’s right, I need to do things like ID for you, then get you a handphone and computer.” Song Shuhang said.

“Let me take a look!” True Monarch White excitedly sat in front of the computer, and copied how Song Shuhang dragged the mouse, and moved the gear. He had the posture.

“Eh. These things are interesting. This is a computer before me right? How convenient, there are so many uses. And also fridges. In the past I would have to use a giant ice storage or a freezing formation if I wanted to keep something cool. And this handphone, it has the same usage as the Thousand Miles Sound Transmission.” True Monarch White’s eyes began to shine.

He himself had an interest towards ‘magical treasures mechanisms’. There were so many modern things before him, making him feel very happy.

“Take a look first senior. I’ll contact the Nine Provinces Number One Group.” Song Shuhang said.

He used his phone to log into the Nine Provinces Number One Group. He found in the chat space that ‘fellow daoist whom have secluded for fifty years and above that need to make a legal ID, for more info please contact (\*\*\*\*\*) -Cave Master Snowwolf!’.

Cave Master Snowwolf seemed to be a senior who had lurked for a long time.

When he had sent a picture of him receiving True Monarch White from seclusion, this Cave Master Snowwolf had appeared.

Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: “@Cave Master Snowwolf, is senior there?”

Cave Master Snowwolf quickly appeared. “Haha, do you need True Monarch White’s legal identity documents and personal information? Relax, True Monarch Mt.Huang already entrusted me to make these long ago. It’ll be sent to you all tomorrow.”

“True Monarch Mt.Huang considered it so thoroughly.” Song Shuhang sighed.

“Little friend Shuhang, senior White has already come out from the statue right? What feelings are there?” Cave Master Snowwolf immediately asked.

“What feelings?” Song Shuhang thoughts about it, saying, “Not really any feelings. I just feel that compared to the statue, senior White’s true self is slightly more handsome.”

As for True Monarch White's ability to fall onto flat ground, Song Shuhang felt it would better to show some consideration for his senior's face. If it could be covered up then cover it up. After all, he wasn't capable of saying bad things about people behind their backs.

"Hoho, work hard, little friend Shuhang." Cave Master Snowwolf seemed to be very pleased with Song Shuhang's answer.

Song Shuhang was confused.

Then, he carefully looked at True Monarch White. Speaking of which, why did True Monarch White make the seniors in the group so unsettled?

He had thought before that it may be because of that special charm of True Monarch White making trouble. That would indeed make the male seniors in the group feel awkward. But, didn't the group have female cultivators?

Song Shuhang couldn't understand it after giving it many thoughts.

# Chapter 157 – Actually, The Whole Group Are My Alt Accounts!

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In the Nine Provinces Number One Group, after Cave Master Snowwolf had finished speaking, no one in the group actually continued speaking. Originally based on the personalities of the seniors in the chat, when someone raised a topic, there would always be some lurking senior who would appear. The cause really seemed to be the loss of the ever online warrior senior Northriver and the senior Madsabre Threewaves who courted death in various ways?

After losing the main posters, the group had become much more cold and cheerless.

This atmosphere made Song Shuhang feel like he couldn't adapt to it. He saw the members online who were displayed on the right, and there was actually only the chat admin True Monarch Mt.Huang online. All the others were shown as offline. A majority of them had set their status as invisible.

The bored Song Shuhang casually sent a sentence. "Senior Mt.Huang, what are you busy with recently?"

He remembered True Monarch Mt.Huang had said that a matter was dragging on, and he needed two months before he could fetch Dou Dou. So the Song Shuhang who couldn't find a topic asked casually.

"Hoho, I'm waiting for an interesting fellow to break out of a

seal.” True Monarch Mt.Huang laughed.

As he spoke, he sent a screenshot.

This was a screenshot of a ‘chat software close friend’s daily journal’. The account used in the screenshot wasn’t True Monarch Mt.Huang’s but an account named ‘Little Tangerine Face’.

The ID of the one releasing the diary was ‘Daoist Priest Cloudmist’.

Caption: Wahaha, Mt.Huang you stupid c\*\*\*, you’ve suppressed me for a whole two hundred years!

Content: But, I’ve finally analysed the principles behind your seal technique. I’ve already begun to calculate the technique to break the seal! I’ll soon be able to break your crappy seal, and once again be free in the human world! At that time, see how I make my revenge on you! Wahaha, this time I definitely won’t show mercy!

Below this diary, the people who liked it was extensive.

Post 1: Daoist Priest’s about to break out of the seal. Two hundreds years is really amazing. I’m looking forward to when Daoist Priest breaks out of the seal, and regales us with more tales of your powerful and bold achievements in those years.

Post 2: Daoist Priest’s chuunibyou acted up again?



Post 3: The stories Daoist Priest tells are the most wonderful. I even have the thought of adapting it all into a web novel.

Post 4: Daoist Priest, you can't stop your medicine!

Post 5: You can't just eat medicine anyhow. But if the one eating the medicine is Daoist Priest, it'll definitely be fine. He'll be even more adorable after eating medicine.

Post 6: Daoist Priest, a seal is such a secretive matter. Is announcing it openly really fine?

Post 7: Furthermore, there should be applause...

The people leaving a comment after that were over a hundred.

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Song Shuhang looked at the content. This fellow called 'Daoist Priest Cloudmist' had been sealed by True Monarch Mt.Huang for close to two hundred years. He was finally about to break out of the seal, so he went online to proudly post a diary? But unfortunately he was discovered by True Monarch Mt.Huang's alternate account?

“But, after being sealed for two hundred years, he can still go online while sealed?” Song Shuhang asked.

Perhaps True Monarch Mt.Huang advocated special treatment for prisoners, and gave his personally sealed prisoners an Internet connection?

“Haha, I’ll explain it for you.” True Monarch Mt.Huang laughed saying.

“This Daoist Priest Cloudmist is an elder of the previous generation of the Empty Void Thief Sect, and is quite amusing. Two hundred years ago he was already of the Rank 4 Xiantian realm. Suppressed until now, his rank should have increased by not a small amount.

Two hundred years ago he entered one of my cave residences, and stole all the treasures inside. If he had just stolen it then that would be fine. The Empty Void Thief Sect was originally of this line. At most the next time I caught him, I would beat him half to death.

But unexpectedly, after stealing my things he went about complacently publicising that the standards of my ‘sealing arts’ and ‘formations’ were extremely crappy, and breaking into my cave residence was like playing around. He also said that with my standards, even if I used all my sealing arts, he would still be able to break out within minutes.

Then... I did as he wished. I spent a lot of effort to capture him,

then used a giant meteor rock as a seal and used the ‘Five Finger Mountain Sealing Art’<sup>1</sup> to seal and suppress him. This suppression has lasted for two hundred years, and he hasn’t come out even now.”

Song Shuhang: “...”

So it turns out that if you bragged how awesome you were without writing out a draft first, the consequences would be very dire.

True Monarch Mt.Huang continued. “A month before, I counted the time and felt it was about right to release him. So I secretly went to the seal to look at him. I actually discovered he was analysing my ‘Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Art’, which was interesting. I really wanted to know how long he’ll need, before he analysed the seal I set up. So, I didn’t interfere, and thought of just quietly being an audience.”

“Regretfully, I couldn’t confirm how long he’ll take to open the seal, and I couldn’t be watching him all the time. Firstly, I didn’t have so much free time. Secondly, if I kept staring at him, he would definitely sense it. So, I spent some money hiring a normal person to pretend to be a lost person who wandered into the sealing area.”

“The locked up for two hundred years Daoist Priest was also very stifled, and he was very excited after seeing someone. He used magical techniques to confuse this normal person, making him go to this sealing area everyday. He understood the changes in the outside world through this normal person.”

“I saw that he was so interested in the outside world, so on the second day, I let the normal human bring ‘Daoist Priest Cloudmist’ a tablet computer with an installed phone card to go online. Of course, I’ve played some tricks on the tablet computer. It has no ability to download software, and no webpage functions. It only some small offline games to relieve boredom. The only thing that can actually go online is a ‘Chat Software Type A’ that I researched and developed. I originally planned to move our Nine Provinces Number One Group over when I perfected it. I didn’t expect to be able to put it to use here.”

“That ‘Chat Software Type A’ is more or less like the one we’re using now. The server is with me. So, Daoist Priest Cloudmist is the sole user of my software.”

“Then, I created over three hundred alt accounts, one after another adding Daoist Priest Cloudmist as my good friend. I created a new chat group and added Daoist Priest Cloudmist. Everyday, I let my ‘sockpuppets’ accompany Daoist Priest Cloudmist to chat. And that normal person was in charge of going into the sealing area everyday, and give Cloudmist some immaterial news of no consequence everyday. He would also bring a charger, and help charge the tablet computer.”

Reading to this point, Song Shuhang couldn’t help but laugh.

“Then within a month, Daoist Priest Cloudmist learnt to chat. Because that tablet computer only had the ‘Chat Software Type A’ I let someone develop, when he was fed up playing with those small offline games, he started to boast about his awesomeness

everyday in the chat, chatting about his glorious past.”

“I let the sockpuppets work together with Daoist Priest Cloudmist. Some accounts taunted him that he was a \*\*, some accounts praised him, and some accounts said he spoke well, so that he wouldn’t be bored. At the same time, they let Daoist Priest Cloudmist think the ‘good friends’ he was chatting with were all normal people.”

“Then... today, Daoist Priest Cloudmist posted this diary today in the Chat Software Type A. I just finished praising using one hundred alt accounts, and posted a hundred messages.”

At the same time, he involuntarily thought of an old joke. Young man, did you think this group was really so lively? Actually, the whole group is my alt accounts. This whole group is just you and me. If you don’t believe it, want me to switch an account to say something to you?

Daoist Priest Cloudmist was a real portrayal of this joke.

Three hundred plus good friends, and all were True Monarch Mt.Huang’s alt accounts. The True Monarch was playing very enjoyably!

At this time, Cave Master Snowwolf spoke out. “Senior Mt.Huang. What if that Daoist Priest Cloudmist isn’t actually that stupid. Perhaps he has long since guessed the truth of this matter, and for this one month he’s been playing with you?”

After all for someone who had trained to the Rank 5 Spirit Emperor realm, unless they were really dim witted, how many were really such amusing fools?

Perhaps this Daoist Cloudmist was flooding the ‘Chat Software Type A’, and then internally mocking True Monarch Mt.Huang?

“It doesn’t matter. Aren’t I also playing with him for fun? I’ve had an enjoyable time playing for the whole process anyways.” True Monarch Mt.Huang laughed. “Besides, I was originally planning to release him anyhow. Isn’t it very amusing for him to play with me for so long before he escaped?”

Cave Master Snowwolf sent a [Prostrating in admiration emoticon]. “Senior Mt.Huang’s realm is too high, I’m humbly convinced!”

Song Shuhang also sent the [Prostrating in admiration emoticon]. However, according to Dou Dou, True Monarch Mt.Huang was preparing to charge towards the Rank 7 Venerable realm. Was there really no problem with boredly playing with ‘Daoist Priest Cloudmist’?

At this time, in the Nine Provinces Number One Group, Great Pressure of Mt.Books suddenly said something. “Hoho, little Snowwolf you’re still alive?”

Isn’t this ID me? But I didn’t say anything?

Song Shuhang immediately turned around, looking at the computer.

Then, he saw True Monarch White smile at him. Song Shuhang didn't go offline after downloading things on the computer, and the 'Great Pressure of Mt.Books' there was still online. That was sent by True Monarch White just now.

That's can't be it, Song Shuhang's mouth opening. How long had it been since True Monarch White had come into contact with a computer? He could use a computer already, and could even type?

Senior White, with this amazing speed of learning efficiency, wouldn't this make the primitives of a certain island in the Pacific Ocean who were being strung up and beaten by Mansion Master Sevenlives Talisman unable to endure it?

Great Pressure of Mt.Books: "When I'm free I'll go and look for you. Your wife should be about to give birth to some little wolf cubs right?"

"Senior is welcome to visit anytime. There's already a whole litter of little wolf cubs." Cave Master Snowwolf replied. Whether these words were sincere or a pretence, only he himself knew.

True Monarch White, dragged the list of chat names of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, and asked, "Why don't I see Sword Monarch Sixears?"

True Monarch Mt.Huang sent a [Bitter laugh] emoticon. “Thirty years before, Sword Monarch Sixears was plagued by his demonheart while attempting to reach the Rank 7 Venerable realm. He turned into ashes amidst Tribulation Fire.”

“Even Sword Monarch Sixears couldn’t pass that tribulation.” True Monarch White sighed lightly. He held his chin, and his eyes misted over, unwittingly letting his mind wander, and entered contemplation.

The Song Shuhang who had been maintaining his vigilance immediately gathered all his attention!

This was to ensure he could ‘support by the arm’ anytime. If True Monarch White were to put to use his ‘tripping on flat ground’ now, the entire apartment would collapse!

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In the gloomy Jiangnan jail.

The Moonsabre Sect disciple Zhao Bulü with both legs broken had been sent to this jail.

He had a gloomy expression, and looked at his ‘jail friend’. It was a bald Western monk. His bald head also had six neat jieba dots.



# Chapter 158 – Frost Air Immortal Chest?

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The Western monk was sitting cross legged on the jail's bed, condensing Qi to do seated cultivation.

In ordinary people's eyes, this Western monk was but a slightly taller foreigner.

But Zhao Bulü was whatever the case a cultivator who had opened his Second Acupoint, the Eye Acupoint. To his eyes, this Western monk's Qi and blood had already thickened to a viscous density. When the other side sat, every breath caused the Qi and blood in his body to seeth. He had clearly reached the peak of Rank 1. With an opportunity he could leap over dragon gate, transform the Qi and blood in his body to True Qi, and enter the Rank 2 cultivation realm!

But this wasn't the most important part. This Western monk's whole body was surrounded by a thick golden light of virtue.

In Zhao Bulü's eyes, the Western monk was as dazzling as a small sun.

His body carrying such a thick golden light of virtue proved that this Western monk was a virtuous senior monk! But why would this kind of senior monk be locked in jail?

The Western monk felt someone enter the jail, and he slowly opened his eyes to look at Zhao Bulü.

“Another new person? What crime was committed this time?” The Western monk called out and asked.

Then, Zhao Bulü saw the jailer speak with a fawning expression, “Great Master, this is a thief. To snatch a delivery he actually destroyed someone else’s delivery vehicle, and heavily injured the deliveryman. He’s truly guilty of a heinous crime!”

Seeing the fawning expression on the jailer, Zhao Bulü felt something was off in his heart.

“Excellent excellent. Leave this criminal to this humble monk to convert.” The Western monk put his palm together in a Buddhist greeting, chanting Amitabha. As he spoke, the golden light of virtue on his body seemed to move about as if it were alive. It was as if a Buddha was on Earth, making people unable to look straight at it.

“Then I’ll leave it to Great Master.” The jailer respectfully closed the gate to the jail.

The Western monk had been taken in that time as a culprit for a murder on the train, and locked in jail. The jailers at first hadn’t payed attention to this criminal, as they had seen many murderers before. After that, the higher ups had secretly asked them to treat this Western monk well, and provide him with good food and drink.

But they didn’t say to release this Western monk, and only said to

let this Great Master do as he wished.

Just do as he wished? To actually just do as he wished in a prison?!

Then... this Great Master had actually stayed in jail. He would explain Buddhist texts to prisoners, convert criminals and regularly and take the initiative to go to some gloomy areas in the jail to convert vengeful ghosts.

In this month, the jailers really had felt the gloomy feeling in the jail decreasing by a lot. Also, this Western monk had more and more had the qualities of an eminent monk. Every movement of his carried an indescribably lingering charm.

Although they didn't know what this Great Master Western monk was thinking, the jailers all felt that perhaps he was about to make some breakthrough in Buddhism right?

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When the jailers had left far away, the Western monk put his palms together in a Buddhist greeting. "Hello fellow Daoist."

Zhao Bulü could feel the Qi and Blood energy on his body. The Western monk could naturally also tell the differences in Zhao Bulü.

“Hello Great Master.” Zhao Bulü had a gloomy expression. He felt his life recently had simply been a tragedy.

“Fellow Daoist don’t be panicked. This humble monk and you have been brought together by destiny.” The Western monk smiled slightly. “As long as I convert you, this humble monk will gather enough energy of virtue. I can try assaulting the ‘Dragon Gate’, like a carp becoming a dragon! You will be the last criminal this humble monk converts in this jail!”

He hadn’t left the jail in this month, so that he could convert vengeful ghosts, departed ghosts, as well some sinful criminals. In this month, he had already accumulated a lot of energy of virtue.

With the support of enough energy of virtue, and the Qi and Blood that had accumulated until it was seething, him advancing to the Rank 2 realm was something that would follow naturally when the conditions were right.

Zhao Bulü laughed bitterly. “Great Master, I have my own sect.”

“No problem. This humble monk doesn’t have the intention of making you to betray your sect.” The Western monk smiled naturally as he comforted him.

When Zhao Bulü heard this, he immediately relaxed.

“This humble monk just wants you to become a monk. Don’t

worry, becoming a monk has nothing to do with your sect.” The Western monk put his hands together. “Come come come, there is no need to choose another day. When this humble monk explains this Buddhism introduction scripture to you, how about helping you to shave? That’s right, do you want a jieba? After all you and this humble monk are brought together by fate. So, buy one get one free. How about geeting six jieba? This humble monk begged his teacher for very long in the past, and he couldn’t bear to give it. When this humble monk successfully reached Foundation Establishment, he then pettily gave this humble monk four jieba. The other two jieba at the back were added on by this humble monk myself. Is it cool?”

When Zhao Bulü thought of himself bald, and with jieba, he even had the notion of dying.

He wanted to run, but when he saw his broken legs, his eyes immediately became hollow and lifeless.

Grief cannot surpass the death of the heart...

\* \* \* \* \*

July 1, Monday.

Song Shuhang rose early in the morning, cultivating the [Vajra Foundational Fist Technique] as usual. He transformed the physical energy accumulated over a night into Qi and blood energy, and started to accumulate it in the Second Acupoint, the Eye Acupoint.

Then he washed his face and rinsed his mouth, and changed clothes.

Today he was prepared to bring senior White to buy a phone, computer, and various articles for daily use, as well as familiarising him with the surrounding area incidentally.

“I’ll apply for one more day of leave.” Song Shuhang said hiddenly. He had already grasped all the foundations for all the lesson knowledge anyways, and he didn’t lack that academic credit for full attendance.

At this time, the doorbell rang from downstairs.

“Who?” Song Shuhang lifted his head out to take a look. Then he saw a snow white wolfman standing up, a paw pressing on the doorbell.

He immediately thought of that ‘Cave Master Snowwolf’ from the Nine Provinces Number One Group yesterday.

Was it the legal identity documents for senior White?

Song Shuhang went downstairs, and received that giant snow white wolf.

“Hello, are you Song Shuhang?” The snow white wolf let out a

clear voice of a child.

“Hello, I am.” Song Shuhang opened the entrance.

“Under Master’s orders, I’m to give you something. My Master is Cave Master Snowwolf.” The giant snow white wolf indicated at a packet hung at its neck. It removed it, handing it over to Song Shuhang.

“Thank you. Senior Snowwolf mentioned it to me yesterday.” Song Shuhang extended his hand to receive the package. Inside was senior True Monarch White’s ID, residence registration booklet, passport, driving license and such other things.

Wait, driving license?

Song Shuhang took out that credentials. It really was a driving license.

True Monarch White had never even touched a car before. Was there really no problem when even the driving license was settled for him?

“Then I’ll leave first. If you’re free, my Master said that Mister Shuhang should remember to come to Snowwolf Cave as a guest.” After finished speaking, the giant snow white wolf lightly leapt. He transformed into a spotlessly white cloud, and ran away as if he was fleeing.

He kept feeling as if this giant snow white wolf was avoiding something?

It was avoiding True Monarch White?

It shouldn't be so. Demon beasts wouldn't avoid True Monarch White. This could be seen from Dou Dou.

Could it be that it was avoiding the Pekingese Dou Dou?

Song Shuhang thought nonsense, and went up to a higher floor to look for True Monarch White. Oh. He was now Venerable White! He had to change the title!

But, Song Shuhang kept involuntarily calling senior White as 'True Monarch White', and had already taken him as a senior with the surname White and the name True Monarch.

After returning to upstairs, Song Shuhang saw that senior White was currently... taking apart the fridge. Next to him was information on the construction of fridges on the computer screen.

"Ohoh, so it turns out fridges were constructed like this. How interesting. These spare parts come together, and actually artificially creating cold air, achieving the effect of formations. Humanity's creativity is really great." Senior White murmured, a face of satisfaction.

Very quickly, the fridge was taken apart by him into various



small parts...

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Senior White, what about the things in the fridge?"

"Oh, I put those things on the table. Don't worry, I'll put everything back in the fridge after I put the fridge back together again!" Senior White said with a face of confidence.

Song Shuhang looked at the table. On top was a box of crunchy popsicles he had bought not long ago. Song Shuhang's face turned awkward.

Fine fine. Wasn't it just a box of popsicles? At most, at that time let it change into cold water and drink it?

Then... half an hour later.

"And it's put back together!" Senior White laughed, and pulled the power cable, wanting to plug it into the socket.

At this time, Song Shuhang's eyes were sharp, and actually noticed a few spare parts next to the fridge!

Song Shuhang couldn't tell its use, but so what if it was an unassuming spare part. Without them the fridge should be unable to work right?

Song Shuhang immediately called out. “Wait senior White, you still have several spare parts you haven’t installed!”

“No matter. These spare parts are unimportant. Also... I also can’t find the original place where they were installed. But don’t worry, the fridge is definitely fine. Believe me!” Senior White used force to plug the plug into the socket.

The next moment. Bang bang~~ Zzzz zzzz~~

A stink from something scorched by an electric current came, and black smoke came out of the fridge.

Song Shuhang, “...”

Senior White hastily pulled out the plug, and looked with incomprehension at the fridge. “Weird. Why did it burn? There shouldn’t be any problems theoretically! Shuhang, why is this?”

“Haha.” Song Shuhang dryly laughed.

It looked like he had to go out today to buy a fridge. A summer without a fridge wasn’t doable. A summer without popsicles or cold drinks wasn’t a complete summer!

“Although it’s an exquisite thing, it’s very weak. Looks like I need to research it more. It’s really great when I think of how much things I have to research.” Senior White murmured. He waved, and a light wind swirled up out of nowhere, and the

burning smell coming out from the fridge was dissipated.

Song Shuhang didn't hear senior White's murmuring, and even thought he was disappointed. Thus, he consoled, "It's nothing. Senior, we can just go buy another one."

"No need. I broke it, I'll fix it. It's just a fridge!" Senior White said confidently.

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This time only three minutes were needed. Senior White complacently said, "Done!"

Song Shuhang opened the fridge, and immediately, cool and refreshing cold air blew directly into his face!

It really could be used!

Song Shuhang looked at the interior of the fridge again, only to see on the inside of the fridge, the left and right sides had each had a formation engraved by senior White.

One was called a Spirit Gathering Formation, which could slowly absorb the spiritual energy that was freely in between Heaven and Earth, and store it in the formation.

The other was called a Frostcold Formation, which could convert the spiritual energy absorbed by the Spirit Gathering Formation into cold air, achieving the effect of a cold storage.

“How is it?” Senior White asked complacently.

Song Shuhang rubbed his face, and showed a relaxed smile. “Senior White, it’s great!”

From today onwards, this fridge was no longer a simple fridge.

It was already considered a magical treasure that produced cold!

Please call it... Icy Treasure? Or perhaps Icy Air Godly Cabinet? Cold Air Immortal Chest?

Mm, the name Cold Air Immortal Chest wasn’t bad.

# Chapter 159: There Is No Reason To Refuse

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The name wasn't that important in the end. The good news was that he wouldn't have to buy a new fridge anymore. Song Shuhang rubbed his face to stop his 'bright smile' from turning into a 'don't know whether to laugh or cry' expression.

At this time, Senior White's attention had shifted to the air conditioner. He was standing below it and had the expression of someone that was ready to make trouble.

Song Shuhang immediately tried to divert his attention, "Senior White, how about changing your clothes? Later, we'll go out to buy a mobile phone and a computer. With that, you'll be able to communicate with the members of the Nine Provinces Number One Group at any time."

"Clothes? Oh, you're right. The clothes I'm wearing right now are too eye-catching," Senior White nodded. Afterwards, he typed something on the computer and started to search for men clothes. After just one night, Senior White looked like a computer expert. He had learned everything on his own.

After a short while, True Monarch White pointed to the casual men clothes on the computer screen and asked, "What do you think of these clothes?"

"Not bad," Song Shuhang nodded.

"Then, I'll wear that set," True Monarch White stretched out his

hand and gently patted his white robe. Immediately, the formations on the robe started to shine and create ripples.

After a second, True Monarch White was already wearing the same clothes as that man on the computer screen.

Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide. This was the legendary clothes changing technique! Moreover, it wasn't like those cringey techniques that would make your clothes disappear and leave you naked for a moment! Every woman in the world would die to have this technique!

You don't know how to put in order your room full of clothes?

You don't know which set of clothes to buy?

You don't know which clothes to bring out with you?

We present you the clothes changing technique. It will solve all your problems regarding clothes. This is the technique you deserve!

"So, should we go?" True Monarch White held up his long hair and covered it with a cap.

Song Shuhang returned to his senses and replied, "There is an electronic shopping center three bus stops from here. We'll be able to buy everything we need there."

At the same time, he turned his head and said to the pekingese, "Doudou, do you also want to go out for a stroll?"

"I want to play games. If you want to bring me out for a dog walk, wait for when I have the time and the mood," Doudou said without even turning his head. Now that True Monarch White was going out it was finally his turn to use the computer. His wife was still waiting for him to go online!

I never said I wanted to take you out for a dog walk! Song Shuhang heaved a sigh, "Senior White, let's go then."

If he was the only one accompanying Senior White, he would have to be extra careful. No matter what, he couldn't allow Senior White to get distracted and fall on the ground!

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The Limitless Demon Sect was a well-known evil sect in the world of cultivators.

The disposition of its disciples was very extreme and unpredictable.

However, the location of the Limitless Demon Sect was unknown. Except for the members of the sect, no one knew of its exact whereabouts.

At this time, on the 69th peak of the demon sect, the Mahoraga Peak.

Young Master Hai was quietly standing on the edge of the mountain. A sea of clouds was stretching under his feet, and behind his back was the immortal cave he was using to cultivate within the Limitless Demon Sect.

The form of a scholar slowly approached Young Master Hai and said, "Look at you. It seems you have too much free time on your hands."

"Now that the life-bound evil saber is ready, condensing the Golden Core and advancing to the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor is just a matter of time. Therefore, I want to enjoy the little free time I have," Young Master Hai turned his head and smiled to Zheng Neng. "From what I see, you're also someone with too much free time. We are both outstanding talents in our generation. And our objective is not as simple as condensing a life-bound Golden Core."

Every Golden Core had a certain number of dragon patterns. In total, there were nine ranks.

Given Young Master Hai and Zheng Neng's dispositions, they would certainly not settle on a Golden Core with one or two dragon patterns. Their objective was obviously a Golden Core with seven patterns. And even in the worst case, it would have to have at least five patterns.

For that, Young Master Hai had used the 'Blood God's Evil Saber



Formation' of the already extinct Blood Saber Sect, obtaining the Blood God Crystal.

For that, Zheng Neng had stolen the 'Seven Colors Wonder Fruit' of the Immortal Farming Sect and obtained its secret refining method.

For that, Demon Monarch Anzhi had done everything in his power to make the disciples of the Moon Saber Sect go crazy, obtaining the 'Qi of the Three Demons'.

The three of them were planning to use the Blood God Crystal, the Seven Colors Wonder Fruit, and the Qi of the Three Demons to increase the number of patterns on their Golden Cores!

"In these days, I thoroughly studied the secret refining method of the 'Seven Colors Wonder Fruit'. I'll be able to completely refine it in about a month," Zheng Neng arrived at Young Master Hai's position and he also started to gaze at the distant sea of clouds.

"I'm also done processing the Blood God Crystal. In around a month, that too will be ready for your use," Young Master Hai said with a smile.

At this time, a dense mist started to condense. Demon Monarch Anzhi's strange form appeared out of nowhere and said, "The initial process of purification of my 'Qi of the Three Demons' has also been completed. It will be ready for your use in about half a month."

"Then, let us make this effort together. Only those with power have the right to talk," a crazed glow flashed through Young Master Hai's eyes. "And only if you have the right to talk will you be able to participate in the sect's big plan, obtaining great benefits!"

When he mentioned this big plan, both Zheng Neng and Demon Monarch Anzhi turned quiet.

After a while, Zheng Neng made a light sound and agreed with him. Afterwards, he slowly closed his eyes; no one knew what he was thinking.

Demon Monarch Anzhi also had a serious expression.

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Zheng Neng suddenly said, "It seems that that fellow is coming here again."

"Is it Branch Leader Jing Mo? He comes here every few days. Isn't he bored yet?" Demon Monarch Anzhi laughed strangely. "This demon monarch has no free time to waste. I'm going."

After finishing his sentence, he turned into black mist and quickly ran away.

Zheng Neng didn't say anything. He took a step forward, and a wooden sword flew out of his sleeve. Afterwards, it changed into a

layer of light that fell under his feet. With its help, he also disappeared under the sea of clouds.

Young Master Hai was just about to say something when he saw those two ditching him.

The Limitless Demon Sect had a lot of branches scattered around the world, and Jing Mo was in charge of one of them. In addition, he was a disciple of the 69th peak, the Mahoraga Peak.

Other than being someone that thought too highly of himself, he was also very short-tempered. He was literally a loose cannon.

You didn't agree with him? He would immediately take out his sword and start fighting you.

Were you merrily drinking and eating with him? A second later he might start hitting you because you inadvertently said something that made him displeased.

If your strength was similar to his, you could wage a fierce battle of 300 or so rounds. But if you were weaker than him, you could only get a good beating.

Almost everyone on the Mahoraga Peak had quarreled and fought with him. In the end, even the 'Peak Lord' of the Mahoraga Peak couldn't stand him anymore. Therefore, he decided to appoint him as a branch leader and sent him away.

And since he was favored by the Peak Lord, Young Master Hai became Branch Leader Jing Mo's main target.

"This unreasonable fellow is quite troublesome," Young Master Hai's face twitched. After heaving a sigh, he tried his best to maintain his cool facade.

When dealing with this fellow, the more you were annoyed, the happier he would get.

"Haha. It seems that Junior Brother Hai has really too much free time lately. Unexpectedly, you're here looking at the clouds? Oh yeah, I just heard some news. Some people were saying that you caused a ruckus inside the Moon Saber Sect and obtained four Blood God Crystals after sacrificing the whole sect. However, at the last minute, you were done in by a small fry that even managed to steal your crystal! This news was just too interesting! Hahahaha!" Branch Leader Jing Mo hadn't arrived there yet; his voice came first.

At this time, the form of a tall man appeared in front of Young Master Hai.

He had white hair that looked like the [spines](#) of a hedgehog. And, surprisingly enough, both his pupils had a pure golden color; this was due to his cultivation technique. From time to time, a golden electrical current would flash through his eyes.

Young Master Hai turned his body and said with a faint smile, "Everyone on the peak already know of this. Is it possible that

Senior Brother Jing Mo discovered it just now?"

This smile was meant to ridicule him. Given his awful disposition, no one on the peak was willing to spend time with Jing Mo.

Who would like to get a beating out of the blue?

Branch Leader Jing Mo stopped smiling and coldly snorted, "I heard that the person that stole your Blood God Crystal was someone at the First Stage who had just started cultivating. He hadn't even completed his Foundation Establishment yet."

"That's true. It was a very ordinary-looking young cultivator who was friends with Su Clan's Seven. At this time, he should have already opened his Heart Aperture, completing his Foundation Establishment." Young Master Hai said with a smile. He revealed some of the information regarding 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'.

"Tsk, tsk. You got scared just because he was acquainted with Su Clan's Seven? Is that why you didn't take back the Blood God Crystal?" Branch Leader Jing Mo laughed in a strange manner.

"Senior Brother must be joking. One should make a move only if completely prepared. I won't act if I'm not completely sure of the outcome," Young Master Hai still had a gentle smiling face.

"As I see it, you were just scared shitless by Su Clan's Seven!"

Branch Leader Jing Mo replied with a smile, revealing teeth that resembled that of a shark. Afterwards, he said, "Since you're too scared of taking back your Blood God Crystal, let your senior brother take it back for you! You won't get offended if I were to take it back, right? Well, not that it would matter even if you were to get offended."

"Hehe," Young Master Hai faintly smiled. "Of course, I won't get offended. Senior Brother Jing Mo, you can do as you please."

Originally, he had come here to slap Young Master Hai on the face. However, the latter didn't even retort.

Branch Leader Jing Mo spat on the ground. Since he couldn't take care of Young Master Hai with words alone, he would do it with facts!

He stamped his foot and left.

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As soon as he left, Demon Monarch Anzhi, who was still a mass of demonic mist, reappeared. "Are you planning to use Jing Mo to deal with that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'?"

Zheng Neng also emerged from the sea of clouds. "What should we do if he really manages to take back the Blood God Crystal?"

"It doesn't really matter. After all, it's just a piece of Blood God

Crystal," Young Master Hai was looking at the horizon as he slowly clenched his fist. "Of course, that's assuming his appetite is enough to eat that Blood God Crystal after obtaining it. Otherwise, hehe...

Moreover, even if he's somewhat weak, that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' is far from being an ordinary cultivator. Otherwise, how was he able to find the loophole in our revised Blood God's Evil Saber Formation and snatch away our treasure with such ease?" The corner of the Young Master Hai's mouth rose in a smile. "He didn't find that loophole by luck. Therefore, he's either a wolf disguising as a sheep or there's someone with high skills who is helping him.

As for which of the two it is, we can only know after giving it a try. And now, Branch Leader Jing Mo has decided to act as cannon fodder on his own. Therefore, I see no reason to refuse his good intentions. What do you think?" Young Master Hai said with a smile.

"There is no reason to refuse," Zheng Neng said lightly.

"I'll keep an eye on Jing Mo's actions," Demon Monarch Anzhi said.

Spine is fancy—zoological—name for needles like those of a hedgehog.

## Chapter 160: A Pretty And Delicate Face, But A Big And Muscular Body

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Branch Leader Jing Mo returned to his immortal cave and used a formation to get in contact with the branch of the Limitless Demon Sect under his control. Due to the defensive formation of the sect being always active, it was impossible to reach the outside world with mobile phones while still inside the barrier.

The branch's manager, Manager Chen, answered the call and said cautiously, "Branch Leader, do you need something?"

The members of this branch were very unlucky to have Jing Mo as their leader. He had already beaten every one of them. They were all scared—scared that they would inadvertently provoke him and get beaten half to death as a consequence.

"I need you to look something up. Half a month ago, Young Master Hai sacrificed the Moon Saber Sect and had his Blood God Crystal stolen by a very weak cultivator. What are the whereabouts of that cultivator?" Branch Leader Jing Mo said in a grave tone.

"Understood. I'll go search immediately," Manager Chen quickly replied.

"Once you're done, tell me everything," even if he had an awful disposition and could explode at any moment, when he was in a normal state, Jing Mo was not so different from your average man.



Inside the branch, Manager Chen immediately told his subordinates to go and look for all the information they could find on Young Master Hai's incident.

The Limitless Demon Sect had a huge intelligence network, and all those branches that were scattered around the world were part of this network. Therefore, every branch could use this network to find the information they needed.

Soon, they found what they were searching for from the network.

After having his Blood God Crystal stolen, Young Master Hai had told the Jiangnan branch of the Limitless Demon Sect to do a thorough research on this cultivator called 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'.

And five days ago, the person in charge of the Jiangnan branch sent over some information regarding 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'.

But these pieces of information were somewhat strange and gave rise to many questions.

For example, before this year, this 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' was nothing but an ordinary student.

However, Medicine Master, who was famous in the world of cultivators for his pill refining, became friends with him under

unknown circumstances. And later, the same happened with Su Clan's Seven.

This wasn't everything; it seemed that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' had many other powerful cultivators behind his back.

However, just when the leader of the Jiangnan branch was thinking of continuing the investigation, something unexpected happened.

Three days ago, someone destroyed the Jiangnan branch of the Limitless Demon.

It was Seven, a single man with his saber. He had destroyed the branch alone.

After doing the deed, Seven left as if nothing had happened. Later, the logistics department of the Spirit River [Su Clan](#) rushed to the branch and took away all the treasures and resources they could get their hands on. Even some pieces of information that weren't destroyed in time were taken away.

Luckily, the information stored in the branch wasn't highly classified. Therefore, it wouldn't have consequences for the Limitless Demon Sect itself.

"Su Clan's Seven, this crazy motherf\*cker," after seeing this information, Manager Chen got a scare. He was a lone man with nothing but his saber. And yet, he had completely destroyed a

branch on his own!

Every branch of the Limitless Demon Sect had around 800 disciples. And if we add the defensive formation, it had the power to stop someone who had recently advanced to the Sixth Stage True Monarch! But unexpectedly, it had been destroyed by Seven who was only a Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor.

"Now that I think of it... our branch isn't too far away from the Jiangnan branch!" Manager Chen was startled. He decided to contact Branch Leader Jing Mo immediately.

Branch Leader Jing Mo's voice spread from the formation, "Did you find something about that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'?"

"Yes, Branch Leader. I'll send you all the information I found about him. In addition, the Jiangnan branch of the Limitless Demon Sect was destroyed by Su Clan's Seven. And our branch happens to be very close to it, should we take some precautions?" Manager Chen was very careful with his words. He didn't want to say something that would enrage Branch Leader Jing Mo.

"Tsk. It's all Young Master Hai's fault. He provoked that madman named Seven! By the way, there is no need to worry too much about him. The sect will send someone to handle him! Everything will be fine as long as I find that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'. I'll decide what to do after analyzing these pieces of information," Branch Leader Jing Mo said in a grave tone.

When he heard that the sect would send someone to deal with

Seven, Manager Chen heaved a sigh of relief.

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Branch Leader Jing Mo cut off the communication and evilly smiled. The sect would send someone to take care of Seven? And who would they send?

Even if he didn't admit it, Demon Monarch Mad Tyrant had also been injured by Seven when he ran away with Young Master Hai and the other two.

Were Seven to destroy his branch, it would be actually a good deed. After the destruction of the branch, he would have the chance to return to the main branch of the Limitless Demon Sect!

Therefore, he was looking forward to the destruction of his branch!

Next, he took the information sent by Manager Chen and started to examine it carefully.

"Hehe. These pieces of information should give rise to many questions? Laughable. I can tell everything with only a glance. This Stressed by a Mountain of Books was just someone lucky enough to become friends with Medicine Master, and from that moment, he turned into a cultivator. And Su Clan's Seven is on good terms with Medicine Master. Therefore, it's normal that he was acquainted with this cultivator," Branch Leader Jing Mo was

convinced of having some super insight. After just a glimpse, he had discerned the truth.

Afterwards, he made contact with Manager Chen once again.

"Manager Chen, send someone competent to look for this Stressed by a Mountain of Books. Look for the right opportunity and capture him alive. Afterwards, bring him to the branch. You don't have to worry about Medicine Master or Seven; they aren't with him right now. And in the end, he's someone that has just completed his Foundation Establishment; it will be easy to capture him. After you're done, wait for me. I'll personally interrogate him about the whereabouts of the Blood God Crystal," Branch Leader Jing Mo laughed loudly. He was delighted.

Manager Chen nodded and said, "Understood. I'll send someone over there."

After hanging up, Manager Chen heaved another sigh of relief. Afterwards, he asked the nearby subordinate, "Is someone from our branch active around the Jiangnan College Town area?"

"Manager Chen, Little Sunflower asked to be moved to the Jiangnan area just yesterday. He wanted to investigate something," when he mentioned this Little Sunflower, the subordinate felt the hair on his arms stand up.

Little Sunflower was a cultivator of the First Stage. And soon, he would be able to 'jump through the dragon gate'. He was a very sly fellow and a master at hiding his aura. In this branch, he was one

of the best disciples when it came to gathering information.

But, despite his name, Little Sunflower was a two meters tall brute; he was literally a mountain of muscles. And the thing that caused people to despair was that he actually had a pretty and delicate face.

Who said you couldn't be a pretty boy while being big and muscular? Little Sunflower was someone that went against common sense.

"Little Sunflower... ugh. I think you should use his dao name. 'Cultivator Sunflower' sounds way better," Manager Chen said with a serious expression.

"Yes. I'll use Cultivator Sunflower then," the subordinate felt that this dao name too had some problems.

"Good. Then, tell Little Sunflower to... ugh! Tell Cultivator Sunflower to keep an eye on Stressed by a Mountain of Books, and kidnap him if there is an opportunity. The target has just finished his Foundation Establishment. Litt- Cultivator Sunflower will be enough to deal with him!" Manager Chen said seriously.

"Sure. I'll immediately get in touch with him," the subordinate took out his mobile phone and called Cultivator Sunflower.

After a very pleasant caller tune, the phone was picked up.

"Cultivator Sunflower, there is a mission for you," the subordinate went directly to the point.

"So annoying, call me Little Sunflower!" A rough voice transmitted from the other side.

The subordinate looked at the sky, his face disgusted. Afterwards, he clenched his teeth and said, "Cough, cough. Manager Chen said that you have to look for a person named 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'. He is a cultivator that has just completed his Foundation Establishment. If you have the chance, capture him and bring him back to the sect. I'll send you all the information on him in a while!"

"Stressed by a Mountain of Books? Oh, I already know about him; you don't need to send anything. Just leave everything to me!" Cultivator Sunflower hung up the phone.

"Wahaha! As expected, I was right. This Stressed by a Mountain of Books was bound to attract the attention of the Limitless Demon Sect. If I can capture him and bring him back to the sect, I'll skip several ranks!" Cultivator Sunflower laughed. The bulging muscles on his chest were shaking along with his laughter.

After laughing, he made a call.

"Hello, Young Mistress Candy? Haha. It's me, Little Sunflower! I need you to help me with something. You have to steal a thing," Cultivator Sunflower said.

Young Mistress Candy was a nickname. She was a member of the Penniless Thief Sect and an expert at breaking formations and seals. Till now, she had succeeded innumerable times.

An expert wouldn't walk into a dead end. He would have to prepare for all eventualities.

Cultivator Sunflower would go on the frontline and directly seize that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'.

For this reason, he asked Young Mistress Candy to go to the target's residence and steal the Blood God Crystal! Young Mistress Candy owed him a favor; this was the right time to ask for her help!

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At this time, Song Shuhang was on the bus with Senior White.

"Strange, it seems that the bus is particularly crowded today," Song Shuhang felt that the number of passengers was several times higher than usual. The entire bus was packed.

And why did it seem that the crowd was coming toward him and Senior White?

Wait! Were they coming in their direction?



Song Shuhang raised his head and looked at the crowd. As expected, many of them were staring at Senior White; some were even blushing and were short of breath.

Were they influenced by Senior White's strange charm?

But didn't Senior White restrain his charm after coming out of secluded meditation?

After he had come out of the statue, Song Shuhang wouldn't feel his heartbeat speed up even if he were to look at him directly. But why was this charm causing troubles now?

Song Shuhang quickly looked at Senior White.

At this moment, he discovered that Senior White was looking towards the horizon, lost in thoughts.

After looking at him for a while, Song Shuhang felt his heartbeat speed up.

'I won't make Senior White ride a bus ever again,' Song Shuhang secretly vowed.

Luckily, it was their stop already.

"Senior, we've arrived!" Song Shuhang patted Senior White's shoulder, making him regain his senses.

After returning to his senses, Senior White smiled, "Oh, we're already there?"

The two of them forced their way out of the bus with great difficulty.

"Let's go. First, we'll buy a phone and a SIM card," Song Shuhang heaved a sigh.

'When returning to Jiangnan College Town, I'll have to choose a deserted road!' Song Shuhang thought.

There were indeed many deserted roads. However, they would have to get out of the encirclement first...

The Su Clan has control over a particular secret realm, and the space inside this realm is like a river of spiritual qi. Therefore, their nickname 'Spirit River Su Clan'.

# Chapter 161: I... I'm Sorry! I Got The Wrong Person!

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After entering the electronic shopping center, Song Shuhang bought a mobile phone and a SIM card for Senior White. Afterward, they bought a computer too.

The entire process was very quick and smooth. The prices of the mobile phone and the computer were so low that Song Shuhang was left dumbfounded.

He didn't even need to haggle over the price; the shop owner had decided to sell them the goods at a price that was close to the buying price! In addition, he gave them both a membership and VIP card!

Of course, they could buy things at such a low price only because Senior White had followed behind Song Shuhang with a smile plastered on his face.

Senior White didn't need to say or do anything. Him standing there was more than enough to make the shop owner drastically decrease the price; the latter even seemed to wish to gift them with the merchandise for free despite the loss it'd cause.

This was a wretched era where only looks matter.

Song Shuhang pondered a bit and decided to take another stroll in the shopping center with Senior White. Afterwards, he bought

two tablets, his long-awaited single-lens reflex camera, and a small projector!

With Senior White by his side, he bought everything at a discounted price.

It was simply awesome!

The same thing would happen in games if you were to increase your Charm by 10 points; all the NPCs would suddenly start selling you items at a discounted rate. What a wondrous skill.

"Sir, once you're done shopping, you should preserve the receipt of the payment. After spending 10,000 RMB, you will have the right to participate in a lottery just outside the electronic shopping center, and the prizes aren't half bad!" The owner of the shop where they had bought the camera warmly reminded.

Once every few months, the electronic shopping center would hold an event similar to a lottery; it was to keep the business flourishing. Of course, most of these prizes were just consolation prizes.

"Thank you," Song Shuhang replied with a smile. Then, he looked at his hands.

A notebook, two tablets, a single-lens reflex camera, an external hard-drive, a small projector... he had a lot of things with him.

Not good. He had bought too many things on the spur of the moment. And now, both his hands were occupied by the things he had purchased. If Senior White were to suddenly fall on the ground, he wouldn't have the chance to stop him!

While thinking, he shot a glance at Senior White.

Senior White was very happy right now. He was completely engrossed in the mobile phone that Song Shuhang had bought for him. For the time being, it was unlikely that he would get distracted and lose himself in thought.

Senior White seemed to have noticed his gaze. Therefore, he raised his head and asked, "Is everything alright? Do you want to take the bus to go back? This time, I'll remember to restrain my aura."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. For some reason, I really want to take a walk. Let's take a different road!" Song Shuhang said firmly. No matter what, he didn't want to get on the bus with Senior White again!

"Hm, fine," Senior White was a good-natured person, and also very easy to get along with. Moreover, he was someone that would show consideration for the younger generation. Northern River's Loose Cultivator's description was on the spot.

Just after exiting the electronic shopping center, they arrived at the place where the lottery was being drawn. Song Shuhang showed them the receipt; after adding together all the things they

had bought, the money spent amounted to more than 20,000 RMB. Therefore, they could draw the lottery twice.

"Please, draw your lottery from here," the boy in charge smiled at Song Shuhang. The lottery was quite old-fashioned; they were using scratch cards.

Senior White was looking at Song Shuhang with a curious expression.

"Behold. I have the legendary ‘—’ character on my hand. Since little, I have been considered an expert at drawing lotteries!" Song Shuhang blew some air on his palms and went toward the lottery box. Afterwards, he picked up a scratchcard and started to scratch at it.

The boy came closer to take a look. Afterwards, he said with a smile, "Congratulations, you won a consolation prize!"

Then, he passed a hand-sized teddybear to Song Shuhang.

Consolation prize~

Song Shuhang took the small stuffed animal and said with a bitter smile, "Hehe. My luck wasn't too good today. Senior White, do you want to give a try?"

"Sure!" Senior White happily smiled. He also blew some air on his palms like Song Shuhang and went toward the box. He picked a

scratchcard and started to scratch at it.

The boy came closer to take a look once again. At this time, he immediately shouted, "Congratulations! You've won the special prize! It's a new generation notebook worth 10,000 RMB! Brother, your luck is just too good!"

"Thanks," Senior White took the notebook and smiled at the boy.

This smile was the most beautiful smile of the world. The boy was immediately stunned.

"You're welcome, you're welcome," he was standing in place and laughing foolishly. He kept waving his hand in a daze—and didn't stop even when they've long disappeared...

After a while...

'F\*ck, wasn't that a male?' The boy finally came to his senses. He quickly placed a hand on his chest.

His heart was beating very fast.

Jesus, do I swing that way?

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Inside the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain suddenly wrote in the group, "Little Friend Song Shuhang, are you there?"

Shuhang was still outside. Therefore, he didn't reply.

After a long time.

Cave Lord Snow Wolf replied, "It seems he has gone out with Senior White. Speaking of which, True Monarch White came out of secluded meditation a while ago. That strange luck should start to take effect, right?"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain nodded and said, "At this time, it should have already started to take effect."

"Is that so? So 'lucky'!" Cave Lord Snow Wolf said, both envious and fearful.

"Yeah, 'lucky'," True Monarch Yellow Mountain also sighed with emotion. "So, did any of you told Shuhang to pay attention to Senior White's mysterious luck?"

Cave Lord Snow Wolf answered surprised, "What? True Monarch, you didn't remind him?"

"Who was the one that tricked him into accepting this task? Why



should I be the one to remind him?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain replied with a question of his own, somewhat baffled.

"But wasn't it the founder of the group who issued the task?" Cave Lord Snow Wolf said.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "..."

After a while.

"I'll give him a call," True Monarch Yellow Mountain said, "Who has his phone number? I forgot to save it last time."

Scholar Drunken Moon: "Me, I just gave him a phone recharge. I'll send it to you."

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On another side. On the way back, Song Shuhang had decided to choose a deserted road.

He was leading the way, and Senior White was obediently following on his right side while playing with the mobile phone.

Song Shuhang had his hands full with all the things they had bought. Luckily for him, he was quite strong right now. Therefore, they weren't heavy to carry.

Along the way, he kept an eye on Senior White, afraid that the latter would suddenly get distracted.

"Haha. Why do you keep looking at me? I have already restrained my aura," Senior White said with a smile. He felt a bit uncomfortable with Song Shuhang staring at him.

"It's nothing. I was just afraid that you would get distracted," Song Shuhang said honestly.

"This is unlikely to happen. Right now, I'm completely absorbed in the various features of this mobile phone. Therefore, I won't get distracted. No need to worry," Senior White said full of confidence.

"Fine. Once we're back, I'll help you register an account for the chat," Song Shuhang said while walking.

"Good," Senior White said with a smile.

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"I've found you, Stressed by a Mountain of Books!" Cultivator Sunflower had finally found his target. Just as the information said, he was a kind-hearted and harmless university student.

Besides the target, there was also a handsome man. The two of them were merrily chatting.

Cultivator Sunflower secretly inspected them. Stressed by a Mountain of Books had just opened his Heart Aperture, and the quantity of qi and blood in his body was still weak.

On the other hand, that handsome man was a normal person!

He took a look at the surroundings and, unexpectedly, there wasn't a single person around here!

This was a heaven-sent opportunity!

Cultivator Sunflower made up his mind and moved forward with great strides. Afterwards, he said in a grave tone, "Boy, stop immediately!"

Now, look how I capture this Song Shuhang!

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After hearing the voice, Song Shuhang turned his head out of curiosity.

He saw a man running toward him; the man had a pretty face but a very muscular body.

Song Shuhang was puzzled. Did he know this guy?

"Is he talking to us?" Senior White also turned his head out of curiosity.

"I don't think so. I don't know him," Song Shuhang replied.

"Oh," Senior White lightly nodded.

And just as they were chatting, Senior White stumbled upon something and fell on the ground!

Did he get distracted when he turned his head?!

Song Shuhang's eyes widened.

F\*ck! No matter how much he was prepared, he wasn't prepared for this! He hadn't expected that just turning his head could make Senior White trip and fall.

It happened too quickly!

Song Shuhang had just reacted when Senior White reached the ground.

"Boom!"

A deafening explosion followed. It was like a bolt from the blue.

‘I’m going to fall in the pit!’ Song Shuhang thought in his head.

The dust spread in all directions.

At this time, you could see a crater with a diameter of 30 meters in the place where True Monarch White had fallen!

Song Shuhang fell on his butt inside the pit.

He quickly patted his body; unexpectedly, he was unscathed?

Did Senior White protect him at the last minute?

After the dust had settled down.

Senior White crawled from the hole as if nothing had happened. Then, he patted his body that didn’t even have a speck of dust on it and asked, "Ah? How did I exactly fall? Little Friend Shuhang, are you alright?"

"I was lucky, nothing happened. Even all the things we bought are fine," Song Shuhang replied.

Eh? Wait a moment!

What happened to the person that was calling them?

Song Shuhang opened his eyes and looked at a faraway place.

Cultivator Sunflower was running at full speed toward Song Shuhang. And since he couldn't stop in time, he also fell into the pit. However, he was lucky to fall on the edge of the crater. Therefore, he was in a sorry state but hadn't suffered any actual injury.

He swallowed a mouthful of saliva as he stared at True Monarch White and Song Shuhang who were in the middle of the hole.

At this moment, his mind was blank, and he couldn't think of anything.

After a while, he mustered his strength and stood up. He wanted to get out of this hole.

"Excuse me, were you talking to me just now?" Song Shuhang asked. Then, he smiled bitterly as he said, "It's really strange. Did the earth give in? Luckily, no one was hurt!"

Gave in your mother, you goddam bullshitter! I clearly saw that it was the handsome man by your side that created this gigantic hole by falling!

Cultivator Sunflower cursed in his heart. However, he still maintained his terrified expression as he said, "I... I'm sorry! I got the wrong person! When I saw your back just now, I mistook you for a friend. But when you turned your head, I discovered that I

had got the wrong person. I really miss this good friend of mine!

Then, I'll get going. This place where the earth can give in at any moment seems very dangerous," Cultivator Sunflower turned around and used all of his strength to run away from the pit.

"He got the wrong person?" Song Shuhang held his chin. He felt that there was something wrong with this guy.

At this time, Senior White said, "Little Friend Shuhang, let's get out of the hole. I need to use my Ground Leveling Spell."

"No need, no need. We might as well take our leave—let people think that the earth gave in!" Song Shuhang swallowed a mouthful of saliva. Even if the place was deserted, that deafening explosion from before was bound to attract the attention of the nearby people. Who knew how many people were already gazing in this direction?

A hole appearing in the ground could be attributed to the earth suddenly giving in.

However, if Senior White were to use his Ground Leveling Spell, making the hole disappear, it would complicate things even further because it would resemble a supernatural phenomenon.

Of the Thirty-Six Stratagems, fleeing is the best!

Having a line that resembles the character — (one) on your hand is considered a lucky thing.

# Chapter 162: Zhuge Yue's Video

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## Chapter 162: Zhuge Yue's video

On the way back, Song Shuhang frowned—he felt that there was something wrong with that guy from before, and he wasn't talking about his flowery appearance. He felt that he wasn't your 'average man'. Was he a cultivator?

Back at Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

The pekingese Doudou was still playing games and keeping his online wife company. However, he hadn't started the video call yet; he was waiting for Song Shuhang to return. He wanted him to chat with the girl in his stead.

After setting up Senior White's computer, Song Shuhang installed a few essential programs on it.

Then, he decided to register an account for the chat group.

"Senior, what do you want to use as ID?" Song Shuhang asked.

"White. After all, that is my dao name," Senior White replied.

"Fine," Song Shuhang filled in the necessary information and registered the account. Then, he went inside the Nine Provinces Number One Group and clicked on the button 'add new member'.



"Done. Now, we only need to wait for True Monarch Yellow Mountain to accept the request."

As they were chatting, his phone rang.

"Hello, who is it?" Song Shuhang picked up the phone and asked.

"Little Friend Shuhang, I'm True Monarch Yellow Mountain. Are you free right now?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain's hearty laughter echoed from the phone.

"Sure. Oh, right. Senior Yellow Mountain, I was just looking for you. I helped Senior White register an account and added it to the chat. Remember to accept the request when you get online," Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"Good, I'll go immediately. Is True Monarch White with you?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked.

Song Shuhang replied, "Yes. I'm installing some programs on his computer."

"Well done! I'm going to add True Monarch White to the group." After finishing his sentence, he quickly hung up the phone.

"Ah? Senior, you didn't say why you called me!" Song Shuhang shouted, but True Monarch Yellow Mountain was already gone.

What was True Monarch playing at?

Ding~ The chat program sent a notification on the computer. Senior White's account had been added to the group.

"The request has been accepted. Do you want to set a nickname inside the group?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Hm, let me see," Senior scrolled through the group, and after pondering a bit, he chose 'Venerable White' as his nickname.

Then, as soon as he finished setting his nick, the Nine Provinces Number One Group became lively.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Fellow Daoist White, you made a breakthrough?"

Daluo Sect's True Monarch Rain Moon: "Woah! Senior White, congratulations for becoming a Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable!"

Scholar Drunken Moon: "Senior, congratulations for breaking through!"

\*\*\*

A lot of members popped out one after another to give their congratulations to Senior White.

"Yes, I broke through a hundred years ago," Senior White replied with a smile.

"A hundred years ago? You mean you kept cultivating for a hundred years even after breaking through?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. True Monarch White wasn't a cultivation madman for nothing! Oh, wait. He was Venerable White now.

Cave Lord Snow Wolf: "Senior, in front of you, I can only kneel down! 🙇"

Dharma King Creation: "Senior, accept my ten years worth of kneeling down! 🙇"

Venerable Seventh Cultivator of True Virtue: "Fellow Daoist White, congratulations for becoming a Spiritual Venerable. Yellow Mountain, you should also put some extra effort into cultivating. Fellow daoist White broke through more than a hundred years ago; he'll leave you in the dust at this pace."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain smiled—how could he compare himself to Venerable White? After all, the thing the latter loved the most... was exactly cultivating!

The group started to get more and more lively. Senior White was propping himself up with his hand while sliding his finger on the screen, sending one or two replies now and then.

Every time he would come out of secluded meditation, he would feel as if the world and the humans had greatly changed; everything would suddenly turn unfamiliar. Only the presence of these fellow daoists would remind him that he was still in the world he knew.

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After settling things on Senior White's end, Song Shuhang arrived at Doudou's side and asked, "Doudou, do you want a gift?"

"What gift?" Doudou looked at Song Shuhang, somewhat puzzled.

"Ding ding dong!" Song Shuhang brought out the notebook won by Senior White. Senior White already had a computer; therefore, this one would remain unused, "[Do you want it?](#)"

Doudou stared at Song Shuhang for a while. Afterwards, he spat out his tongue and said, "Woof. Go on, you need my help for something, right?"

"Hehe. As expected, you're a reasonable dog. I indeed need help for a little matter, but it shouldn't be anything difficult for you!" Song Shuhang said, "On our way back, we met a strange man! I feel that there was something wrong with him."

Then, he started to describe that pretty boy with a muscular body

he had met to Doudou.

Since the incident with Altar Master, Song Shuhang was always on alert against these 'suspicious characters'. What would he do if that man were to try to hurt his friends like Altar Master's subordinates?

"So, what do you want me to do?" Doudou asked puzzled.

"I was wondering if you could go to the crater created by Senior White and sniff the scent of that guy, helping me find out his whereabouts and background," Song Shuhang asked.

"Good. It's a deal then!" Doudou stretched out his paw and patted Song Shuhang's hand. "However, I'm only responsible for finding out his identity. I won't take care of him."

"No problem," Song Shuhang replied with a smile

"Good, I've accepted your request. Now, you have to keep your end of the deal," Doudou pointed to the computer and said, "come, you have to make a video call with my 'wife'."

"What should I do?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Just sit there and don't move. I'll take control of the in-game character. And then... when I tell you to smile, make sure to reveal a dazzling smile. That's it," Doudou said.

Good. If it's just smiling, I should be able to do it.

Song Shuhang sat in front of the computer and turned on the webcam.

Doudou opened the chat program and logged in with his own account.

"Wife, start the video call! It's time to look at your handsome husband!" The pekingese Doudou quickly typed on the keyboard.

After seeing Doudou shamelessly boasting like that, Song Shuhang got a little embarrassed—because he was this 'handsome husband'.

"Ah? Husband, you can finally make a video call?" The little girl quickly replied, starting the video call at the same time.

Soon, the picture of a 17 or 18 years old girl appeared on the screen. Her complexion was even ruddier than yesterday; she appeared more lively than ever.

And, Song Shuhang's face also appeared on the girl's computer. Compared to that picture from several years ago, he appeared more mature. He was brimming with energy.

"I can make a video call. However, the audio isn't working yet.

You'll have to bear with it," Doudou quickly replied. Then, he said to Song Shuhang, "Snap out of it. Look at the webcam and show a gentle smile."

Song Shuhang waved his hand at the webcam and revealed a very natural smile.

"So handsome! Husband~ I like you so much!" The little girl pouted and sent a kiss.

Song Shuhang felt his face become red; this was just too embarrassing.

"Come, come, come. Let's play the game. Today, we won't go to conquer any zone; we'll go to kill people! Yesterday, I spent all night collecting the Five Stars War God Set. Therefore, we'll give a good lesson to those guys that camped and killed you repeatedly yesterday!" Doudou said excitedly. Then, he turned toward Song Shuhang and said, "Go, make a self-confident and cool expression. Try to collaborate a bit!"

Song Shuhang took a deep breath. Then, his eyes started to shine; now, his face was brimming with self-confidence.

"Husband~~ you're incredible! I love you so much!" The little girl laughed happily.

Song Shuhang looked at the webcam and raised his thumb in approval. But after that last sentence, his embarrassment had

reached the limit, and this made him lose his mind. Therefore, he decided to throw away the little dignity he had left!

Doudou and the girl quickly entered the game and started to chop people up.

Song Shuhang was to coordinate with Doudou. Therefore, he made all kinds of different expressions. A handsome expression, an excited one, one where he was laughing like a madman and so on.

He felt as if he was on his way to becoming a superstar!

When he was free, he took his mobile phone and went on the website of the campus to see some news.

Then, a news picked his interest.

"Absolutely shocking. Today, the earth near the electronic shopping center in the vicinity of Jiangnan College Town gave in! The hole left behind by this subsidence of the earth has a diameter of 30 meters! According to the witnesses, there was a deafening explosion just before the earth gave in. The cause of this subsidence of the earth is still unknown. We encourage all the students in the nearby areas to pay attention."

This news was already on the website of the campus?

Hopefully, the government will come up with a cause for this 'subsidence of the earth'.



Then, he kept scrolling through the website of the campus.

After scrolling for a while, a familiar name picked his interest—Zhuge Yue.

[Wahaha, I laughed so much that I thought I was going to die! This is our Chinese Kung Fu seen through the eyes of a foreigner—danger ahead, proceed with caution. Don't drink water while watching this video!]

Then, there was a video taken from a mobile phone as well as a brief introduction.

"Last night, I accompanied my mother during a business reception. It was to welcome the foreign partner that had come to inspect the company. Then, this foreigner drank quite a bit during the evening banquet. At that point, he decided to show a few Chinese Kung Fu moves to the people at the reception. He said he learned these moves from an expert when he attended the athletic competition at his daughter's school. Anyway, enough chit-chat. Look at the video!"

Song Shuhang froze on the spot—Chinese Kung Fu, foreigner, athletic competition, expert?

When alone, these words didn't tell him anything. However, when he put them together... they gave him a very bad feeling.

He clicked on the video.

A tall and big foreigner appeared on the screen.

"Hiccup~ Today, I drank to my heart's content. Everyone, let me show you a bit of Chinese Kung Fu! Chinese~ Kung~ Fu~! I recently attended the athletic competition at my daughter's school, and there, I met an expert. And after begging this person, I finally received a set of lost techniques!" The foreigner spoke in an awkward Mandarin.

Then, he cupped his hands and saluted everyone.

At this time, he started to perform the so-called Chinese Kung Fu.

"Yi, Er, San, Si, Wu, Liu, Qi, Ba... Er, Er, San, Si, Wu, Liu, Qi, Ba... Si, Er, San, Si, Wu, Liu, Qi, Ba!" The foreigner started to shout this slogan. This was the '[Second Chapter of the Calisthenics Radio Music](#) <<The Times are Calling>>'. Everyone was taken by surprise and thoroughly shocked!

The whole audience was rendered speechless by the 'lost technique' of this foreigner.

Several Chinese shareholders tried to suppress their embarrassment and decided to give him an applause!

Actually, they couldn't help but stand up and applaud! Otherwise, they would have been unable to hold back their

laughter! Therefore, they started to applaud to keep themselves occupied, so as to avoid laughing rudely.

And, in the worst case, they could cover their laughter with the sound of the applause!

In the video, Zhuge Yue already had a flowery smile on her face and was shaking all over.

Song Shuhang covered his face from shame, not daring to look straight anymore. Because, covering his face alone wasn't enough to describe his current feelings—he knew this foreigner.

It was Joseph 'Guy' Maupassant. Song Shuhang's nominal disciple!

Venerable Seven Cultivation dao name may change, we've yet to hear the reply from the author regarding this at the point when we publish the chapter. Apologies for the inconvenience.

Yeah, it's actually that song reference... (TL/N: Actually, it should be just a coincidence, but enjoy your tralala regardless.)

This is a reference to a [Chinese fitness radio music](#).

Translation of the lines:

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8... 2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8... 4, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8!

# Chapter 163: Making A Contract With The Ghost Spirit

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There were many likes and replies under the video, and the number of views was even higher. Almost 30% of the students at the campus had already seen the video, and this number was bound to keep increasing.

Song Shuhang wiped the sweat off his forehead. Wasn't Joseph 'Guy' Maupassant's daughter also at Jiangnan College Town? How would she react after seeing the video?

As first thing, she would beat to death that Zhuge Yue that made the video public!

And as second thing, she would probably want to give a good beating to that 'expert' that taught her father those 'Chinese Kung Fu' moves, right?

Luckily, he didn't tell Joseph his name when he taught him that 'lost technique'. Otherwise, she would be already on her way.

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In the afternoon, Song Shuhang diligently went to class. Recently, he hadn't attended too many lessons, and he felt a bit embarrassed about it.

Tubo came over and asked in a low voice, "Shuhang, where have you been for the past few days? You didn't even return to the dormitory."

The nearby Lu Fei was also curiously looking at Song Shuhang. Whenever he would come to class, Lu Fei would sit beside him and take advantage of the cold air he was emitting.

"Recently, a friend of mine came over. I helped him find a house, and I had to go to his place a few times to give him a hand. I've been busy with that," Song Shuhang said with a smile. He said the truth—however, this 'friend' was a bit special.

Gao Moumou pushed up his glasses and said, "Shuhang, you shouldn't miss the next lessons, because they will focus on the test held at the end of the term. The tests will be held on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th day of the month, and on July 6 we will have a day off. If you fail, you'll have to take a make-up test, and that would be troublesome."

The test at the end of the term? F\*ck. I had completely forgotten about it!

Song Shuhang rubbed his temples. After meeting the cultivators of the Nine Provinces Number One Group, his life had drastically changed. The refining of the body tempering liquid, the incident with Altar Master, the events at the Immortal Farming Sect and Moon Saber Sect, and also the meeting with True Monarch White... in a little more than a month, he had experienced incredible things that an average man wouldn't be able to experience for his entire life. After all this, his mind had been

sharpened quite a bit.

When he recalled these things, he wondered if these experiences were real or just a dream.

He had almost forgotten that he was still a university student and that the term would end soon, marking the start of the summer vacation. But before enjoying the summer vacation, he had to face the test at the end of the term.

He would have to thoroughly review the contents of the lessons in these days!

"Do you think you'll be able to pass it?" Tubo came over and asked.

"Don't worry. The final test isn't enough to stop me," Song Shuhang said with confidence.

Li Yangde said with a smile, "Tubo said the same thing last year. Afterwards, he had to do the make-up test, and I had to stay behind to give him supplementary lessons."

"Cut me some slack, Yangde!" Tubo hammered Yangde with his fist.

Gao Moumou turned his head and asked, "So, do you plan to go somewhere during the summer vacation?"

Tubo said, "I haven't decided yet. I will probably return home and spend some time in my father's machinery repair shop as usual. He brought in many new models that I can enjoy for the whole summer."

It had to be said that now that Song Shuhang was here, the surrounding temperature had decreased quite a lot. It was very strange.

Li Yangde said, "I have to participate in a release conference. The program I'm developing with the others is almost complete. I'll be busy with it for the next couple of months."

Gao Moumou's face was disgusted as he said, "You two really don't know how to enjoy life. Leaving aside machinery and programs, shouldn't you go to different places and have some fun during summer vacation? Sandy beaches, highlands, snow-covered mountains, the boundless ocean, or small islands! Life is short, shouldn't you have fun while you're still young?"

Li Yangde looked at him in a strange manner and said, "That's just wasting time. What's even the point?"

"You're hopeless! Of course there is a point!" Gao Moumou sighed with emotion as he face-palmed himself.

Tubo tilted his head and asked, "Alright, do you want to treat us?"

"Not me... it's that Zhuge Zhongyang," Gao Moumou said with a smile. Then, he pointed his lips in Lu Fei's direction when she wasn't looking and shot a knowing glance at Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang immediately understood everything. It seemed that Zhuge Zhongyang had finally found a place for the appointment. Then, was he going to invite Lu Fei's elder sister to have some fun by the sea?

"Have you already chosen the location? Do you need some help?" Song Shuhang asked.

"We were thinking of going toward the inner part of the East China Sea. There is a newly built artificial island there, and according to the rumors, it's pretty good. Once we're bored of staying there, we can visit the nearby countries. We can go wherever we want. However, let's wait for the end of the test to speak of it," Gao Moumou said with a smile.

"Good. If you need help, you only have to ask," Song Shuhang replied.

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During the afternoon class, all students were busy noting down everything the teacher was saying. The contents of this lesson were likely to appear on the test.



Song Shuhang was holding his chin and doing two things at the same time.

Firstly, he was revolving his <<True Self Meditation Scripture>>, strengthening and purifying his mental energy. Secondly, he was listening to what the teacher was saying, instantly memorizing the contents of the lesson.

Lu Fei quietly shot a glance at Song Shuhang. At first, she thought that he was earnestly listening to the teacher. But after looking more carefully, she saw that he seemed somewhat distracted. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

After the lesson.

While his three roommates were putting away their things, Song Shuhang stretched himself.

"Shuhang, do you want to borrow my notes?" Lu Fei quietly asked.

"Ah? No need. I've memorized everything," Song Shuhang said with a smile.

"Alright. If you need them, just tell me," Lu Fei thoughtfully took back her notes. After thinking a bit, she held Song Shuhang's arm and decided to return to the dormitory together with him.

The nearby Gao Moumou pushed up his glasses and said, "It

seems there is something going on!"

"Do you still remember that scene at the 'Ten Fragrances Fish Head'? Tsk, Tsk. Song Shuhang is such a hypocrite. He says one thing and does another. Now they're even holding hands!" Turbo said in a low voice

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh. He decided to stay silent...

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After separating from his roommates, Song Shuhang returned to Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

Doudou wasn't home. It seemed that he kept his end of the deal and went out to investigate that pretty boy with a muscular body. He would soon discover if the latter was a cultivator or just a normal person.

Senior White was sitting in front the computer, his fingers quickly typing on the keyboard.

"Senior, what are you looking for?" Song Shuhang thoughtlessly asked.

"I'm looking for all different kinds of things. Movies, novels, literary works, Chinese history, world history, and so on. I've been in meditation for more than 150 years, and I need to quickly catch up with everything that has happened in the meantime. I have to

admit that acquiring information has become very easy thanks to the advent of the Internet and computers," Venerable White said with a smile. It wasn't his first time closing up. Therefore, he had already encountered the problem of gathering information about the new world after coming out secluded meditation.

"What do you think of this world? How is it compared to that of 150 years ago?" Song Shuhang asked with a smile.

"Hm... science and technology advanced at a quick pace, but the price paid for that was also big. As for other things like novels and literary works, they're actually better compared to 150 years ago. In this era, the humans' way of thinking changed quite a bit, and there was a boom of new ideas," Venerable White silently nodded.

Novels and classics were present even in ancient times. Therefore, at least for now, Senior White found them more easy to accept rather than movies or the television.

"Haha," Song Shuhang nodded as he smiled. With the advent of webnovels, the creativity of the authors was getting bigger and bigger, to the point that it was out of control.

"However, there are a few things that are bothering me," Venerable White smiled as he narrowed his eyes.

"For example?"

"Why are some novels rushed or dropped midway?" Venerable

White said with a smile.

"..."

"Well, let's forget about it. Little Friend Shuhang, come here!" Venerable White turned the computer off and waved his hand at Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang arrived at his side somewhat confused.

Venerable White stretched his slender fingers and touched the 'spirit-binding ice bead' hanging around his neck, "A ghost spirit of the middle-rank or above is not half bad. You haven't made a contract with it yet?"

"I was waiting for a senior to ask to help me with the contract," Song Shuhang replied, "When I received this ghost spirit, I didn't even know if cultivators were real. And when I managed to obtain the materials for the 'Five Elements' Spirit Contracting Altar', I hadn't even completed my Hundred Days Foundation Establishment. And then, just as I managed to open my Heart Aperture and complete my Foundation Establishment, Senior Medicine Master had something to take care of and left this place. Therefore, I wasn't able to find anyone to help me with the contract."

"If this is the case, I'll give you a hand! After all, you have looked after me till now," Venerable White said with a smile. "Wait till tonight. The intensity of negative qi is at its peak between 11 PM and 1 AM . I'll help you deploy the 'Five Elements' Spirit

Contracting Altar' formation. But as first thing, I'll explain how the formation works and how you have to respond if the ghost spirit fights back."

"Good!" Song Shuhang said happily. He gently held the 'spirit-binding ice bead' hanging around his neck.

It was finally time to make a contract with the ghost spirit!

"Senior, with these materials I have, we can only use the formation twice," Song Shuhang said.

"Twice? Hm, it should be enough. But it's not really important; these materials are rather easy to find. Even if you were to fail twice, I can lead you around the world to collect them," Venerable White said with a smile.

After hearing Senior White's words, Song Shuhang was immediately relieved!

With a powerful figure backing you, you would be even more confident!

And at night, the chance of succeeding was even higher!

\*\*\*

The appointed time was approaching. Soon, it would be a period

within 11 PM and 1 AM.

Song Shuhang opened his eyes. He had just finished revolving his <<True Self Meditation Scripture>> and was now at his peak condition. He was brimming with 'qi and blood' and mental energy.

Senior White took out a robe covered with formations. Then, he stretched out his hand and changed them in a few places. Now, they looked even more perfect.

Afterwards, he placed the five elements stones at the five corners of the formation and a piece of wood struck by lightning in the middle. There were also many different materials that were placed according to their affinity with the various elements.

"Bring the spirit-binding ice bead here and place it on that piece of wood struck by lightning. Afterwards, use the formula I taught you and activate the formation," Venerable White reminded while holding some 'saliva of ghost dragon' in his hands.

Song Shuhang carefully placed the spirit-binding ice bead on the piece of wood struck by lightning.

Then, he recited the formula.

Venerable White seized the opportunity and opened the jar that contained the saliva of ghost dragon. Afterwards, he sprinkled the contents on the robe littered with formations and on the spirit-

binding ice bead. Just as a drop of water falling onto hot iron, the saliva of ghost dragon immediately turned into mist after falling onto the spirit-binding ice bead.

After a while, the mist condensed and took the shape of that ghost spirit with a 'small golden shield'!

# Chapter 164: A Corpse Bringing Equipment From A Thousand Miles Away, The Gift Is Valuable But The Sentiment Is Even More!

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The seal on the spirit-binding ice bead did not actually break!

The reason why the ghost spirit could take on a physical form and reveal itself was because it borrowed the strength of the saliva of ghost dragon, which allowed it to temporarily emerge from the seal!

Once the saliva of ghost dragon was consumed entirely, the spirit ghost would once again be banished and sealed into the spirit-binding ice bead. Hence, the contract had to be made with ghost spirit before the saliva of ghost dragon got exhausted.

After the ghost spirit revealed itself, it scanned the surroundings in a confused manner. Immediately after, it could see the formation of the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar' on the ground—even though it did not recognize the formation, its instincts told the ghost spirit that this thing wasn't something good for it.

A middle-rank ghost spirit sure possessed quite a degree of intelligence; it quickly knew that it was caught in a plight and started to struggle violently.

"Hur hur~" cried the ghost spirit in a childlike manner, ferociously charging towards Song Shuhang. It could tell that Song



Shuhang was the person in control; all it had to do was to get rid of him to stop the formation.

"Rise!" Shouted Song Shuhang calmly in a low voice, interlocking both hands thereafter and patting lightly on top of the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar'.

After placing both palms on it, the five elements stones and the materials inside the formation which represented the five elements started to light up one by one, forming a circle of barrel-shaped radiant light, rendering the ghost spirit firmly bound within the formation.

The ghost spirit ferociously charged, hitting against the layer of light, causing a "bang, bang" sound. Even though the layer of barrel-shaped light was thin and hence seemed fragile, it would not break. No matter how much the ghost spirit tried to charge or claw at it with all its might, the light curtain remained indestructible.

The frenzied ghost spirit could only continue its futile efforts within the 'Five Elements Spirit contracting Altar' by continuously charging and striking...

"Go ahead and start, subdue the ghost spirit before the saliva of ghost dragon, as well as the energy of 'Five Elements' Spirit contracting Altar', gets depleted! You only have approximately an hour's time left!" Senior White reminded him.

"Yes!" Replied Song Shuhang as he continued reciting the formula of the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar'.

Thereafter, he got on his feet and performed the Eight Trigrams Footwork, which Senior White taught him in the morning, circling the ‘Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar’ as he kept prancing about.

The way he looked at this moment was similar to the ‘Primitive Tribe Shaman’ when the latter performs the dance to invite the gods on TV—looking especially stupid.

But Song Shuhang didn't have a choice, the method to use the ‘Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar’ was as such. Unless you could create a brand-new formation to make a contract with a ghost spirit yourself, you’d better obediently perform the dance.

After circling the formation once, Song Shuhang interlocked his hands and lightly shouted, "Metal, wood, water, fire, earth, Metal Tribulation!"

As his voice echoed out, the stone representing ‘metal’ in the formation lit up!

In the next moment, a large gold sword appeared out of thin air above the crown of the ghost spirit’s head, and ruthlessly fell in the direction of the ghost spirit!

"Eeek!" Shrieked the ghost spirit in fear, rapidly putting its innate skill to good use. A small golden shield was released, protecting the crown of its head, blocking the large gold sword.

The shield and the sword both refused to budge—the friction between them produced a sharp, ear-piercing sound. Within that short period of time, it was hard to determine who had the upper hand.

"Again!" Song Shuhang continued to circle the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar', performing the gods invitation dance once again.

After the circling was completed, he interlocked his hands once again, "I summon Wood Tribulation!"

The stone representing the wood element in the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar' formation lit up.

Within the formation, a total of ten thorny brambles emerged through the ground, coiling around the body of the ghost spirit. The sharp thorns of the brambles pierced into its body, and started to draw the ghost spirit's spiritual energy.

"Arghhh..." cried the ghost spirit in pain. Gradually, its body became a lot more transparent.

"I am not done yet!" Song Shuhang once again performed the dance. After circling another round and interlocking his hands, he shouted in a deep voice, "Water Tribulation, move!"

This time, the stone representing 'water' lit up, and silver

raindrops started to descend from above, on the side of the large gold sword. These silver raindrops possessed dreadful corrosive properties. As they fell onto the small golden shield above the crown of the ghost spirit's head, small holes started forming in it as a result.

The ghost spirit started bawling, yet at the same time it could not do anything. The space within the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar' was only that big, after all—even if the ghost spirit wanted to hide, it could not do so. Additionally, it could condense only a single shield, so the ghost spirit had no choice but to receive the following attacks.

"Fire Tribulation, rise!" Shouted Song Shuhang once again.

Golden flames appearing burning out of thin air, and started traveling along the thorny brambles and eventually piercing through the ghost spirit's body.

The ghost spirit writhed in extreme pain but still refused to give up and continued struggling with all its strength. It only knew that if it gave in, it would really be the end!

"The last tribulation, Earth Tribulation! Five Tribulations, fusion! Yield to me, and be relieved from the pain inflicted from the Five Tribulations!" Yelled Song Shuhang in a thunder-like voice, which traveled deep into the ghost spirit's ears.

The ghost spirit's body started to petrify starting from bottom upwards. The petrified parts also started to get burned by the

flames, as well as rained on by the corrosive raindrops and pierced by the thorny brambles, resulting in pieces of it peeling off.

Its build got smaller and smaller, and it became weaker and weaker. However, it still refused to surrender and stubbornly struggled on.

Song Shuhang was not worried—according to the experience passed down to him by Senior White, the ghost spirit within the ‘Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar’ would not surrender until it was near its deathbed.

The Five Tribulations demonstration had ended, and only approximately half an hour had passed.

What he needed right now was patience. In the next half an hour, he was to continue chanting the incantations and proceed with the Eight Trigrams Footwork with great patience in order to strengthen the power of the ‘Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar’. Yet at the same time, he had to have full control of his strength to avoid accidentally killing off the ghost spirit...

The ghost spirit’s struggles weakened.

Next, all there was left was to see which would come first—if it surrendered first, or if the saliva of ghost dragon got entirely depleted first!

"Yield to me, and be relieved from the pain inflicted from the

Five Tribulations!" After finishing each round, Song Shuhang would shout that phrase to attack its thoughts and break its willpower.

His gaze was fixated on the spirit ghost that was bound within the formation. He could only wait for the moment when the ghost spirit was on the verge of death to contract it.

The last step was to piece together one's character and the power to control the formation.

The more exquisite the control of power was, the easier it would be to make a contract with the ghost spirit when it was at its weakest.

Also, if his character was good, the contract would be completed in one go.

If his character was not good, he still would have to continue fighting the mental battle with the weak ghost spirit for much longer, till the ghost spirit was completely drained physically and mentally, before the contract could be completed.

However, if his character was bad... the ghost spirit might end up losing its consciousness and return to the spirit-binding ice bead, ultimately failing his attempt to make a contract if he couldn't succeed before that.

Venerable White summoned up his energy—he was afraid that if

he got distracted, he might end up leaking his aura accidentally and affect Song Shuhang. Furthermore, he was helping Song Shuhang support the formation—if anything went wrong, he could step in to help at any given time.

The voice of the ghost spirit within the Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar started to soften—it was no longer akin to a child's cry, but similar to a girl's helpless whimper instead.

"Keep going, hang in there a little more!" Song Shuhang breathed deeply. His heart started to beat a little faster.

Even though the success rate in one attempt was rather low, but being hopeful was part of human nature.

If the contract was successfully made with the ghost spirit, it would be equivalent to opening 2x add-on when Song Shuhang practiced—him practicing once would be the same as other people practicing twice!

Minutes and seconds ticked by...

Suddenly, Senior White stood up forcefully with a doubtful expression.

Song Shuhang happened to see Venerable White's expression. Could it be that something odd was happening to his formation?

"Don't worry, concentrate on the 'Five Elements Spirit

Contracting Altar' formation, you are doing great. Leave the other things to me," consoled Venerable White.

Thereafter, Venerable White opened his mouth and spat, and a sword light made of spiritual qi appeared above Song Shuhang's head, protecting him.

After the preparations were put in place, Venerable White went to the window and opened it.

30 seconds later...

'Swish'. A green figure from far drew nearer ever so swiftly in the direction of Venerable White.

Vaguely, a man with a green daoist robe donned on could be seen. In his surroundings were green radiant rays that were put together to form the shape of a huge sword, tightly wrapping around him.

"Bang!" The huge sword energy around the man in green daoist robe struck the barrier created by the Medicine Master outside the house; he fell through the opened window and landed on the ground, next to Venerable White.

The body of the man bounced and bounced; after quite a while, he could finally groan in pain, "Ow..."

At the same time, the huge sword energy surrounding him collapsed and broke into smithereens like glass as it disappeared.



When the sword light disappeared, the small sword that was left could only spin in the air for a bit before sticking into the ground.

The face of the green daoist robe man on the ground turned white—you could see from his eyes that he could not take the defeat lying down. He reached his hands to the sky and started clawing at the air, as though he was trying to grab something.

Slowly, his eyes started to lose focus and became more and more blurry.

Venerable White squatted and reached his hands out onto his body and lightly pressed it to examine his condition. Thereafter, he sighed and asked, "What is your name? Do you have any last words?"

"Loose cultivator, Li Tiansu..." The man used all his might to squeeze out these words.

Upon finishing his words, every inch of his body broke and reduced to countless dots of light, and he completely vanished from the surface of the earth; not even a piece of flesh was left behind.

"Ding... ding..." two sounds were made by an old bronze ring as it fell to the ground after the man disappeared.

Not to forget the lonely blue-colored short sword that was still

stuck to the ground—a proof that the green daoist robe man used to live on this earth.

Venerable White secretly let out a sigh.

This loose cultivator was after all an expert of the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor Realm and possessed a Golden Core. If you were to put him in a great sect, he could easily become an elder, someone with great power.

However, he just had to encounter some big tribulation that caused him to use all his might to try to find a way to escape.

Even then, his plan did not work to save his life; in the midst of fleeing, he received another bout of attack and ended up losing his life ultimately.

Leaving behind the bronze ring and the short blue sword.

Venerable White picked up the bronze ring and short sword.

In the bronze ring lay three solidified magic spells. One of them should be a Second Stage fire magic, the other one was also of Second Stage, healing magic, and the last one was a rather decent spiritual power gathering magic—it gathered spiritual power beside its user.

The life of a loose cultivator was difficult. That cultivator of the Fifth Stage Golden Core Realm was wearing some equipment of the

Second and Third Stage—just for the ‘spirit gathering formation’.

Venerable White examined the short sword—its quality was rather decent, it could forcibly be used for flying.

Before finding his own ‘Meteor Sword’, he could actually use this to get around first, Venerable White secretly decided.

At this time, Song Shuhang behind suddenly shouted, "Senior, help me!"

Earlier, after the loose cultivator’s body got reduced to dots of light and dissipated, the ghost spirit within the Five Elements’ Spirit Contracting Altar looked as though it took a senzu bean—a second ago it seemed like it was gonna die any moment, and in the next second, it was full of energy and vitality, as though it was going to break out of the ‘Five Elements’ Spirit Contracting Altar’ anytime...

# Chapter 165: The Ghost Spirit Underwent A Mutation!

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Just when Song Shuhang turned toward Senior White to ask for help, the energy of the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar' was used up.

Without the formation to bind it, the ghost spirit was finally out of its difficult situation!

Originally, the ghost spirit should have returned inside the spirit-binding ice bead once the saliva of ghost dragon was depleted. But now, after undergoing a strange mutation, it was able to maintain its form even without the support of the saliva of ghost dragon!

After breaking through the formation, the ghost spirit howled. Afterward, it charged toward Song Shuhang! It remembered that it was this man that had tortured itself with the aid of the formation. Therefore, it wanted to shred him into pieces!

When facing the ghost spirit that was dashing toward him, Song Shuhang kept his cool. He clenched his right hand into a fist and welcomed the ghost spirit with an explosive punch, "Basic Fist Number One!"

The ghost spirit howled. It welcomed the fist head-on without any fear.

"Boom!" The two of them collided!

Song Shuhang was shaken and had to take seven or eight steps back before stabilizing himself. On the other hand, the ghost spirit was only slightly pushed back. The difference between the two was very big.

Song Shuhang rubbed his fists and carefully looked at the ghost spirit.

"Roar!" The ghost spirit cried out once again. It shot like an arrow and clawed at Song Shuhang with its ghastly claws that were emitting a cold light.

At this time, Venerable White made his move. He gently raised his finger and said, "Go."

The small sword made of spiritual qi hovering over Song Shuhang's head slightly moved. A streak of sword qi shot toward the ghost spirit.

The dashing ghost spirit was surprised. It immediately raised its small golden shield to defend against the sword qi.

"Rip!" The sword qi pierced into the shield!

That sturdy small shield was pierced like paper, and the strength of the sword qi didn't diminish in the slightest. Afterward, it struck the body of the ghost spirit and sent it flying.

The ghost spirit called out pitifully while in midair and cracks started to appear on its body.

It had been severely injured!

Venerable White had kept the power of the sword qi to the minimum. Otherwise, one of his casual attacks would have completely destroyed the ghost spirit.

After falling onto the ground, the ghost spirit emitted a panic-stricken and painful howl.

Then, it looked at Venerable White as if looking at a monster. From this attack, it had understood how strong the other party was. Therefore, it chose to run away—it rolled on the floor and got up, and afterward, it dashed toward the window.

Venerable White faintly smiled.

Then, he detonated the remnants of sword qi left inside the body of the ghost spirit.

Just when it was two steps away from the window, the ghost spirit crashed on the ground once again. This time, it didn't even have the strength to get up.

The ghost spirit had a terrified expression. It tried to restore its damaged body and suppress the injuries caused by the sword qi.

While trying to restore its damaged body, its spiritual body started to get smaller and smaller—this was because it didn't have enough energy. Therefore, it could only melt its spiritual body and use it to restore the injuries caused by the sword.

After restoring its injuries... the size of the ghost spirit was comparable to that of a fist.

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"Ah?" Venerable White cried out in surprise. Even after receiving a large wound, a ghost spirit of the middle-rank wouldn't shrink till becoming fist-sized.

Did it undergo a mutation after absorbing the energy of the dying green-robed loose cultivator?

Impossible! A ghost spirit couldn't transform so easily.

There must be some other reason that he wasn't aware of!

Venerable White took a step forward. Then, he stretched out his hand toward the fist-sized ghost spirit.

The ghost spirit wanted to run away. However, Venerable White's slender hand seemed capable of covering heaven and earth; it easily caught it.

At the same time, he used his mental energy to inspect it, sweeping its body from head to toe.

After having swept it with his mental energy, Senior White opened his eyes, his expression strange.

The ghost spirit in his hand was originally of the middle rank. But now, it had lost a rank and transformed into a 'low-rank ghost spirit'!

The rank of a ghost spirit was decided upon its birth, and without fortuitous encounters, it wouldn't change for the rest of its life.

But now, the rank of this ghost spirit had decreased... just how did it happen?

Song Shuhang asked, "Senior White, is something the matter?"

"This ghost spirit... changed into a low-ranked one!" Venerable White grabbed the fist-sized ghost spirit and carefully scrutinized it. At the same time, he tried to look into his thousands of years of experience to check if there was a similar case.

"It became a low-ranked ghost spirit?" Song Shuhang opened his eyes wide.

Even if the difference between a low-rank and a middle-rank



ghost spirit was of only one rank, there was a huge difference between the two. A low-ranked ghost spirit didn't have intelligence, and it could only act as an extra reserve of energy for the owner. Moreover, it could reach the Third Stage Acquired Realm at best.

On the other hand, the intelligence of a middle-ranked ghost spirit was much higher, and it could even share its mind and energy with the owner. Furthermore, it could even help the latter purify the energy contained within their body and assist in their cultivation, strengthening their energy. Last but not least, it could reach the Sixth Stage Realm!

Therefore, a low-ranked ghost spirit could only be considered as a 'supplementary magical equipment' at best.

While a middle-rank ghost spirit was a real 'add-on'.

Was his character this bad? After failing only once, even the rank of his ghost spirit had decreased. Soft Feather failed so many times in a row, and nothing happened...

The good deeds I did back then were all for naught? Song Shuhang thought.

Just as he was at a loss, Venerable White discovered that this ghost spirit was somewhat unusual.

"Very strange... it didn't actually decrease in rank!" Venerable

White carefully looked at the fist-sized ghost spirit, staring at it for a while. Then, he said with a smile, "So, it was like this! Little Friend Shuhang, your luck isn't half bad!"

Song Shuhang asked, "Senior, what happened?"

Venerable White raised the 'low-ranked ghost spirit' in his hand and pointed toward its center. In that place, there was a magic rune revolving slowly—it was the core of the ghost spirit.

"Can you see it? It's a core! Low-and middle-ranked ghost spirits don't have a core. Only high-ranked ones can have it."

"Your ghost spirit underwent a mutation due to various circumstances; however, it didn't succeed in becoming a high-rank ghost spirit. Rather than that, it used its remaining energy to condense this 'core'. But, due to the excessive consumption of energy, it regressed to a low-rank ghost spirit. Nevertheless, this is only a temporary thing. In due time, when it has recovered its energy, it will return once again to being a middle-rank ghost spirit, and it will even have the opportunity to become a high-rank ghost spirit in the future. If you train it well, you might even obtain a high-rank ghost spirit!" Venerable White said with a smile.

"It can transform into a high-rank ghost spirit?" Song Shuhang was moved—having a middle-rank ghost spirit was equivalent to an ordinary cultivator helping you practice. However, having a high-rank ghost spirit was comparable to a very talented cultivator helping you practice day and night!

"Little Friend Shuhang, you still have some mental energy left, right? If so, you should use the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar' once again and make a contract with it while it's still weak," Venerable White said with a smile.

"If I have some mental energy left? Even if I hadn't, I would still try!" Song Shuhang gritted his teeth. Even if he had to squeeze out every bit of mental energy, he would do it!

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Inside the Nine Provinces Number One Group, several seniors were discussing.

Medicine Master: "I discovered why those four fellow daoists that entered the mysterious island lost their memories. It wasn't because their brains suffered damage or because someone erased their memories. Moreover, they weren't confused by an illusory art either."

"Then, what is the cause? 🤔" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked.

"While very strange, this is the result we obtained with joint collaboration. The reason is—those two fellow daoists and their dao children signed on own initiative a 'contract' with a powerful being. Therefore, they sealed their memories on their own! 😊" Medicine Master replied with a bitter smile.

When he came to this conclusion, even Medicine Master was taken aback—however, there was no mistake about it. Those two fellow daoists used a special method and sealed their own memories. The technique used to seal their memories left behind the traces of a ‘contract’... and once the conditions of the contract were satisfied, they would become the key to untie the seal.

But now, Daoist Priest Kun Yi and Daoist Nun Xuan Xuan didn’t remember anything about what had happened on the ‘mysterious island’ or about things pertaining the seal. Therefore, they had no idea what were the conditions of the contract.

They had no idea from where to start from to untie this seal.

"Even two Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors were able to leave that island only after willingly sealing their memories. Just what kind of secret is hidden there? And what level has reached that powerful being? 😬" Scholar Drunken Moon sighed with emotion.

Medicine Master replied, "This aside, the powerful existence dwelling on the mysterious island has no bad intentions. Isn’t this a lucky thing? Thrice Reckless and the others have been on the island for so many days. I wonder how they’re doing..."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain sighed, "I hope they’ll be alright and return with good results."

At this instant, the group turned quiet.

Medicine Master asked, "Right, is Senior White already familiar with the modern world? Song Shuhang isn't online. How is he doing?"

He had finished dealing with the memory problem of those fellow daoists. Therefore, he wanted to know if Song Shuhang's task to welcome True Monarch White was already finished. If it was, he would return to complete the formula of the simplified version of the body tempering liquid.

When Song Shuhang and Venerable White were mentioned, True Monarch Yellow Mountain rubbed his chin and thought: I didn't tell little friend Song Shuhang to pay attention to Venerable White's mysterious luck!

When he called him the last time, he wanted to tell him; however, True Monarch White was also there. Therefore, he couldn't say anything.

Venerable White didn't only have an incredible charm. He would also get distracted and suddenly stumble, and last but not least, he had a heaven-defying luck!

How should one describe this luck...? For those that accompanied him, this luck would bring along certain dangers. For example, back in the days, True Monarch Yellow Mountain also went to receive True Monarch White with the intention to make him familiar with the new world.

They were just walking when a huge meteorite fell beside him and True Monarch White! True Monarch Yellow Mountain was less than twenty meters away from the hole left behind by the meteorite!

If his luck wasn't good, he would have been crushed to death by it!

At the time, True Monarch White thoughtlessly broke down the meteorite and obtained pole star dawn steel, starry iron, pure-gold stone, and many other materials that could be used by cultivators.

And after he finished collecting the materials, he gave him almost half of them, saying it was the first meeting gift!

He thought that this was only a coincidence.

However, after following behind True Monarch White for several days, he experienced many strange phenomena.

When casually walking, strange things would appear on the ground. Lightning would casually strike old trees, giving birth to the precious lightning-struck wood. When passing by a mountain, there would be a random landslide that would make raw medicine materials like ginseng resurface.

The danger was everywhere, and you would face innumerable crises, but True Monarch White was able to obtain the maximum benefit every time.

Speaking of which, except for the continuous mortal danger, the benefits weren't half bad, right?

Hm... anyway, it'll be better to tell little friend Song Shuhang to pay attention to his security!

Then, True Monarch Yellow Mountain immediately dialed Song Shuhang's number...

## Chapter 166: Do You Obey?

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True Monarch Yellow Mountain immediately gave Song Shuhang a call, but after listening to a melodious caller tune that played over and over again three times in total, all he heard was, "I am sorry, the person you are trying to reach is currently unavailable. Please try again later!"

He hung up in frustration, 'What is little friend Shuhang doing? Why isn't he picking up his phone?'

At this moment however, Song Shuhang was busy making a contract with the ghost spirit. His phone was in silent mode, so of course he couldn't receive the call.

What should I do, should I try to send him a message via the thousand mile sound transmitter? True Monarch Yellow Mountain thought to himself.

However, he shook his head immediately after. Even though Song Shuhang had a 'thousand mile sound transmitter' in his possession, his strength and capability were insufficient. If they were to have an exchange, it would only be a one-way conversation—the other side would only be able to hear, but not speak.

At that time, if Venerable White were to stand next to Song Shuhang and listen in on the contents of their conversation, it would be bad as it would be awkward.

I shall try again a little later. Also, the first batch of cars that was



ordered would have to be sent to that parking area in Jiangnan tomorrow, so I might as well tell little friend Shuhang about Venerable White's past then!

That was True Monarch Yellow Mountain's plan.

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On another side. Since it was still between 11 PM and 1 AM, Venerable White decided to redo the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar' formation.

This time, the saliva of ghost dragon was not used. This was because the ghost spirit managed to escape from the spirit-binding ice bead, hence the saliva of ghost dragon would no longer be effective.

After erecting the formation, Venerable White directly pinned the fist-sized ghost spirit onto the center of the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar'. He did not even employ any sealing formation.

The ghost spirit fidgeted uneasily for a bit, but eventually settled down obediently in its original position. It was already very weak, to the extent that it could barely stir—well, even if it could move, it did not have the guts to do that anyway!

"Shuhang, in a moment, skip the five tribulations; directly activate the formation and make the contract with it," reminded

Venerable White.

The ghost spirit was extremely weak at this moment, and also because its 'middle rank' was temporarily lowered, even the small golden shield could not be used by it. Not to mention the Five Tribulations, even the first 'Metal Tribulation' might be enough to take away its small life.

Song Shuhang nodded and started chanting the incantations, surrounded the formation and performed a round of the dance. Thereafter, he placed both hands on the formation, activating the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar'.

Upon activation, he skipped the first steps and directly engaged the power of the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar' formation to create a 'contract' that he sent in the direction of the ghost spirit.

The ghost spirit shook slightly. It did not resist this time and obediently accepted the ghost spirit contract. It was already too weak—if it did not receive any supplements, it might well end up in danger of dissipating entirely.

Moreover, ever since the core of ghost spirit was gathered, its intellect was raised by quite a bit—it understood the logic behind the phrase "[a wise man will not fight when the odds are obviously stacked against him](#)".

In order to survive and quickly recover its power, after completing the contract with Song Shuhang it needed to take the

initiative to link its consciousness and energy with Song Shuhang.

Because of that, the time taken by Song Shuhang to synchronize and proceed with the process of sharing consciousness and energy would be significantly shortened.

It would take around a week at most for him to fully synchronize with the ghost spirit.

All preparations were in order, thus Song Shuhang shouted, "Contract, establish!"

The stones of the five elements above the Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar, as well as all kinds of materials of similar alignment all lit up. Ultimately, the power of the formation was transformed into two contract runes—one of them was integrated into the ghost spirit's body, and the other merged with Song Shuhang's heart.

"I succeeded!" Song Shuhang cheered joyfully. It only took him two attempts to succeed, this result was way better than expected.

Think about the number of times Soft Feather failed!

"You did well," Venerable White said and continued giving pointers, "take advantage of the fact that the contract just got established and thus the effects of the 'Five Elements Spirit Contracting Altar' have not entirely disappeared, quickly use your meditation technique to try and establish a connection with the

ghost spirit. Strike while the iron is hot."

"Yes!" Song Shuhang sat cross-legged on the ground, using the <<True Self Meditation Scripture>>.

Mental energy radiated from within his 'True Self', following the contract runes in an attempt to link with the ghost spirit.

The ghost spirit started to float over the formation. Following the rune within his heart, it entered Song Shuhang's body.

Thereafter, Song Shuhang experienced a sudden zero gravity sensation that was felt when taking an elevator. His senses have then merged with those of the ghost spirit.

He could interact with the external world via the ghost spirit!

Just like human beings, ghost spirits had senses—be it hearing, sight, smell, or touch, they were the same.

However, their sense of sight could undergo further transformation—on top of having the same visuals as human beings, they also possessed "sight of god"—the ability to have a bird's-eye view from the skies.

At this moment, Song Shuhang could feel—via the ghost spirit—that he was in a warm place; warm energy from all directions was surging towards the ghost spirit, allowing it to swiftly recover and return to its original state.

"This is...Heart Aperture?" Song Shuhang immediately understood—the place where the ghost spirit resided was the first aperture he had opened, the Heart Aperture. The energy that kept flowing towards the ghost spirit was in fact Song Shuhang's qi and blood energy.

The energy consumption required for the ghost spirit to recover from its wounds previously had been huge, so its rank had dropped from middle to low. As of now, it required huge amounts of qi and blood energy to heal its injuries and then raise its rank back to a 'middle-rank ghost spirit'.

What a waste, I opened only one aperture; the qi and blood energy I could provide for the ghost spirit would thus be limited. If I could open another aperture, I would be able to provide two times the qi and blood energy, and the ghost spirit's recovery would definitely be faster, am I right?

Song Shuhang thought to himself.

He had to put in some extra effort—before the ghost spirit made a full recovery, it would keep consuming the qi and blood energy from within his aperture until it recovered and it would be unable to accelerate his cultivation speed. Eventually, it would end up increasing the difficulty of him opening another Heart Aperture.

However, [sharpening your ax does not delay your job of cutting firewood](#). I will just take this consumption as payment for the preparations pertaining to the ghost spirit add-on.

This thought flashed across Song Shuhang's mind. Meanwhile, the ghost spirit within the Heart Aperture started shaking all of a sudden.

Thereafter, the body of the ghost spirit started dissipating—apart from keeping the core of ghost spirit and maintaining the minimum amount of energy necessary to sustain its body, other parts of its body turned into pure energy that was being sent straight into Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture.

In the next moment, this pure energy overflowed steadily from the Heart Aperture, following the channel between the Heart Aperture and the Eye Aperture, pouring into the latter.

What did this mean? Song Shuhang didn't need to take long and quickly realized—the ghost spirit meant to help him open his Eye Aperture!

Next, Song Shuhang once again experienced the same refreshing sensation he once felt when he stood at the coordinates given to him by the seniors outside the Moon Saber Sect—when his blood and qi quantity within the aperture rocketed.

But this time, the qi and blood quantity within the Eye Aperture increased at a much faster rate... and even more violently!

Venerable White on the side quickly sensed Song Shuhang's unusual condition.

He gave Song Shuhang a quick examination and laughed heartily.

"As expected, the luck of this young fellow daoist isn't half bad, "Venerable White softly said to himself. Soon after, he took out the old bronze ring that once belonged to the man in green daoist robe whose flying corpse flew from far away and landed on the ground.

To an esteemed figure like Venerable White, a Third Stage equipment like this ring was of a grade that was too low. Even if it was the most useful spirit gathering formation, it was still useless to him—the effects of the spirit gathering formation which Venerable White drew himself inside the fridge would not be any weaker than that of the bronze ring.

Of course, to the First Stage Song Shuhang, the effects of the spirit gathering formations on it would be very good!

Venerable White reached his hands out and rubbed on the bronze ring, removing the seal of the original owner, Li Tiansu. After that, he squatted next to Song Shuhang, putting the ring on his hand.

He laughed and said softly, "At least this can offset some of the money you used to buy a computer, mobile phone, and other items for me."

Such a gift from Venerable White, to Song Shuhang, had the same effect as [bringing a painted dragon to life by adding pupils to its eyes](#).

When the ring was worn on his finger, it was automatically activated. In an instant, the spiritual qi around him became stronger. When he breathed, he could breathe in quite an amount of pure spiritual qi.

In his Eye Aperture, qi and blood quantity kept on rising and rising!

At last, just like the Heart Aperture, under the right conditions, the Eye Aperture opened!

Song Shuhang opened his eyes; rays of light shot out from both of them. At the same time, black tears flowed from the corners of his eyes—that was the result of impurities, which blocked the Eye Aperture earlier, being expelled from his body upon the opening of the Eye Aperture.

The second aperture, Eye Aperture—open!

Having been practicing for only one month, to accomplish the feat of opening two apertures consecutively for a First Stage was rare, even for disciples from big and famous sects. Even though Song Shuhang resorted to more tricks than others, luck to cultivators was also one of the many forms of strength and capability!

Fate was a mystery of mysteries, but no cultivator would belittle fate and destiny. If luck was enough to defy the natural order, a small useless being could eventually become one of the most



almighty figures in the world.

Cultivating was a job that relied a lot on fate and destiny!

Song Shuhang wiped the black tears from the corners of his eyes and lightly blinked.

At this moment, he felt like the entire world seemed like it upgraded from a standard-definition video to a high-definition video. The feeling was such a rush that he just stood there with a blank face!

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On another side, inside Jiangnan's prison.

Zhao Bulu sat on the bed.

The western monk was in front of him. His face was stern as he was chanting, "From now till death, do not kill. Do you obey?"

Zhao Bulu with tears in both eyes said, "I obey."

The western monk continued to ask, "From now till death, do not steal. Do you obey?"

Zhao Bulu choked with sobs, "I obey."

The western monk asked for the third time, "From now till death, do not tell lies. Do you obey?"

Zhao Bulu quivered as he responded, "I obey."

The western monk nodded his head in approval and used his fingers like a knife to lightly scrape Zhao Bulu's head.

Strands of Zhao Bulu's black hair kept falling.

The western monk asked once again, "From now till death, do not consume alcohol. Do you obey?"

Zhao Bulu answered expressionlessly, "I obey."

The western monk was full of satisfaction as he shaved all of his hair—all that was left was just a shiny bald head. Last but not least, he said, "From now till death, do not lust. Do you obey?"

Zhao Bulu's eyes and face were devoid of emotion. "I obey."

"Excellent, excellent!" The western monk retrieved the special incense stick, which he prepared earlier, and poked Zhao Bulu's head six times in a row, creating six neat burn scars.

The western monk blew at his head and admired his masterpiece with much content, "I'm so nice to you—I gave you six scars at one

go. Unlike your teacher's master, who only gave me four scars—I had to add two more myself."

Zhao Bulu's lifeless eyes finally showed a tinge of emotions, one that was full of grief and sorrow— I wish you were as stingy as your master, it would have been even better if you did not burn a single scar on my head !

A chinese idiom. Rather obvious, but it means it's stupid to fight without having any chance of obtaining victory.

Another idiom, it means that spending time preparing well is not a waste of time (despite the late start it may entail).

As in, it was a finishing touch.

# Chapter 167: Innate Skill Of The Eye

## Aperture

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After opening the second aperture of the First Stage, the Eye Aperture, chances were that the cultivator would be able to develop an innate skill.

The lucky ones would be able to receive a skill like ‘clairvoyance’; those with poorer luck could also receive skills such as ‘long-distance vision’, ‘clarity vision’, ‘microscopic vision’, etc. They could receive all kinds of skills, and if one’s luck were to be horrendous, they might end up with nothing.

However, even if one were to be left with nothing, there was no need to feel discouraged. There were five apertures in total—Heart Aperture, Eye Aperture, Nose Aperture, Ear Aperture, Mouth Aperture. Apart from the Heart Aperture, there were still four of them left, and opening any of them entailed a chance that the cultivator would be bestowed with a skill.

Till now, generally every single cultivator would have unlocked at least one of the skills from an aperture; those with better luck might even have received two different skills.

However, two was already the maximum. No one had ever heard of anyone receiving three or more innate skills.

Song Shuhang’s luck was not considered bad. Upon opening the Eye Aperture, he received an innate skill.

Out of curiosity, he decided to try out the innate skill obtained from the Eye Aperture.

It wasn't the legendary 'clairvoyance' and neither was it one of the all-too-familiar long-distance, clarity, or microscopic vision...

When he activated the skill, the whole world instantly seemed as though it stopped and then started to move in slow motion.

The faintly swaying curtain, the small debris on the ground that was being swept up by the wind, as well as the summer bugs flying outside the window. All of the above were moving in slow motion in Song Shuhang's eyes.

The duration was only approximately a second, but to Song Shuhang, it felt like more than ten seconds.

After that, he felt as though his mental energy got depleted. His head felt an indistinct pain, and the slow motion mode was forcefully terminated...

Such an Eye Aperture innate skill could be called 'expert sight' or even 'superhuman sight', as in the eyes of experts, enemies' movements often seem as though they are at a standstill.

The effect was pretty good—in crucial times, it could probably be used to turn the situation mid-combat around. The only catch was that it used too much mental energy as well as qi and blood.

In the early stage, once was enough to deplete his vitality; in the later stages, since he would already be an expert, the chance for him to use the innate skill was lowered. On the whole, it felt kind of useless.

It wasn't considered good, but it wasn't considered bad either.

That being said, to awaken an innate skill was a good fortune in itself. At least half of all cultivators were unable to awaken an innate skill when opening the Eye Aperture.

"When you opened the Eye Aperture, you managed to awaken the innate skill?" Asked Venerable White.

"Yes, I obtained an innate skill. But the consumption of mental energy is very high," Song Shuhang replied, smiling bitterly.

Venerable White smiled and said, "As long as you could activate it, it is a joyous thing. You unlocked the innate skill at the first try; you might still be able to obtain another innate skill when you open the remaining three apertures. If your mental energy is insufficient, then think of a way to increase it!

Anyway, we shall call it a day here! Take a good rest, do not practice anymore," Venerable White added.

Song Shuhang's energy was greatly depleted; if he continued to practice, it would only cause internal injuries.

"Alright, Senior," replied Song Shuhang.

However, as they say, the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak—he wouldn't be able to practice even if he wanted to. Earlier, when he activated the 'expert sight', the consumption of his energy was too huge and now waves of sleepiness kept surging within him. All he wanted to do now was to look for a bed, climb into it, and sleep.

"Well then Senior, I am going to rest!" Said Song Shuhang.

He inched towards his room in extreme exhaustion. Because he was too tired out, he still had not noticed the old bronze ring on his finger.

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After Song Shuhang left, Venerable White went to close the window shut.

Thereafter, he lightly flicked the short blue sword with his finger. As if it had its own spirit, it started floating in the air and followed behind Venerable White.

"Loose cultivator, Li Tiansu," Venerable White said softly. Since he asked for his name, it implied that he chose to accept his karma. If one day he were to meet Li Tiansu's juniors or relatives and they needed help, based on today's karma, he would certainly extend a helping hand.

After that, Venerable White went downstairs, near the multistoried building, and drew a few sets of runes. He also restored the damage to the formation which had been set up by ‘Medicine Master’.

"Done." Venerable White stretched his body as he thought, "What should I do next?"

Soon, his gaze fell on the air conditioner on the second floor.

‘I was finally able to convince fellow daoist Shuhang to sleep, I shall take the opportunity to disassemble the air conditioner and study it!’

Hence, Venerable White happily went to disassemble it...

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On another side.

Cultivator Sunflower was currently located at a hotel near the Jiangnan College Town.

It took him the rest of the day and slightly past 1 AM—and quite some effort—to recover from the ‘falling on the ground’ incident.

In between, because he was worried that Song Shuhang might



suddenly appear with that senior for revenge, he had to change his clothes a couple of times. He even found a couple of rooms to take a number of showers to remove his body scent; also, he even sprayed himself with a liquid that got rid of his aura. He continuously suffered until now.

‘Till now, that "Stressed by a Mountain of Books" has yet to find me. Perhaps he really took me for an ordinary passerby?’ Cultivator Sunflower thought to himself.

He sat in meditation and practiced one round, allowing his mental state to stabilize. At the same time, his mind was pondering today’s incident.

‘One thing is sure though—that ‘Stressed by a Mountain of Books’ is definitely just an ordinary newbie cultivator. If it was merely him, I could easily catch him and take the ‘Blood God Crystal’ from his hands without problem.

However, the identity of the intimidating senior cultivator next to him is unknown, and what exactly is his relationship with "Stressed by a Mountain of Books"? Would this senior actually constantly be by his side? Or would he leave after a couple of days?’

Rubbing his temples, he had already told an informant of the Limitless Demon Sect to look for the latest information pertaining to ‘Stressed by a Mountain of Books’ to see if he could find any clues or traces.

At that moment, his cell phone rang.

"Hello, is this Cultivator Sunflower? The report on 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' that you needed is ready. Come to the Parmete Hotel, we will pass the report to you there," said the guy on the end of the line in a nonchalant voice.

"Got it," Cultivator Sunflower stood up, got out, and called for a taxi.

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"Hey Brother, where are you going?" The driver was a man with a stubbled face. You could tell that he had a lot of life experience under his belt from the weary look in his eyes.

"Parmete Hotel," Cultivator Sunflower replied plainly.

"That's pretty far," replied the driver.

"It's ok, I have enough money," replied Cultivator Sunflower plainly once again.

"Ok then, sit tight," the driver then smiled. He stepped on the gas and the car went off at a fast speed as if it was flying.

Cultivator Sunflower, who was sitting in the front passenger seat, kept frowning, worrying about the 'Stressed by a Mountain of

Books' issue. His entire being was giving off a gloomy vibe.

The taxi driver thought he was in a bad mood, so he asked, "Brother, feeling depressed? Wanna listen to some music and relax a little?"

Cultivator Sunflower thought about it and nodded, "Alright, turn some music on to relax a little."

He was indeed too uptight, listening to calm music could perhaps help him ease his state of mind.

It was very soon that... Cultivator Sunflower couldn't have regretted his decision more.

Dammit, instead of turning on radio, the driver actually opened up his larynx and started singing happily.

If he wanted to sing, then so be it. With his stubbled face sort of look, it might be pretty good if he sang some meaningful ballads in a deep voice.

However, he actually sang a feminine, light-hearted and gentle song, originally sung by female artiste a long time ago, if he recalled correctly.

"Ooh~ I like it, leaning on your chest like that~

Ooh~ I like it, waking up next to you~

Ooh~ I like it, when you place your hand over my shoulders~"

Can you imagine the picture of an old stubble-faced man singing a love song ever so gently like water... such a "beautiful" sight.

On the contrary, he himself had no sense of self-awareness at all; he even thought that he sang superbly.

As he was singing, his personal preferences could be inferred from his song choices—love songs were sung one after another; without a single exception, all of them belonged to the ‘passionate and gentle as water’ genre.

Well, honestly, you can’t blame the taxi driver. Those were the songs he usually listened to—he was after all a manly man, he definitely would want to listen to gentle little girls’ voices. After listening for quite some time, of course he would be able to sing them.

Cultivator Sunflower, who was leaning against the front passenger seat, could feel his stress level increasing exponentially.

"Don’t sing anymore," he said in a deep voice. "I want some peace and quiet!"

The taxi driver smacked his lips, a regretful expression on his face.

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At this moment, above the taxi which Cultivator Sunflower was in, a small and nimble pekingese was tailing him.

A single-lens reflex camera was hung around the neck of the pekingese. It contained the pictures of the scene where Cultivator Sunflower was talking on the phone earlier. Doudou looked at the screen of the camera and felt that his skills got better.

As a monster dog, his strength and capability were remarkable. He had a hundred ways to tail Cultivator Sunflower while at the same time avoiding detection. However, to Doudou, investigating and tailing the other party was not something that should be taken too lightly.

After that, we shall see what kind of information on Song Shuhang this 'Cultivator Sunflower' person could get, and what his next course of actions would be.

After taking the pictures, Doudou prepared to head home.

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Soon, the taxi driver stopped at Parmete Hotel.

Cultivator Sunflower paid the taxi fare and rushed to get off the

taxi as though he was escaping from something.

Thereafter, he arrived at an internet cafe next to Parmete Hotel to meet with the informant from the 'Limitless Demon Sect'.

Because Su Clan's Seven had been causing trouble to the Limitless Demon Sect recently, Limitless Demon Sect's informants took extra precautions these days. They feared that he would track their whereabouts and then annihilate their whole branch.

Cultivator Sunflower casually looked for a computer and sat down.

After that, he took out a pack of cigarettes and went online.

About half an hour later, the guy beside him suddenly whispered softly, "This is all the information with regards to Stressed by a Mountain of Books. You have to be careful these days, do not get caught by the Spirit River Su Clan's people. Su Clan's Seven is practically crazy, a lot of the sect's informants have been taken away by his people."

In between the speech, the guy flicked his finger and secretly passed a USB flash drive to Cultivator Sunflower.

Cultivator Sunflower secretly kept the USB flash drive. After half an hour, he got up and left the internet cafe. From his arrival to departure, he never once looked at the guy beside him at all.

‘If not for Spirit River Su Clan making a commotion, the information could have been sent via the internet,’ Cultivator Sunflower heaved a sigh...

# Chapter 168: The Space Travel Of A Domestic Air Conditioner

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Cultivator Sunflower looked for a hotel and used a computer there to view the information inside the USB flash drive. He was going to see just what 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' had been doing for the past one year.

He started from the front and scrutinized it word by word in fear of leaving out important and useful clues.

However, after looking through half a year worth of information—darn it, it was just an extremely ordinary everyday campus life of a university student: studying, attending classes, meeting new friends, getting good grades, and occasionally playing games. What he liked the most was going to the rental bookstore every day to "freeload" books.

This was a sports-loving single youth who excelled in both morals and studies.

However, practically nothing valuable could be found!

Did the Intelligence Department trick me? Cultivator Sunflower thought that someone was playing jokes on him. Luckily, he held his horses and continued to read on all the way to the information on the past month and caught something suspicious.

According to the investigations of the Intelligence Department of



Limitless Demon Sect, a month ago, there was a small group of cultivators from the nearby town that investigated the past of ‘Stressed by a Mountain of Books’. However, afterwards... the leader of this group known as ‘Altar Master’ died mysteriously, and this case mysteriously ended as well.

According to the report from Limitless Demon Sect, the corpse of Altar Master was ultimately found on a subway. His body got cut into several pieces by someone with exquisite sword skills. The killer seemed like a western monk, a First Stage cultivator with decent skills, who was currently incarcerated.

That was all he could find in the Limitless Demon Sect’s online database. After all, that small group acted discreetly, and it had already happened more than a month ago—it would be hard to retrieve any useful clues.

After that, ‘Stressed by a Mountain of Books’, Su Clan’s Seven, and a junior of the Su Clan assembled together and participated in the Moon Saber Sect incident. Opposing Young Master Hai’s evil scheme, they successfully removed a ‘Blood God Crystal’ from his clutches.

Those were the only two events when ‘Stressed by a Mountain of Books’ showed a side of him that separated him from an average kid.

Cultivator Sunflower pinched his chin, and started to get lost in deep thoughts.

According to the information report, the remaining members of that group are First Stage cultivators with two, three apertures open—their cultivation techniques are pretty weak. Perhaps I could make use of them—all I have to do is give them better techniques and materials. Who knows, maybe they might end up becoming my underlings?

However, even if that group could be used in action, how should he deal with the senior next to ‘Stressed by a Mountain of Books’?

Ah, wait a minute...was he forgetting something?

F\*ck!!!

Young Mistress Candy!!!

Previously, he’d entrusted a task to Young Mistress Candy—to go to ‘Stressed by a Mountain of Books’ house to steal the Blood God Crystal.

But the thing was, as of now, that ‘Stressed by a Mountain of Books’ had this intimidating senior cultivator by his side, and yet he had forgotten to remind Young Mistress Candy about it. If she secretly tried to enter his house to steal the Blood God Crystal, she was definitely going to be strung up and beaten by that senior. Who knows, she might even be locked up in a basement, subjected to all kinds of torture.

Cultivator Sunflower quickly grabbed his phone and dialed

Young Mistress Candy's phone number as fast as he could. Little Candy, ah, Little Candy, I hope you ain't that quick to act! Pick up the phone, quick, pick up the phone!

"Sorry, the number you are dialing is currently unavailable."

The automatic message from the phone allowed him to understand how brutal reality was.

No, dont. Don't tell me she had already started the operation?

The hand in which Cultivator Sunflower was holding the phone stiffened. Should I look for Little Candy and bring her back?

However, whenever he thought about the intimidating senior who contributed to the 'falling on the ground' incident, it inevitably became a trauma for Cultivator Sunflower.

If I cross paths with that senior, he won't even have to attack me—it'd be enough for him to just throw himself on the ground as soon as I get close to him!

What should I do?

Not save her when she is in mortal danger?

Cultivator Sunflower's face was filled with despair and helplessness; he was at a loss.

At this time, he did not actually realize that there was a monster pekingese behind him that calmly used his claws to deactivate the video function on the single-lens reflex camera. He used magic to conceal his physical form, and openly tailed Cultivator Sunflower while videoing him. He waited till he was about done, then carefreely took his leave.

After completing the mission, I will get a new model of laptop. Having my own laptop means never having to worry about fighting to use the computer with Song Shuhang or Senior White ever again. I can now play video games with wife whenever I want to!

Oh yeah!

To celebrate a little, what should I do?

I should probably go back to scold that stupid Yellow Mountain. He actually did not come over to get me.

I'm gonna spit saliva all over his face. How could that suppressed Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist be more important than me, who ran away from home?

What should I do after that?

Hmm, I should go back and think about how to look for some music, wife can't possibly spend the whole day accompanying me.

After all, ordinary people need some sleep.

And since Yellow Mountain, that big idiot, did not come and pick me up, if I don't look for some nice songs, I would be bored to death...

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At this moment, in Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

Venerable White's face was filled with content as he placed a laptop, with its screen displaying the structure of the air conditioner, next to him.

Thereafter, he disassembled the interior and exterior of the air conditioner and spread the components all over the floor.

"The mind of human beings' is getting more and more meaningful; cultivators don't need things like air conditioners, but to ordinary mankind, in the sweltering heat of summer, this is a must-have. It is really interesting, this era is truly a wonderful era, there are too many things that are worthy of being disassembled!

Ok, before little friend Song Shuhang wakes up, I should probably assemble the air conditioner back together," said Venerable White as he started to piece the the air conditioner—not forgetting the adjacent part of ventilation system—together. This time, he followed the lesson learned from the previous episode—from the moment he started disassembling, he memorized every

step clearly.

Soon after, the air conditioner had been completely reassembled.

"This time, I did not leave out a single part. Indeed, if I am serious about doing something, there would not be any problem!" Venerable White's face was full of confidence as he brought the air conditioner to the second floor to reassemble it as a whole with the vent, and plug it in.

After switching it on with the remote, Senior White's face beamed with confidence!

Approximately 5 to 6 seconds later.

"Boom, boom..." came the familiar sound of circuits frying. Shortly after, there was a gust of black smoke.

The air conditioner overheated and was fried as well.

Venerable White's body stiffened, and he hurriedly unplugged it from the power source.

"Why did it become like that, I clearly followed every step and there was no problem! Why did it overheat!?"

Senior White was extremely frustrated.

At the same time, he secretly glanced at Song Shuhang's room—little friend Song Shuhang was still sound asleep.

"I don't have a choice, I just have to use magic to replace the air conditioner's function!" Senior White rubbed his hands and disassembled it anew, preparing to engrave a spirit gathering formation, and then another automatic temperature-adjusting formation.

However... as he was about to engrave the formation, he suddenly thought of something.

"Ah, wait a minute—I don't think I have learned the 'automatic temperature-adjusting' formation!" Senior White stared blankly.

That was because after cultivators opened the Heart Aperture, they would already possess an automatic body temperature-adjusting ability. There was no need for any 'automatic temperature-adjusting' formation!

"What should I do?" Senior White stared at the air conditioner with a guilty expression.

After much deliberation, he secretly took down the air conditioner once again and placed it into a box, moving it to the courtyard downstairs.

Thereafter, he found a branch in the courtyard at random and pared it into the shape of a sword. He then engraved a bunch of

complicated formations on it.

At last, spiritual qi poured into the wooden sword.

After those steps had been completed, the original plain wooden sword transformed into a floating rainbow-colored wooden sword!

Senior White mumbled, "Haha, it's been a long time since I created something, I'm a bit out of practice."

Disposable flying sword 004 edition!

As the name implied, this was a one-time use flying sword, uniquely created by Senior White.

Following after, Senior White placed the packaged air conditioner onto the wooden flying sword.

He executed a sword art, and displayed the sword controlling technique, "Do your thing!"

'Disposable flying sword 004 edition' rose, along with the air conditioner, and soared into the sky, higher and higher.

It soared, and soared. Upon reaching a certain height, it transformed into chunks of ice. However, the flying sword's speed was not affected, and it continued at a speed which wouldn't make it burst into flames because of friction, freely crossing through the



atmospheric layer.

Just like that, it flew into space, starting its endless voyage...

As long as the spiritual energy within the 'disposable flying sword 004 edition' did not get completely consumed before that, and as long as it did not collide with any stars, a black hole, meteorites, or any similar dangers in the vacuum, this air conditioner would become the earth's first domestic air conditioner to enjoy space travel.

Hmm, in fact, before the air conditioner, a luxurious carriage used by the emperor, three mechanic dragons, two mechanic elephants, a monster snake that once committed an offense against Senior White, a precise seismograph... etc. shared this experience as well. All of them once sat on 'disposable flying sword 001', 'disposable flying sword 002', and 'disposable flying sword 003' under Senior White's help, and embarked on their tragic space travel.

With regards to sending those items into space, Senior White had already showed his long-time experience. He could maintain control over the flying sword's speed, allowing it to cross through the atmospheric layer without exploding in flames. The sword and its burden also would not lose power and end up falling from the sky back onto earth.

Via a sword art, freely starting its space voyage.

Upon completing everything, Senior White wiped his sweat.

Then, he returned to the second floor, and in the original location where the air conditioner had been placed, he engraved... an illusory art formation.

Soon after, a lifelike AC unit appeared in its original position.

After that, Senior White drew another illusory art formation outside. Lifelike ventilation system parts then appeared in their original position as well.

"Haha, done.

After that, in a few days' time, I will go to the chat group's fellow daoist friends to change some money and secretly buy an air conditioner in its place. For now, just gotta make do with this," Senior White let out a hollow laugh, hoping that fellow daoist Song Shuhang wouldn't sense anything odd... would he?

Should be able to get away with this, my illusory art is after all of a pretty high standard.

Hee hee hee~

After engraving the formation, Senior White felt kind of guilty. He held his own laptop and went back to the room Song Shuhang prepared for him on the third floor.

However, after returning to the third floor, he saw the color TV in his room.

He couldn't control it any longer, his fingers started wriggling.

Three minutes later, Senior White gritted his teeth, and resolutely said, "It's ok, disassembling one or disassembling two is the same! At most, by then I will buy a brand new set back!"

Thereafter, with a face filled with happiness, he started disassembling the color TV...

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Meanwhile, Song Shuhang was already sleeping soundly.

Because he had used too much of his mental energy, he slept exceptionally well.

A small black dot suddenly appeared on the top of the head of the fast asleep Song Shuhang.

This black dot quickly condensed and transformed into a black spiritual mass, giving off a strong aura of resentment...

# Chapter 169: A Slash Capable Of Burning The Heavens

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"Hate, hate, hate~ even if I don't enter the cycle of reincarnation, remaining a lowly ghost for eternity, I will still obtain revenge!" A howl spread from a black spiritual mass. At the same time, its body enlarged as if someone had blown air into it. It quickly reached half the height of a person from that of a ping-pong ball.

If one were to look at it carefully, they would notice that it vaguely resembled that Altar Master who had died in Song Shuhang's hands. However, only half of its features resembled that of Altar Master.

This resentful spirit was born when the dying Altar Master had cursed Song Shuhang. However, Song Shuhang himself had already destroyed this resentful spirit once, and afterward, it was swallowed several times by the pekingese Doudou. And yet, the curse hadn't disappeared.

Right now, the pekingese Doudou wasn't by his side. And since he had consumed too much mental energy, Song Shuhang couldn't even use a small technique to stay on alert.

The resentful spirit born from the curse slowly took shape. After grinning fiendishly, it stretched its sharp, ghastly claws and ruthlessly aimed at Song Shuhang's throat. If these claws were to hit him, they would surely leave five bloody holes in the latter's throat.

Just when its sharp nails were about to prick Song Shuhang's skin, a pure white spiritual mass shot out of his Heart Aperture—it was the ghost spirit with a golden shield he had just contracted.

The pure white ghost spirit was only fist-sized, while the black resentful spirit had already reached half the height of a person.

However, the ghost spirit wasn't scared in the slightest. It suddenly opened its mouth and took a deep breath.

At this point, a strange thing happened. The ghost spirit resembled a black hole, and just like the [Golden-Red Gourd](#) that could swallow people, it swallowed down the black resentful spirit!

"Burp~" the ghost spirit burped satisfied, and even its body got slightly bigger. Then, after a yawn, it returned to Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture.

The fast asleep Song Shuhang smacked his lips. It seemed he was having a good dream. He rolled over and kept sleeping soundly.

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The dream was indeed beautiful.

This time, Song Shuhang dreamt of being a person from ancient times.

He had a pure and innocent childhood, and his parents were kind. However, when he was six, he was afflicted by a strange and incurable disease. His father brought him along and searched everywhere for a cure, but it was all for naught.

At last, his parents decided to send him off to an old and worn-out daoist temple a few dozen kilometers away from their home, leaving him in the care of a daoist priest with a fiery red robe.

This daoist priest with a fiery robe wasn't an average man. He was an immortal living among mortals. In the dream, Song Shuhang started to live with the daoist priest. Every day, he would drink a bitter medicinal liquid, and afterward, he would practice a strange fist technique.

After two years, he had already recovered from his illness and grasped a small amount of power that didn't belong to the mortal world.

Then, on a day two years and three months later, the daoist priest brought him under a gigantic old tree that was high enough to pierce the clouds.

"My name is Scarlet Heaven, and the two of us were predestined to meet. Look carefully!" The daoist priest faintly smiled. Then, he broke a branch of the big tree and started to demonstrate a series of movements while standing in place.

He muttered the incantation of the technique with his mouth.

It should have been a peerless sword technique. However, Song Shuhang wasn't able to understand it.

Because, when he started to demonstrate the technique, the form of the daoist priest got more and more blurry. And, from time to time, some parts would be suddenly skipped... both the incantation and the sword technique were explained in a different language. It was an alien language to Song Shuhang.

But the 'he' in the dream could see and listen very well.

After finishing his demonstration, the daoist priest with the fiery red robe said, "How much of it did you remember?"

"Around 90%." The 'he' in the dream replied.

"Not bad. This 90% should be enough for you to condense a Golden Core and step on the Great Way. But your future achievements will depend on your efforts," Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven smiled as he patted 'his' head.

In the dream, 'he' laughed, somewhat embarrassed. He felt as if the daoist priest wanted to leave him.

After caressing his head, Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven squatted down in front of him; it seemed he wanted to tell him something.

But at this time, the daoist priest looked strangely toward the 'he' in the dream.

Song Shuhang could feel Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven's gaze; it was profound like the universe. It penetrated through the 'he' in the dream, and after crossing space and time, it stared at the real Song Shuhang!

Song Shuhang felt his body turn cold, as if his every secret was being seen through!

"So, it was like this. Interesting! Very interesting!" Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven heartily laughed.

Then, he stood up and picked the tree branch once again.

Afterward, the daoist priest changed the language he used and started his demonstration again.

This time, the 'he' in the dream couldn't understand anything. He wasn't familiar with this language.

However... Song Shuhang could understand everything!

"My name is Scarlet Heaven. Back in the days, when I became a daoist, I relied on a very common set of 'Flaming Saber' techniques to build the foundation of my cultivation. And now, I'll pass down this 'Flaming Saber' to you. Since it's a very common saber technique, I hope you won't hold a grudge toward this poor daoist for being so stingy."



At this time, Song Shuhang got the impression that Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven wasn't talking to the 'he' in the dream, but was instead talking to the real him!

"There isn't much time. I'll demonstrate this technique only once," Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven continued to wave the tree branch in his hand. Using the branch as a blade, he made a slashing motion with his wrist.

Immediately, Song Shuhang felt as if the world had started to burn.

It seemed as if an inexhaustible flame had started to burn on the tree branch in the hand of the daoist priest. There was nothing that couldn't be burnt by that flame, and it wouldn't be extinguished for eternity!

When the slashing motion ended, the flames had engulfed the entire world. All the myriad different places of the world were completely burnt to ashes! Even the clouds of the high and mighty 'heaven' were engulfed by those red flames!

He didn't use the incantation of the saber technique, and he didn't use the appropriate posture either. He merely used a slash imbued with saber intent! This slash was the essence of the saber technique!

When facing this slash, Song Shuhang felt his body becoming blazing hot, his mouth parched and his blood about to dry out.

However, he understood many things.

Even if he couldn't see Song Shuhang, Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven knew that he had comprehended most of this technique. He heartily laughed and waved his stretched hand. The tree branch in his hand was reduced to ashes.

Even the towering tree behind his body was reduced to ashes.

The 'he' in the dream was dumbfounded.

The daoist priest with the fiery red robe lightly shouted before stepping toward the void. He flew through the sky without any external help and went higher and higher, until he disappeared.

The 'he' in the dream respectfully knelt on the ground. Afterward, he knocked his head on the ground three times.

Soon after... the picture in the dream changed, and many years had passed by.

The 'he' in the dream had grown up. At this time, he was carrying a blue short sword on his back and wore a daoist robe that was similar to that of Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven. However, its color was green.

A cultivator with a green daoist robe... the loose cultivator Li Tiansu!

The dream finished there. Song Shuhang opened his eyes; it was already dawn.

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Early morning, 6:03 AM. July 2, Tuesday. The sky was clear.

Song Shuhang sat on the bed.

"Was it a dream?" Just as he spoke, he noticed that his entire body was covered in sweat!

‘If it wasn’t a dream, then... was it the memory of that loose cultivator named Li Tiansu?’ Since he had already experienced something like this, Song Shuhang immediately understood what had happened.

‘Li Tiansu’ should be the senior loose cultivator whose corpse flew till here when I was contracting the ghost spirit, leaving behind those two pieces of equipment, right?

When Senior White asked that loose cultivator about his name, Song Shuhang heard the phrase ‘loose cultivator Li Tiansu’.

However, why did he dream of being Li Tiansu?

Was it due to the ghost spirit? It seemed that the ghost spirit had

absorbed the energy left behind by the dying Li Tiansu, undergoing a strange mutation. So after he interlinked his mind with the ghost spirit, he saw that memory?

When he was thinking, Song Shuhang lowered his head and saw that the ancient bronze ring was on his finger.

It was one of the two pieces of equipment left behind by Li Tiansu after he had dissipated.

"The ring... does it mean that it wasn't due to the ghost spirit, but it was because the ring missed its previous owner? Therefore, it made me dream about him?" Song Shuhang wondered aloud.

When recalling the dream, Song Shuhang noticed that the Flaming Saber of Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven had left a deep impression on him.

Scarlet Heaven said that his Flaming Saber Technique was a very common technique in the world of cultivators.

However, after recalling Scarlet Heaven's slash and those inextinguishable flames capable of burning down everything, heavens included... was it really just an ordinary 'Flaming Saber Technique'?

That slash was capable of burning even the heavens!

Song Shuhang started to get restless. He needed to try out this

‘Flaming Saber’ that Scarlet Heaven had passed down to him. With that, he would be able to discern if it was just a dream or if it was a fragment of Li Tiansu’s memory.

Song Shuhang quickly went toward the safe. After opening it, he took the mystical saber he had obtained from the sect master of the Moon Saber Sect, Ba Qianjun.

The name of this saber was Broken Tyrant and it was around one meter long. It was incredibly hard, and after experiencing the fires of the tribulation, it had undergone a strange transformation.

After taking the saber, Song Shuhang went to the top floor—the fifth floor.

Having learnt from the experience of the Three Star Fire Controlling Fan, he didn’t dare to act recklessly inside the room.

‘Let’s give it a try. There is no one here anyway. I’ll pretend to be still inside the dream,’ Song Shuhang took a deep breath as he tried to recall Scarlet Heaven’s appearance when he was demonstrating the ‘Flaming Saber’.

He also started to spin the saber, and after the energy of qi and blood gushed out from the Eye and Heart Apertures, he slashed down...

It seemed imposing, and the posture was very cool!

However, no flames appeared.

Let alone flames, there wasn't even a spark.

"Haha," Song Shuhang bitterly smiled.

Was it nothing but a dream?

Or perhaps, this 'Flaming Saber' could only be learnt after diligent practice?

'Whatever, every day I have some time I'll take out a bit of it and practice this Flaming Saber,' Song Shuhang made up his mind.

If he could create raging flames with his saber as Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven did, it would be really cool!

'Forget it, let's just cultivate for now. In the next few days, I even have to attend classes seriously,' Song Shuhang started to do basic exercises.

Then, after putting the treasured saber Broken Tyrant to one side, he started to practice the <<Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>> and used the <<True Self Meditation Scripture>> to redirect the flow of qi and blood toward his third aperture, the Nose Aperture.

Opening the Nose Aperture was more difficult than opening the Eye Aperture. Without any external aid, it would take at least two

years.

Golden-Red Gourd is a treasure from Journey To the West.

# Chapter 170: Walking Doudou

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An hour later, Song Shuhang stopped practicing.

He felt that the results of today's practice were much better than before. Could it be because of the opening of the Eye Aperture that caused his body to become much stronger?

But when he opened the Heart Aperture, the improvement was not as obvious as this.

At this point, what Song Shuhang didn't know was that the ancient bronze ring on his finger had spirit gathering formation engraved on it. It could always keep his body refreshed at any given time, and at the same time allowed his practice to achieve better results.

"Alright, let's go to attend classes then," Song Shuhang picked up the treasured saber Broken Tyrant and prepared to go downstairs for a shower.

When he arrived at the third floor, he saw that Doudou the pekingese had returned and was currently squatting in front of the computer in high spirits.

Senior White and Doudou sat together, with the same facial expression, searching earnestly for some information on the web.

Song Shuhang greeted them, "Good morning, Senior White.



Doudou, you're back!"

"Morning to you, Little Friend Shuhang," Senior White lifted his head and smiled with a nod—Senior White today was a handsome mess as always, but for some reason, when he was looking at Song Shuhang, he seemed to be avoiding looking directly into his eyes.

"I came back long ago, this is for you," Doudou did not lift his head up, but curled his tail and tossed something at Song Shuhang.

Looking at the black thing flying in his direction, for some reason Song Shuhang's brain switched off for a moment—he subconsciously wielded his saber and slashed.

"Clash~" the black item easily got cut in half, sufficient evidence to prove the sharpness of the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

A second later.

Song Shuhang stared at the black item on the ground that just got cut in half and felt like crying as he said, "My single-lens reflex camera..."

The newly-bought single-lens reflex camera, bought from the owner at the 'buying price' under Venerable White's charm. He hadn't even used it once—now it got slashed into two because of himself.

Doudou lifted his head and glanced at Song Shuhang, "Woof, you

chopped it yourself, don't blame me, ok?"

Song Shuhang squatted and heartbrokenly held onto the halves of his single-lens reflex camera—it was cut in half right in the middle, there was no way of salvaging or repairing it.

"Right, woof, I should remind you that inside the camera there's the video of the dude with a delicate face and a tough build. You'd better check if the memory card within the camera is intact. If it isn't, I won't take it again for you," Doudou continued.

Song Shuhang could only silently take the memory card out from the single-lens reflex camera. Fortunately, it was not destroyed.

Heaving a sigh, he could only blame his brain for switching off today.

Song Shuhang asked, "As expected, there was a problem with him?"

"Woof, it's the Limitless Demon Sect. They want to steal the Blood God Crystal from you. However, it's just a small fry doing things on his own. For the specifics, watch the video and you'll know," replied Doudou.

It really was the Limitless Demon Sect!

"How is his ability?" asked Song Shuhang

"First Stage Five Apertures Realm, not long before he jumps through the dragon gate," Doudou casually replied.

After giving it some thought, Song Shuhang asked, "Can I beat him?"

"Yeah... if it is a head-on confrontation, with your talismans, coupled with the magic of the ancient bronze ring on your finger, you do stand a chance against him. However, if he sneak-attacks you, you should have no chance to defend yourself," answered Doudou.

If that's the case, aren't I in an extremely dangerous situation right now?

Especially since the opponent could come and catch him anytime and anywhere!

Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh, "Doudou, do you want to take a walk today?"

"What? You wanna walk me today?" Doudou raised his head and looked at Song Shuhang. "Ok then, since today I'm in the mood for it, I shall let you take me for a walk!"

While talking, he was hitting on the keys on the keyboard, finishing off a mini-boss, and bade goodbye to his online 'wife'.

"Wait for me, I'm gonna change my outfit, so you can walk me better," Doudou switched his laptop off and hurriedly ran inside the house.

Song Shuhang looked at Venerable White and asked, "Senior White, I gotta go to attend my classes in a while, do you have any plans?"

Venerable White laughed, "I still have something on in the morning. I got a phone call earlier from the subdistrict office, asking me if we have any [floating residents](#) here. They are currently doing some registrations, and if there are any floating residents, they need to apply for a temporary residence permit, so I might as well take the chance to make one. Later, I gotta get my picture taken and complete the registration."

"Ooh, it's time to settle temporary residence permit again," Song Shuhang nodded and said, "then Doudou and I shall go ahead! Senior White, if you have any problems, feel free to contact me."

Senior White nodded silently, with his gaze secretly shifting to the big box behind him.

Inside it were his 'war trophies' from the previous night's struggle—one large display TV, one water dispenser, two stereo speakers, one electric rice cooker, one induction cooker...

Luckily, he hadn't gotten caught by little friend Song Shuhang.

After little friend Song Shuhang left, he would have to use the ‘disposable flying sword 004 edition’ to send them to space.

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At 7:30 AM, Song Shuhang and Doudou left home.

Doudou put on a dog collar on his own, transforming into his small pekingese form. He had a ‘this dog majesty shall reward you’ expression as he was passing the leash to Song Shuhang.

He was really walking the dog?

Song Shuhang had initially thought that Doudou would get out of the house with him at most; he did not expect that he would actually wear the collar in a physical form that ordinary human beings could see with the naked eye.

This was not a good thing—even though Jiangnan College Town was rather open-minded and the academic advisors living on campus could keep dogs and cats as pets, students definitely could not keep them.

Forget it, let’s just take a walk and see how it goes.

If it is really not possible then I’ll say that it’s some tutor’s pet and that I am in charge of bringing it out for a walk.

Song Shuhang thought for a bit, then took Doudou out.

In the first half of the journey, Doudou was rather passive, and Song Shuhang was indeed walking it, not the other way round.

However, when they were about to arrive at Jiangnan College Town, Doudou's eyes suddenly lit up, and he ran as fast as he could!

Doudou was a powerful monster dog. Once he started running, how would Song Shuhang have any strength to resist? He could only get dragged around by Doudou's wild dash—suffering but unable to speak up.

"Doudou, where are you running towards?" Song Shuhang laughed bitterly.

"Woof woof, I want to look for something fun. I am going to bring you to play first!" Laughed Doudou using a voice only Song Shuhang could hear—this was the power of sound transmission technique.

Just like that, a cute little pekingese was running wildly, dragging a young student behind it.

Soon enough, Doudou found the thing he called 'fun'.

Outside Jiangnan College Town, there was a very long river that flowed through the whole Jiangnan College Town. Under the care

of several generations, the river was presently crystal clear, both its banks full of fragrant, green grass.

At this time, there was an English old man with a stern face and neatly combed hair walking leisurely on the grass, holding onto a leash with a huge german shepherd on its other end.

This was the English professor of Song Shuhang's class, Professor Smith. Previously, he had a cute pet dog, however... because Soft Feather executed a magic technique, it caused that dog to bite the professor.

Thereafter, upon being discharged from the hospital, the first thing that strict professor did was to send the pet dog to the hot pot restaurant where it became a dog meat hot pot.

And so, that huge german shepherd became Professor Smith's new pet.

Doudou dragged Song Shuhang, running straight in the direction of Professor Smith.

Song Shuhang realized that he could not avoid it, so all he could do was to smile and say, "Good morning, Professor Smith."

The professor turned his head towards Song Shuhang, smiled and nodded, saying, "Good morning."

He could not recognize Song Shuhang. There were so many Asian

students—in his eyes, all of them looked pretty similar. Hence, the people he could remember were not many.

Just as Song Shuhang wanted to drag Doudou away, Doudou dragged him behind that large german shepherd instead.

"Woof, woof!" Doudou wagged his tail, charging and barking ferociously at the big german shepherd.

The big dog suspiciously lowered its head, looking at Doudou with doubtful eyes.

"Woof woof!" Doudou continued to bark loudly, turning his body and facing the large german shepherd, shaking his head and butt—bite me, bite me, you mongrel!

Song Shuhang heard Doudou's voice.

But, there was probably a communication barrier with that german shepherd? After all, it continued to wear a confused expression on its face.

Song Shuhang smiled bitterly at Professor Smith in embarrassment, and tugged on the dog leash with all his strength, "Doudou, stop making a fuss, we gotta go!"

Professor Smith laughed, and similarly tugged on his german shepherd's leash as he prepared to leave.



But at this moment, Doudou suddenly leapt, reached out with his paws and slapped the big german shepherd's muzzle.

"Smack!"

The big german shepherd could not dodge in time and, just like that, it got a slap into its canine face.

"Growwwllll!" The little guy right before its eyes actually dared to touch it?! The big giant shepherd wasn't some sort of a kind dog. It growled ferociously and pounced towards Doudou.

The corners of Professor Smith's mouth twitched as he looked at Song Shuhang— the little dog of this student actually had such huge guts?

Song Shuhang wished he could do a facepalm and hide in a crevice on the ground... was bringing Doudou out the right decision at all?

At this time, the two men lost control over their dogs—Doudou and the big german shepherd were already in a huge fight.

There was nothing Song Shuhang could do about Doudou.

At the same time, there was also nothing the professor could do about his angry german shepherd.

‘If worst comes to worst, I’ll compensate this student a little money. A pure breed pekingese is probably worth only a couple thousand RMB at most,’ Professor Smith thought to himself.

Continuous barks were issued one after another; dog fur soared all over in the air.

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A minute later.

The big german shepherd shed quite an amount of fur, lying on the ground with dull eyes, lifelessly gazing at the small pekingese that was stepping on it.

The little pekingese’s expression was one full of joy. It turned around and looked at Song Shuhang. "Woof woof woof~~"

Song Shuhang wished he could facepalm— you are a monster dog, you could even chase a Fourth Stage Demon Monarch Anzhi who was able to ride a flying sword, causing him to flee to the ends of the earth. What is there to be proud about winning against an ordinary german shepherd, huh?

Professor Smith forcefully rubbed his own eyes. Is it that I am old, so my eyes are failing me?

The one that collapsed to the ground panting was my Big Black?

And the one that won was that small pekingese?

Just how does it make sense!?

Seeing that Song Shuhang had no intention to compliment him, Doudou was not happy. He wagged his tail, turned his body, and ran swiftly towards Jiangnan College Town.

"Doudou, wait for me~" Song Shuhang called out. He quickly said to Professor Smith, "Professor, I am sorry, I gotta go chase after Doudou."

"Go ahead, go ahead," said Professor Smith, smiling.

After waiting for Song Shuhang and little Doudou to run quite a distance, the professor squatted next to his big black german shepherd, carefully examining the situation.

The fur on the ground was all Big Black's; that pekingese surprisingly did not shed a single hair!

The corners of Big Black's mouth were bloody, and he suffered physical injuries on his body as well, but none of them were a result of being bitten—they were all inflicted by the pekingese's claws.

"Chinese pekingese was that impressive, huh?" Professor Smith pinched his chin. Should I try raising a pekingese instead and see how it goes?

Floating residents or population refers to people who reside in a given population for a certain of time but are not considered part of the official census count aka they are not officially registered as a resident in that area.

# Chapter 171: Look At Me Beating Up Six People Alone!

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Song Shuhang was listening intently to his morning class.

Doudou transformed into the monster beast form that was invisible to human beings and spent most of the time inside his desk's drawer, playing games on a mobile.

While listening, Song Shuhang glanced down and happened to see Doudou leaving negative reviews on an online shopping site, such as: Black-hearted seller, poor evaluation! Didn't you say it was chicken flavored? I had already finished half a packet and it didn't taste like chicken at all! Liar! Did your conscience get eaten by pigs?

Song Shuhang could not stop his cold sweat from breaking out even if he wanted to.

Later, when the shop owner sees the bad evaluation, would he have a WTF reaction, or a WTF reaction?

Maybe he would be like this: WTF is this 🐕—this was a WTF reaction.

Or maybe he would be like this: WTF, customer. That was dog food, and you ate a bag of it?! Are you a f\*cking 🐶 or something?!—this was also a WTF reaction.

Come to think of it, no wonder Doudou hadn't asked me to buy anything these days. So it was because he learned how to shop online?

Then, who was the person who signed the delivery? Don't tell me Doudou went to sign it himself?

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Generally speaking, Song Shuhang felt that Doudou wasn't as troublesome as described by the seniors in the chat group. He just liked to fool around; other than that, as long as you gave him something fancy to busy himself with, Doudou would be able to play with it for a long time.

Oh right... he was pretty cute most of the time, but that was apart from going online to scold True Monarch Yellow Mountain every day.

Nevertheless, ever since Doudou came to his house, the lofty image of the group leader—True Monarch Yellow Mountain—in Song Shuhang's heart was like a waterfall, suffering exponential descent.

After all, he spent his days hearing Doudou scream 'stupid Yellow Mountain' all the time, thus Song Shuhang inevitably ended up considering stupid Yellow Mountain as his true name.

Time passed. It was past 10 AM, and both of his morning classes

finished peacefully.

He had no afternoon classes.

Tubo casually asked, "Do you guys wanna go back to the dorm to review a bit? After all, the exam's already tomorrow."

The final exams were approaching; in order not to fail and have to retake his exams, he had to work harder. There was no such thing as wasted effort, and even if one's performance wouldn't be stellar, it would at least improve a bit with some preparations.

Usually, there'd be at least one or two days for students to review on their own before finals, but this year, the schedule has been moved forward and the exam came right after the semester's last classes.

"I made plans with Yayi to review the notes together, we won't be joining you guys," Gao Moumou pushed his glasses and heartlessly abandoned his single roommates.

Tubo looked miserably towards Li Yangde at once.

"Don't look at me like that, you look really disgusting. At most you can come over to my place today, and if you have anything you're unsure about, you can ask me," said Li Yangde coldly—Tubo wasn't even a pretty girl, why was he pretending to be cute?

"What about Shuhang? Do you wanna study together?" Tubo

laughed.

"I'll see if I have the time. If I am free tonight, I'll head over to Li Yangde's place," answered Song Shuhang after giving it some thought.

He wanted to make sure that Senior White and Doudou were doing fine before he left. Otherwise, when he went home one day, he might discover that the appliances and other stuff in the house had to be replaced.

At the side, miss Lu Fei was clenching her fists. She'd initially wanted to invite Shuhang to review together in the girls' dorm—the AC in the dorm was broken and they still do not know when the repairman would come to fix it.

Now that Tubo kinda messed things up, she did not have the gall to ask him.

Although Song Shuhang made a contract with the ghost spirit, he still carried the spirit-binding ice bead with him. Its cooling effect had not changed; not to mention when it still had the ghost spirit inside, just the spirit-binding ice bead itself was a valuable item. Come to think of it, Miss Soft Feather was pretty rich to be able to throw it away.

"Wanna go back together?" Song Shuhang asked Miss Lu Fei. He wanted to take all his books from the dorm back to Medicine Master's multistoried building. Exams were approaching after all—even if it was just a little, reviewing was still a must.



"Sure!" replied Lu Fei happily.

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On another side.

Cultivator Sunflower's face was tensed up. "Stressed by a Mountain of Books has just finished today's classes, is everyone ready?"

Beside him, there were six cold-faced men decked in black, emitting a strong murderous aura. They were the underlings of 'Altar Master' from the neighboring Luo Xin Street area. Cultivator Sunflower used all sorts of means to recruit them for today's action.

"Very well, then prepare to take action!" Cultivator Sunflower said in a deep voice. "Contact that person from the subdistrict office—tell her to stall that cultivator named 'White' for as long as possible when she goes there to take care of his application."

In the modern society, there were many ways to stall a person.

"We shall attack that Stressed by a Mountain of Books. Remember, we have to be fast. Or else, if we got caught by that Cultivator 'White', we would be done for!"

We only have one chance... go!"

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Song Shuhang walked Lu Fei to the dorm and retrieved all his notes and materials for revision from his own dorm, then headed towards Medicine Master's multistoried building.

Doudou was lying on his shoulders, playing a game on his cell phone.

As he was passing through a narrow path, Song Shuhang's footsteps suddenly paused.

Although this path was narrow, there was usually quite a number of pedestrians walking through it.

But, right now, there was not a single soul in sight...

"You are quite vigilant," praised Doudou.

"How many opponents are there?" Song Shuhang asked. He knew that someone was planning to make their move against him.

"There's a total of seven people. Five of them are on pretty much the same level as you, with similar capabilities; mainly First Stage with one or two apertures open. One of them is a First Stage Three Apertures cultivator. The last one should be that muscular pretty

face dude who was tailing you the other day—currently at First Stage Five Apertures, he is about to jump through the dragon gate. But that dude is hiding behind the rest... he thinks I can't see him. Hehe... 😊" Doudou reported the number of people the opponent had—as well as their exact positions—with familiarity that could be normally expected of someone who introduced their family heirlooms.

Even though those people hid their aura, in Doudou's eyes, they were as obvious as bright stars on the night sky.

Song Shuhang checked the equipment on his body.

A stinking pill.

A sword talisman.

Three armor talismans.

Eight evil-destroying talismans.

Last but not least, an ancient bronze ring whose effects he did not know yet.

"Doudou, will you help me?" Asked Song Shuhang.

"Of course. When you're covered in severe injuries and about to die, I will drag you out of here. Don't worry!" Replied Doudou

forthrightly.

"Alright, suits me fine," replied Song Shuhang with a laugh. He tossed his satchel aside and took the initiative to enter the area where Cultivator Sunflower was waiting in ambush.

Doudou jumped lightly off his shoulder and hid on one side.

"Come out," Song Shuhang warmed up by stretching his body. "The six of you, I can see every single one of you clearly. You don't need to hide anymore."

He purposely decreased the number by one to make Cultivator Sunflower believe that his cover did not get blown.

Upon Song Shuhang's words, six figures leapt into view from all directions. They grasped identical knives without handles in their hands, striking towards Song Shuhang from tricky angles.

Knives without handles, could they be underlings of Altar Master? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

At this time, if he had enough mental energy to activate the Eye Aperture's innate skill 'expert vision', it would have been really awesome. Unfortunately, his qi and blood and mental energy would be completely exhausted. At least he should wait for himself to open a minimum of another two apertures, then this Eye Aperture innate skill would come to good use.

Hence, Song Shuhang chose to use an armor talisman.

The armor talisman could block all attacks from cultivators of Third Stage and below; even Altar Master would not be able to break its defense. Even if all of those six busted a gut to attack him, they would not be able to harm him at all.

‘Ding ding ding ding,’ six handleless knives stabbed at Song Shuhang’s body, emitting a series of sparks.

The six attackers were astonished. Even though the sharp knives kept stabbing and pricking, they could not break through Song Shuhang’s defense.

‘Their speed isn’t that fast,’ Song Shuhang thought. After opening the Eye Aperture, as long as he concentrated, he could see every action of these cultivators with only two, three apertures open clearly.

This was the influence of having a good—much superior to theirs, in fact—Foundation Establishment technique.

Altar Master himself was a loose ghost cultivator. He gathered all the Foundation Establishment techniques and passed them onto his underlings for them to practice, but they were the most ordinary out of all the ordinary techniques within the cultivation world.

However, the <<Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>> and <<True Self

Meditation Scripture>> in Song Shuhang's possession were both pretty decent Foundation Establishment techniques—even in the eyes of the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

The difference in both side's abilities could be easily discerned.

"Basic fist, two!" As Song Shuhang started chanting the formula, the qi and blood within the Heart and Eye Apertures started surging, together with the spiritual qi of the world.

Fists blasted out, just like meteors!

In an instant, nearly forty fists shot out, and each of the Altar Master's subordinates suffered at least several hits on his body.

They did not have any defensive treasures on their bodies—after receiving Song Shuhang's attack head-on, the six of them flew and hit against the nearby wall, vomiting blood from their mouths.

Apart from that First Stage Three Apertures fella who managed to dodge the attack in the crucial moment, the other five remained motionless on the ground—it was unknown whether they were still alive or not.

Song Shuhang clenched his fist and realized that he liked this feeling—be it with fists or weapons, it didn't matter how others tried to break through his defenses, for failure was all that awaited them; on the other hand, he just had to use one punch and they'd be on the verge of death.

Perhaps he could use this kind of a combat style in the future?

As soon as this idea flashed past his mind, Song Shuhang used his right foot and firmly stomped on the ground. Intending to take this chance when his opponent was already injured, he used all his strength to rush at that First Stage Three Apertures Cultivator and quickly finish him off.

"Basic fist, one!" Powerful like a cannon, this was Song Shuhang's strongest punch.

That First Stage Three Apertures Cultivator seemed to have considerable battle experience. It was only because he was shocked by Song Shuhang's outrageously strong defense that he had failed to dodge the previous attack.

Twisting his body in an odd way was all it took for him to avoid Song Shuhang's long barrage of punches. At the same time, eight knives without handles suddenly appeared in between his ten fingers, and they shot towards Song Shuhang.

"Ding ding ding ding~" A sequence of striking sounds was heard—knives stabbed towards Song Shuhang's body once more, exploding in a series of sparks as they were repelled by the power of the armor talisman.

At this time, Song Shuhang laughed. That originally cannon-like fist actually became as nimble as a snake and exploded squarely against that First Stage Three Apertures cultivator's chest!

The opponent started vomiting blood; the [Heart Protective Mirror](#) on his chest got smashed into pieces by Song Shuhang. However, the fist's heavy power still ended up piercing his body, causing him to be sent flying.

Although I don't have enough battle experience, I had watched quite a number of wuxia movies since I was a child, Song Shuhang thought to himself delightedly.

In fact... this was not as awesome as the stuff depicted in the wuxia movies which Song Shuhang watched.

It was completely due to the fact that his enemies failed to gather sufficient intelligence and additionally underestimated him.

In their information report, Song Shuhang was just a lucky chap who met an expert and received medicine pills and cultivation techniques, as well as someone who just opened his Heart Aperture not long ago; all in all, a newbie without much battle experience. Weren't they supposed to beat him hands down?

They had never expected that Song Shuhang had already opened two apertures consecutively, and that he was equipped with such a tyrannically strong talisman.

The Heart Protective Mirror was an iron plate added to armors in ancient times to protect soldiers from arrows.



## Chapter 172: Burning saber

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Moreover, Song Shuhang's <<Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>> wasn't weak. So, it was only natural that Altar Master's subordinates were now lying on the ground.

"Phew~" Song Shuhang let out a sigh. He pretended to let down his guard to draw out the last ambusher.

The hidden Cultivator Sunflower sneered. He suddenly stood up and instantly appeared behind Song Shuhang; his big body was agile like a feline's. Then, he held a pointed rod with both his hands as he thrust it toward Song Shuhangs.

"Ding!"

The barrier of the armor talisman lit up once again, blocking Cultivator Sunflower's attack.

He came out! Song Shuhang didn't hesitate and took a step back.

Cultivator Sunflower was disappointed at failing his attempt; he jumped backward. Then, he used his spiritual pressure and said in a grave tone to Song Shuhang, "Your resistance is futile, Stressed by a Mountain of Books! You have no chance of winning against me."

"Were you sent here by Young Master Hai?" Song Shuhang said indifferently. At the same time, he shot a look at the 'armor

talisman' protecting his body. It had almost run out of its power. Another attack from Cultivator Sunflower and it would break. He was worthily a disciple of a great sect like the Limitless Demon Sect. That attack with the rod just now was comparable to that of a normal cultivator of the Second Stage.

"Hehe. You can think whatever you want, but don't even think of trying to buy time. I already sent someone to stall the senior that was with you last time. Just obediently accept your fate!" Cultivator Sunflower slightly bent his body and activated a low-rank magical treasure. "Green Breeze Speed Boost!"

The surface of his body had been enveloped by a pale ring of green air. This increased his speed several times.

Then, his silhouette immediately disappeared and reappeared next to Song Shuhang, trying to stab his abdomen with the pointed rod, "Don't worry, I won't kill you. I need you alive..."

His speed was just too fast. Song Shuhang didn't even have time to avoid it.

"Ding!"

The barrier of the armor talisman lit up once again and blocked Cultivator Sunflower's attack.

Song Shuhang took advantage of this opportunity and put some distance between them with a somersault. At the same time, the

remaining energy of the 'armor talisman' was depleted.

He was just too fast. Without the sword talisman, he would have no chance of winning.

"Doudou!" Song Shuhang shouted. It was time for Doudou to show his might.

"Wahaha! I already knew that you took me out for a walk this morning just because you needed my help. Don't worry; I've made the necessary preparations! I went ahead and took your saber. Catch it, no need to thank me!" Doudou used a voice transmission technique so that only Song Shuhang would hear him. At the same time, he raised his paw and threw a long black saber toward Song Shuhang; it steadily fell into his hands.

It was the treasured saber Broken Tyrant.

Song Shuhang held the treasured saber and stood there dumbfounded...

What was the point of giving him the saber!

The only technique he knew was the <<Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>>; he knew nothing about saber techniques! Was this Doudou's retaliation after Song Shuhang didn't praise him when the former defeated that german shepherd early in the morning?

However, there was no time to think about that.

Cultivator Sunflower's body flashed once again. He spun the pointed rod in his hand and used it as an electric drill to thrust toward Song Shuhang. If this rod were to stab someone, they would surely be pierced from side to side.

Right now, the armor talisman protecting his body had already lost its power. And since he didn't have a second treasure to preserve his life, he absolutely couldn't let the rod touch him!

Song Shuhang quickly raised his saber, welcoming Cultivator Sunflower's ruthless attack.

"Bang!"

The rod in Cultivator Sunflower's hands was divided in two. Moreover, the strength of the saber didn't reduce in the slightest; it kept going forward, aiming at Cultivator Sunflower's arm.

The treasured saber Broken Tyrant was the peerless treasure of the Moon Saber Sect and could cut the body of a cultivator of the Fourth Stage. The rod used by Cultivator Sunflower was only made of fine steel—it obviously wouldn't be able to block the saber.

Cultivator Sunflower quickly retreated, evading the attack aimed at his arm.

And then, just as he looked at the treasured saber in Song Shuhang's hand, a hint of greed flashed through his eyes. If he

could obtain this saber, his strength would increase by a large margin.

Wait, there is something wrong!

Where the hell did this saber come from?

When he previously attacked, this saber appeared in Stressed by a Mountain of Books' hand out of thin air.

Cultivator Sunflower couldn't see Doudou.

He racked his brain and thought of a possibility—was that senior cultivator named 'White' hiding nearby? Did the member of the 'subdistrict office' in charge of making his temporary residence permit fail to delay him?

If that cultivator named White was really here, he wouldn't even have the chance of escaping.

'I have no choice,' Cultivator Sunflower thought. It didn't matter if the senior cultivator named White was here or not; only by capturing Stressed by a Mountain of Books would he have a chance to come out of this alive!

It took a long time to describe, but all of this actually happened in an instant.

Cultivator Sunflower resolutely threw away the part of the pointed rod that was still in his hands. Then, both his hands made a grabbing motion—one was aimed at Song Shuhang, the other was trying to snatch away his saber.

Song Shuhang didn't back down. He tightly grabbed Broken Tyrant and swung the saber madly in Cultivator Sunflower's direction. He hadn't learned any saber technique. Therefore, he could only aim at his face and thigh in a random slash.

Cultivator Sunflower didn't dare to block this sharp saber with his bare hands. Therefore, for the time being, he decided to aim at Song Shuhang alone!

At this time, Doudou's voice echoed once again in his ears, "Shuhang, stop randomly swinging the saber! Use a saber technique!"

'I don't know any saber technique!' Song Shuhang roared inwardly. If he knew a saber technique, he would have used it already!

After a while, Cultivator Sunflower had yet to seize Song Shuhang; this caused him to become somewhat anxious: It won't do. I can't keep wasting time!

He made up his mind and decided to use his low-rank magical treasure once again. "Green Breeze Speed Boost!"

There was a huge disparity in speed between someone that had opened two apertures and someone that had opened five. And if we add the ‘speed boost’ on top of it, Cultivator Sunflower’s speed was so fast that Song Shuhang couldn’t even react to it!

However, this technique put a very big strain on the user’s body. Cultivator Sunflower, who had a body that far exceeded a cultivator of the same rank, could use it twice a day at most.

Therefore, this was his last chance!

Cultivator Sunflower took a step, and his body disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was behind Song Shuhang!

‘You’re mine!’ Cultivator Sunflower rejoiced in his heart. He aimed at the saber in Song Shuhang’s hand with one hand, and at the latter’s throat with another!

[Innate Skill of the Eye Aperture, Expert Sight!] When Cultivator Sunflower used the ‘speed boost’, Song Shuhang promptly used the innate skill of the Eye Aperture.

He could clearly see Cultivator Sunflower moving and arriving behind him. However, even if his eyes could see it, it didn’t mean that his body could keep up with it.

‘What should I do?’ Song Shuhang racked his brain, trying to think of something.

And just as he was seeing Cultivator Sunflower's palm getting closer and closer... he recalled something.

Raging flames... and a single slash capable of burning down the heavens.

He turned over his wrist and spun the saber.

The remaining qi and blood in his Eye and Heart Apertures exploded.

The ancient bronze ring on his finger shone slightly, and the formation within it activated.

"Swoosh~" the entire saber caught fire...



# Chapter 173: Doudou's Two Seconds Of Glory

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Flames raged on the blade, their momentum ferocious and threatening.

However, these flames were not ignited by Song Shuhang.

The 'Flaming Saber Technique' passed on by Daoist Priest Scarlet Heaven in the dream might look simple and unimpressive, but in reality, it was a saber that embodied the concepts of 'great principles are of ultimate simplicity'. With just one attack, this saber was sufficient to incinerate all the creation in this world, with no exceptions.

Even if Song Shuhang had one hundred times his actual talent, he wouldn't be able to learn it just by seeing and practicing it once.

Moreover, before this, he had never laid his hands on any saber technique. The most he did was mindlessly use the treasured saber Broken Tyrant to cleave and slash. Additionally, even if he wanted to be able to ignite flames on the saber, he had to at least reach the Second Stage for his qi and blood energy to become true qi first.

At this moment, the flames on his saber could only appear because of the ancient bronze ring on his finger.

The ring contained a Second Stage fire magic 'Flame Saber'—this was a fire magic added by the ring's original owner, Li Tiansu.

As a matter of fact, an ordinary ‘Flaming Saber Technique’ would not have been able to raise the combat effectiveness of Li Tiansu, who had already condensed his Golden Core. The reason why he kept this saber technique was in remembrance of his benefactor ‘Scarlet Heaven’, and also a kind of symbol of his aspiration.

Originally, before Scarlet Heaven and Li Tiansu parted, the former suddenly used a branch in place of a saber and cleaved with the ‘Flaming Saber Technique’. In an instant, the burning flames burned the entire towering, huge tree into nothing but charcoal. This sight greatly impacted and shook Li Tiansu’s heart.

As Li Tiansu’s strength and abilities gradually increased, he wanted to look for a way to use this ‘Flaming Saber Technique’ as an offensive spell by attaching it to the bronze ring. As long as the ring’s owner assumed the stance for ‘Flaming Saber technique’, it would activate the magic within the ancient bronze ring, allowing him to execute the ‘Flaming Saber Technique’.

Previously... when Song Shuhang turned his body with the saber, he was actually in the stance that would activate the Flaming Saber Technique. Additionally, when the qi and blood energy within the Heart Aperture and the Eye Aperture were seething, another condition to activate the magic within the ancient bronze ring was fulfilled!

Even though it didn’t have the same immense power as the ‘Scarlet Heaven’ Song Shuhang had seen in the dream, the flames on the saber were certainly capable of dealing significant damage like that of an attack made by a Second Stage cultivator.

The flames on the saber turned into heat waves, and headed for the enemy!

Cultivator Sunflower could feel the heat waves charging towards him, but he had nowhere to hide—the ‘Green Breeze Speed Boost’ he activated made him too fast, thus he was unable to stop his movement towards the waves even if he wanted to!

As they say, exceeding the speed limit can be dangerous.

Just like that, he, who lost control of his body’s momentum, ended up smashing into the incoming flaming waves of heat.

Within the flames, a sharp saber light flashed.

Cultivator Sunflower’s huge body got cut in half, and was mercilessly consumed by the flames thereafter.

It was over!

Shuhang had a dizzy spell—he had used simply too much of mental energy.

At this time, Doudou suddenly appeared next to Cultivator Sunflower’s body, reached out his paws, and lightly tapped it.

Two small porcelain vases and a locket-shaped protective talisman got taken by Doudou.

After that, Cultivator Sunflower's stocky figure got entirely consumed by the flames of the 'Flaming Saber Technique', leaving none of his remains behind.

Doudou's eyes smiled as he tossed these three things to Song Shuhang, "For you. Spoils of war. Would be a pity if they got turned to ashes."

The small porcelain vase contained qi and blood pills of a pretty decent quality.

As for that protective talisman, it was the low quality magic treasure 'Green Breeze Speed Boost' used by Cultivator Sunflower in the battle previously. If used well, it could produce extraordinary effects.

Song Shuhang sat down on the ground and accepted all three items as he panted heavily.

The innate skill of the Eye Aperture had almost fully depleted his mental energy, and at the end, he had even activated the 'Flaming Saber Technique' within the bronze ring. This time he had really squeezed every bit of his strength out.

"Ha... Doudou, let's go back?" Song Shuhang smiled at Doudou.

At this time, a figure suddenly stood up in a corner gradually, and said, "Hahahaha, such an interesting battle."

It was a First Stage Two Apertures underling of Altar Master who'd previously received hits from Song Shuhang's <<Basic Buddhist Fist Technique Two>> and collapsed to the ground. This guy had probably used some sort of defense measure, which was why he was not too heavily injured.

It's just that he continued to play dead on the ground until Cultivator Sunflower was dead and Song Shuhang had exhausted all his strength before standing up and appearing before him.

Now, he grabbed two knives with no handles and smiled grimly at Song Shuhang. A huge opportunity was right before his eyes— I just have to cripple the four limbs of 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' and bring him to the Limitless Demon Sect. Then, I would have a chance to join them. By then, my cultivation would be able to make even greater strides forward!

Who knows, I might even have the chance to become stronger than Altar Master.

Staring at the Altar Master's underling, Song Shuhang silently heaved a sigh, "As expected, I do not have enough experience. Next time, I will carefully take note of every single fallen enemy."

The Altar Master's underling laughed, "Too bad, there won't be a next time."

Upon saying that, four knives were thrown at Song Shuhang in an attempt to cripple his limbs.

"Experience ought to be build up gradually, you just have to be more careful next time."

That was Doudou's voice.

Following that, Doudou elegantly stepped forward, covering Song Shuhang as he revealed his five meter big monster form he had just transformed into.

"Ding, ding, ding, ding."

Sharp knives hit his body, but even the fur was unscathed. It was just like dust in the air falling onto someone's body—they wouldn't even feel it.

As a gentle breeze passed by, the big-sized Doudou looked very awe-inspiring at this moment.

Altar Master's underling opened his eyes wide and looked fearfully at the five meter long big pekingese.

This is a monster beast!

Why would a monster beast appear here?!

However, he didn't have the time to think about it. Doudou opened his mouth and a ball of green demon fire spurted on the

man's body, directly burning him to death.

None of the other five that were collapsed on the ground was spared either—Doudou rewarded them each with a ball of green demon fire, destroying their corpses entirely.

Little did I expect that, ultimately, I still needed Doudou's help. Luckily, I brought him out with me. Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"Let's go home," Doudou grabbed Song Shuhang and his satchel, and gently placed him onto his back.

He leapt lightly and soared into the sky. Demonic mist shrouded both of them, concealing them.

Doudou was running in midair; his soft fur allowed Song Shuhang to sink his body in it.

Song Shuhang lay weakly on Doudou's back.

"Ah, only now that I'm lying completely on Doudou's back did I realize that Doudou's body is very soft and comfortable," Song Shuhang laughed while rubbing against Doudou's back.

Even if it was a more comfortable or a softer big bed, they wouldn't be comparable to Doudou's comfortable back.

"..." Doudou was silent for a moment, then said, "I'm telling you first, I am male. If you wish to be like the male leads in movies and TV series, engaging in some human-monster love relationship, I am not a suitable target for you. Why don't I introduce you to some cat chicks? I won't introduce any dog chicks to you, lest you harm my kind."

Song Shuhang: "..."



## Chapter 174: Penniless Thief Sect's Young Mistress Candy

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Ugh! Doudou must have been watching too many unhealthy movies recently.

Just as Song Shuhang was about to compose a 800-word essay denouncing Doudou in his mind, the phone in his pocket rang.

When he looked at it, it was the chat group founder, True Monarch Yellow Mountain, calling him.

Song Shuhang picked it up and said, "Senior Yellow Mountain, what's up?"

"Haha, previously I told you that I ordered a fleet of cars for you and Venerable White. Right now, 13 of them have already been sent to a certain underground parking lot near Jiangnan College Town. The rest would be sent in batches within one month. In a while, someone will get in touch with you, and you can head over there to accept them anytime. I have already booked the entire parking lot, you can just leave the cars that are not in use parked there," said True Monarch Yellow Mountain in an upbeat voice.

Upon hearing this, Song Shuhang's heart skipped a beat. After getting his license, naturally he'd want a good car. Apart from dreaming of speeding freely under the clear blue sky, men also dreamt of this one important thing—a luxury car. "No problem, I can go there anytime!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain lowered his voice and asked, "Another thing, is Venerable White next to you?"

"Nope, I am on my way home from school," answered Song Shuhang.

"That's just the moment to tell you, then. Let me ask you, did you notice that Venerable White's luck had recently gotten better?" Asked True Monarch Yellow Mountain in a light voice.

"Luck... yeah, it seems that Senior White's luck had gotten better recently," nodded Song Shuhang.

For example, at the lucky draw outside the electronic shopping center, he easily won a special prize. And that time when he was making a contract with the 'ghost spirit', a corpse flew from a thousand miles away, leaving behind a flying sword and an ancient bronze ring.

Right now, that flying sword was being used by Venerable White as a means of transportation.

"Mm, it has indeed started. You gotta pay attention to your safety, Little Friend Shuhang! When Senior White's luck gets better, you have to be more careful," said True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

"Pay attention to my safety? Why?" Asked Song Shuhang

doubtfully.

"Let me give you a simple analogy—if a meteorite came crashing down and landed next to Venerable White, and then he cuts it apart to find a lot of materials useful for cultivators who want to refine some good equipment... this is good luck, right?" Asked True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

"Yeah," nodded Song Shuhang.

"What if the meteorite almost crushed you, who was next to Venerable White, to death? Or what if you got heavily injured by it?" Asked True Monarch Yellow Mountain in a deep voice.

Song Shuhang immediately realized, "True Monarch, what you mean is... Venerable White's luck is more often than not accompanied by misfortune?

"That is not the case either, to put it more appropriately, it should be 'nothing ventured, nothing gained'! As long as you are careful, you can obtain quite a good harvest," True Monarch Yellow Mountain sighed with emotion.

"Alright, I got it," Song Shuhang nodded his head. Is this the reason why the seniors in the chat group are avoiding Senior White?

"Lastly, there is one more thing. You can consider it advice from a senior's personal experience," said True Monarch Yellow

Mountain profoundly. "You should chat more with pretty ladies—for example Soft Feather—in our 'Nine Provinces Number One Group'. Talk to her regularly, keep thinking of her beauty inside that head of yours. Or that Fairy Lychee. She recently came back from overseas after beating up an aboriginal deity that once offended her there. She should be frequently online these days. When you're free, you should get in contact with her more. She likes to take selfies a lot, so you can see a few of her pretty pictures. Look at them more, and think about her beauty more."

"What?" Song Shuhang was very confused upon hearing that.

"Nothing, just get in contact with pretty ladies more. Listen to your senior, you won't go wrong!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain said profoundly once again, "Ok, that's all for now. I'm hanging up."

"Beep beep..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain had hung up.

Song Shuhang held onto his phone, lamenting, "That's the thing, I always feel that the seniors in this chat group frequently do not finish saying what they were about to say, leaving me hanging. Why can't they just make things clearer?"

Doudou, looking down, turned his head around and stared deeply at Song Shuhang. He then silently nodded his head and said, "It's nothing, you don't have to listen to stupid Yellow Mountain. That person is too filthy!"

Song Shuhang: "..."

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On another side, the Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

Venerable White leaned against the white wall, striking all kinds of charming poses. "Is this okay?"

"Yes yes, this is the pose!" In front of him was a girl in her 20s, wearing a police uniform, holding onto a single-lens reflex camera, discreetly swallowing her saliva.

She was the person in charge of handling Venerable White's 'temporary residence permit', a staff from the subdistrict office.

After taking three shots of Venerable White one after another, she licked her lips and said, "Give me one last pose, I'll pick the best of the poses when I'm done for your temporary residence permit!"

"Oh, sure. But is it really necessary to take that many pictures for a temporary residence permit?" Even though Venerable White was confused by it, he still complied, striking a hand-on-forehead cool-looking pose.

"It's necessary, it's necessary! I have to make the most perfect temporary residence permit!" The female officer assured him earnestly. She flipped through the pictures in the single-lens reflex camera—there were more than 20 pictures in total.

How regretful, she really wanted to take a few more pictures and even longed to capture the man named 'Song Bai' himself in the camera and bring him back with her. He was too handsome! When she gets back, she was definitely going to brag about it to her female colleagues for quite some time.

Song Bai—that was Venerable White's current name.

Because Venerable White had only a one-character name, 'White', it was inconvenient to make an ID. Hence, when Cave Lord Snow Wolf was making identification papers for him, he casually added the last name Song to it.

Reluctant to part after taking the last picture, the female officer left her contact details saying, "Mr. Song, it would take at most two days for us to send you your temporary residence permit! If you need it urgently, you can contact me anytime, I can expedite it for you!"

"Thank you," Senior White smiled at the lady.

The female officer blushed carrying her single-lens reflex camera, her heart beating extremely fast. Ultimately, she begrudgingly glanced at Venerable White for a little longer, unwilling to leave Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

Venerable White heaved a sigh of relief. Throughout the whole process, he carefully controlled his own aura as to avoid releasing his inborn 'charm'. It was exhausting.

After the female officer left, Venerable White went to the small courtyard and took out a huge box.

Within it, there were the... ‘war trophies’ that he struggled painfully to amass yesterday and this morning. Apart from the large-display color TV, water dispenser, stereo speakers, electric rice cooker, and induction cooker from this morning, there were other things such as a cooker hood, microwave, and soy milk maker...

If not for the female officer who came slightly earlier, he could have disassembled a lot more things.

Needless to say, after these items were ruined, he had carefully placed illusory copies in their original places. In a short period of time, nobody would be able to notice anything odd about them—hopefully little friend Shuhang would not notice anything unusual!

I should take the chance to get rid of all these things first while Song Shuhang is not back yet.

At this time... a young lady with a chubby face had sneakily approached Medicine Master’s multi-storied building. She was cautiously trying to break the defensive formation—it was no one else but Penniless Thief Sect’s Young Mistress Candy.

# Chapter 175: Clues On The Meteor Sword

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Speaking of the outstanding disciples of the Penniless Thief Sect, Young Mistress Candy had made little to no mistakes since her debut. She had come here to steal the Blood God Crystal and repay the favor she owed to Cultivator Sunflower.

For the past few days, she had carefully observed the defensive formation of this multi-storied building. The defensive formation was very complex, and it would be difficult for her to get rid of it in a short amount of time.

Today, just as she was wondering how she should deal with it, she noticed that there was a problem with the barrier—someone had made a huge hole in the defensive formation. An expert had patched it up, but as long as it was a repaired formation, there was the chance that it would still have some flaws!

She couldn't let this opportunity slip by!

Young Mistress Candy immediately went toward the place where the defensive formation had been damaged and started to search for possible flaws to exploit.

At this time, the front door of the multi-storied building opened, and a handsome man arrived in the small courtyard.

Young Mistress Candy immediately lay down on the ground and used a magical treasure to turn invisible. Afterward, she carefully looked at the man in the small courtyard through the guardrail.



In the courtyard, Venerable White took out the box containing his 'spoils of war'. Then, he randomly broke the branch of a tree nearby and started to engrave formations on it, quickly creating a new disposable flying sword 004.

Young Mistress Candy stared dumbfounded through the guardrail— he created a flying sword just like that? Am I dreaming? Moreover, he used an ordinary tree branch as the material?

Not even the elders of the Penniless Thief Sect that had become Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors and condensed a Golden Core could do something like this! She couldn't help but secretly swallow a mouthful of saliva.

At this time, Venerable White moved the big box onto the wooden flying sword.

Then, he executed a sword art and lightly shouted, "Do your thing!"

Disposable flying sword 004 took the box with it and gently soared into the sky, disappearing without a trace.

"Hm," Venerable White nodded satisfied.

The peeping Young Mistress Candy was almost scared half to death. She had never heard of someone controlling the flying

sword like that, being able to send it so high into the sky. The sentence 'take the enemy's head from a thousand miles' was already an exaggeration, but didn't the flying sword of this handsome man fly for far more than a thousand miles? It disappeared without leaving a trace; it didn't directly fly out into the outer space, right?

How was this even possible?

It won't do. This mission is impossible to complete. In the worst case, she could help Cultivator Sunflower on another occasion and repay the favor she owed that way. It wasn't worth it to risk her life for this task.

Young Mistress Candy had made up her mind and was about to get out of there.

"Fellow Daoist out there, are you a member of the Penniless Thief Sect?" Venerable White turned his head and looked toward Young Mistress Candy's position with a light smile.

'Was I discovered? Impossible! Master found this magical treasure in an ancient ruin. Even a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor wouldn't be able to see through it!' Young Mistress Candy was startled.

Unless... the handsome man was a Sixth Stage True Monarch... or even stronger...

But I won't be this unlucky, right? Young Mistress Candy tried to keep a positive mental attitude. Then, she started to slowly creep on the ground like an insect, trying to crawl her way out.

"It's useless. Your magical treasure can't deceive my eyes," Venerable White lightly said.

Young Mistress Candy was depressed. She crawled up and turned off her magical treasure, revealing a bitter expression.

She was defeated before even getting into action!

Venerable White smiled as he waved his hand, "You can enter from the main entrance. There is no formation there."

He had been wondering how to go about finding a Penniless Thief Sect's member ever since he emerged from his closed-door cultivation.

His life-bound flying sword—'Meteor Sword'—had been stolen by a member of the Penniless Thief Sect while he was cultivating. Technically speaking, he could follow the brand on the flying sword and locate its position, but finding a member of the Penniless Thief Sect would get things done much faster.

Young Mistress Candy arrived in front of Venerable White and said shyly, "Hello, Senior. If I were to say that I was just passing by, would you believe me?"

"Hehe," Venerable White heartily laughed.

She was a member of the Penniless Thief Sect and was squatting down in front of the house—who would believe that she was just passing by?

Speaking of the Penniless Thief Sect, he started to recall the things that happened when he had been in meditation; it was quite interesting. While recalling it... Venerable White got distracted.

When she heard the senior laugh, Young Mistress Candy got anxious. Even if he had no intention to kill her, wouldn't the senior still peel her skin off? However, even after a while, the senior didn't speak.

She raised her head and secretly shot a look at Venerable White; both his eyes were vacant. Was he distracted?

An opportunity! Should I run for my life?

Young Mistress Candy gritted her teeth and finally decided not to escape. She'd recalled the events from before, when the senior in front of her casually sent a flying sword so high into the sky that it disappeared—even if she were to run away while he was distracted, wouldn't he just catch up in an instant with his flying sword?

Perhaps... the senior was just waiting for her to escape and then chase her to chop her up?

After pondering for a moment, she decided to stand in place and silently wait.

If Song Shuhang were here, he would surely shout: Miss, run away as fast as you can! Otherwise, you'll die!

Luckily, the pondering Venerable White remembered that he had caught a disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect; this allowed him to return to his senses.

Young Mistress Candy had just avoided a calamity.

Venerable White shot a look at this shy disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect standing in front of him and asked, "What did you want to steal from this place?"

Young Mistress Candy heaved a sigh and replied truthfully, "A treasure called Blood God Crystal."

"The Blood God Crystal," Venerable White had some impression of the Blood God Crystal. He had heard the fellow daoists in the group talk about it for the past few days.

It seemed that little friend Song Shuhang was preparing to exchange this Blood God Crystal with Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman.

"If your objective is really the Blood God Crystal, I advise you to forget about it," Venerable White said. "There is already a fellow

daoist that is interested in obtaining this Blood God Crystal. If you steal it and anger that fellow daoist, the entire Penniless Thief Sect might be destroyed."

Venerable White inadvertently revealed some information about the huge influence behind Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman.

The entire Penniless Thief Sect might be destroyed? Young Mistress Candy didn't really believe it. The Penniless Thief Sect had annoyed many people, but it still existed even after experiencing many storms. How could someone destroy it so easily?

"I won't say anything else. It's up to you whether you want to believe me or not. However, it's impossible for you to steal the Blood God Crystal regardless," Venerable White said with a smile.

Young Mistress Candy felt a bit uncomfortable. Indeed! She didn't even have the chance to steal it!

"Follow me. I have something to ask you in regards to your Penniless Thief Sect," Venerable White waved his hand and went inside the house.

Young Mistress Candy obediently followed.

After arriving in the living room on the third floor, Venerable White asked, "Amongst your Penniless Thief Sect, is there a disciple that discovered a buried place a hundred years ago and

found a flying sword there?"

"Buried place? Flying sword?" Young Mistress Candy bitterly smiled as she replied, "Senior, can you be more specific?"

The members of the Penniless Thief Sect had discovered many buried places, and flying swords were a very common find inside these buried places. Discovered a buried place a hundred years ago and found a flying sword there... there should be more than one hundred such cases!

## Chapter 176: Fairy Lychee

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"The word 'Meteor' was inscripted on that flying sword," answered Venerable White.

"Meteor Sword?" Young Mistress Candy suddenly thought of something, "Could it be senior Liu Tianzong's 'Cold Flame Sword'?"

That was the famous and weird senior of the Penniless Thief Sect!

"You have someone in mind? Tell me more," Venerable White smiled. His smile had some sort of mystical, magical power, causing Young Mistress Candy to subconsciously spill every detail she knew.

"Senior 'Cold Flame Sword' Liu Tianzong. A hundred years ago or so, his nickname was still 'God Hand' Liu Tianzong. He was an outstanding member of our Penniless Thief Sect, and could frequently explore sealed areas that even the elders in the sect could not unravel to search for treasures," recalled Young Mistress Candy. She was not that old herself, so most of the things she knew about Senior Liu Tianzong was something she was told by her master.

However a hundred years ago, senior Liu Tianzong found the residence of an ancient cultivator. He spent a lot of time getting through layers of traps before he managed to dig into the residence. According to him, he ultimately gained only a flying



sword and a statue.

He did think of bringing that statue back to the Penniless Thief Sect. But for some reason, he buried the statue back into the ground halfway through his journey, only bringing back the 'Meteor Sword' back to the sect.

After that, once he got back, he went into secluded meditation and frenziedly practiced. He even hardly went to search for treasures anymore... the elders in the sect said that his God Hand ability went to waste.

Thereafter, ten years ago, he suddenly reemerged and rushed out to make a name for himself. It didn't take him long to make his new name, 'Cold Flame Sword', resound in the world.

It should be something like this," said Young Mistress Candy.

As for the more private matters of Senior Cold Flame Sword, she did not reveal them—for example, the day Senior 'Cold Flame Sword' Li Tianzong went back to the sect, his face was dull and lifeless.

Second day onwards, he crazily started to look for women—at least three per day, with the maximum of five or six. This continued for almost a year. At that point in time, the elders in the sect thought he was a lost cause. But a year later, he actually went into secluded meditation for about 88 years. When he came out of secluded meditation, he had already become an extremely strong swordsman.

Venerable White nodded his head lightly. This 'Cold Flame Sword' Li Tianzong should be the person who took his Meteor Sword.

"Then do you know where the Cold Flame Sword is right now?"  
Asked Venerable White.

Upon hearing the question, Young Mistress Candy suddenly became clear-headed again. She panickedly looked at Venerable White, refusing to answer his question—she was worried that Venerable White would harm the senior from her sect.

"Don't worry, I have no intention to harm any of you," Venerable White said, "I just want to retrieve my Meteor Sword, that's all."

Young Mistress Candy still refused to make a single sound.

It seemed that Senior 'Cold Flame Sword' Liu Tianzong was going to save another senior from Penniless Thief Sect, 'Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist'. Someone used a meteor to suppress him for almost 200 over years.

This matter concerned the safety of two seniors, so she didn't dare to say any more!

"You sure are cautious, little girl. It's okay, you can stay at my place for a couple of days first. After a while, I will bring you along to look for 'Meteor Sword'," smiled Venerable White.

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On the other side, after receiving True Monarch Yellow Mountain's call, Song Shuhang couldn't be more confused.

He immediately opened his phone and entered the Nine Provinces Number One Group's chat in an attempt to look for some clues.

The Nine Provinces Number One Group was very lively because it seemed like there was a popular senior who just came back from defeating an 'aboriginal deity' abroad.

A few minutes ago, Fairy Lychee sent a ☺ in the chat room.

The dao name, 'Lychee', sounded kinda weird. It came to be because her master decided to give all his disciples a bunch of odd names on a whim.

There were also Fairy Nectarine, Daoist Priest Tosca Pear, Daoist Priest Pineapple, Fairy Cherry... they were all fruit names. Compared to a dao name like Fairy Nectarine, Lychee was already considered quite alright.

After being called that for a long time, she became numb to it and pretty much got used.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Welcome back, Lychee."

Fairy Lychee: "Thank you, Senior Yellow Mountain. I finally came back. This trip took some time, that aboriginal deity's main body actually hid very well, within a strange subspace. However, ultimately, I managed to locate it and gave it a taste of a thousand rumbling thunders, finishing it off.

Scholar Drunken Moon: "Welcome back~"

"Fairy Lychee, how were your gains from this trip? The next time you hunt for aboriginal deities abroad, you must remember to invite me along," exclaimed Immortal Master Copper Trigram, who had just been unmuted.

"The gains are still ok, but recently, the aboriginal deities are becoming poorer and poorer. I think we should search for those that hadn't been beaten by people for a long time," said Fairy Lychee, and then sent quite a number of pictures.

In the picture was an Asian girl with big eyes, a carefree smile, and two dimples on her face. A snake or a worm-like body lying on the ground beneath her feet was one type of aboriginal deity.

There were many types of aboriginal deities—some of them were oddly-shaped monster beasts, and others were temple deities. There were also some people who transformed into aboriginal deities due to using [special cultivation techniques](#).

The pictures behind showed her spoils—some quite decent refining materials, as well as pill refining ones. There was also the huge corpse of the aboriginal deity. Under normal circumstances, cultivators seldom kill aboriginal deities as they might bear some unnecessary bad karma, which was very troublesome.

However, that aboriginal deity had offended Fairy Lychee so badly that she killed it off directly.

Medicine Master: "Fairy Lychee is still as beautiful as ever, % \* — #)!¥ #"

The words at the end of the sentence became a messy code. Most likely, Riverly Purple Mist was next to him. One could understand what just happened. By complimenting the looks of another girl in front of Riverly Purple Mist, Medicine Master was really asking for death.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain calmly ignored Medicine Master, and wrote in the group chat: "Lychee, if you have the time, you should send more pictures in the chat group."

"?" Fairy Lychee was puzzled.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain quickly changed to private message mode, and messaged Fairy Lychee: "Well, you know, True Monarch White, now Venerable White, had already come out of secluded meditation, so a fellow daoist who joined the chat group recently is entertaining him."

"Ooh." Fairy Lychee replied in understanding— understanding my a\*s! Can it be that the new fellow daoist wants to have my pictures in return for agreeing to entertain Venerable White?

At this time, Immortal Master Copper Trigram appeared: "Haha, speaking of Fairy Lychee's pictures, I have here with me a naked picture of Lychee. Skin as white as snow, very dazzling!"

"What?! 🤩" Fairy Lychee was shocked—when did she ever take a nude picture? Let alone with skin as white as snow?!

Cave Lord Snow Wolf: "Even though my aesthetic sense of beauty might be different from you human beings, how about you send it and we shall see?"

Dharma King Creation: "I'm interested."

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman: "If you wanna show it to us, I don't see a problem with that."

Medicine Master: "...—%#W"

Immortal Master Copper Trigram laughed satisfiedly, and sent a 'naked picture' of Lychee.

A fresh bunch of lychee fruit, their outer layer removed, revealing the soft and tender white pulp on the inside; looking fresh and delicious...

So, this is a bit complicated, but apparently, temple deities are ones born in sacrificial (and probably other) temples; just think of them as being born from people's faith. Also, author was pretty vague about all those aboriginal deities, but generally they're supernatural spirits which aren't simple spirits anymore, but not yet divinities (hence deities, which are kinda somewhat lower in ranking).

# Chapter 177: Renovating The Entire House?

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"..." Cave Lord Snow Wolf.

"..." Dharma King Creation.

"..." Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman.

"..." Medicine Master.

"Is this really Immortal Master Copper Trigram? Thrice Reckless Mad Saber isn't using his ID, right?" Asked Scholar Drunken Moon suspiciously. In his memory, even though Immortal Master Copper Trigram calculated black trigrams, he was not the kind to seek death like that.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Hehe."

[System Notification: Immortal Master Copper Trigram was muted by the founder of the group, True Monarch Yellow Mountain, for 1 day.]

Ever since Immortal Master Copper Trigram had sent in the group the video of True Monarch Yellow Mountain's reaction after meeting True Monarch White, he was walking further and further on the road of death, without glancing back.

'If I hadn't personally refined the body tempering liquid, and



only read these chat logs, there is now way I would have believed that this was a group of legitimate and outstanding cultivators,' Song Shuhang thought.

However, come to think of it, True Monarch Yellow Mountain did request Fairy Lychee to send more pretty pictures, and even repeatedly urged him to look more at pretty girls, and think more about beautiful girls.

Could it be that True Monarch was afraid that I would be affected by Senior White? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

If Senior White's exceptional charm were to be released, nobody would be able to resist it. Just like that time when he confined himself within a statue and subconsciously released his charm; it led to countless young men and women—and even aunts and uncles—getting bewitched, and thus going crazy over him. Ultimately, he even gave start to a huge fight in front of Lin Yao Village's Nameless Temple.

But as of now, Senior White was able to control his charm. As long as he wasn't in daze, he would just be a normal above-average handsome-looking man. Surely there wasn't any problem with that, right?

Or maybe True Monarch Yellow Mountain and the rest aren't unaware that Senior White can already control his charm?

"Right, Little Friend Shuhang, are you online?" This time, Cave Lord Snow Wolf suddenly wrote.

Song Shuhang hurriedly replied, "Yes, Senior. I just went online."

"Haha, Little Friend Shuhang, when are you going to help Senior White with the application for an ATM card? A couple of days ago, Senior White contacted me, saying he wanted to change some gold and silver items into usable currency. After you have settled the ATM card for him, I will wire to him a few tens of million RMB to meet his most urgent needs 😊" wrote Cave Lord Snow Wolf.

Tens of millions, meeting most urgent needs. Song Shuhang suddenly thought of his own 10 million telephone bill...

But he still speedily replied, "Alright, I will make some time and bring Senior White to the bank to apply for an ATM card."

Speaking of which, why would Senior White suddenly think of using cash? Was there something he needed to get?

Just as Song Shuhang was lost in thoughts, Doudou lightly leapt, and landed on the ground.

"We're home," Doudou called out.

Song Shuhang reluctantly got down from Doudou's back and fished for his keys to open the door.

"Eh? Why isn't the door opening?" Song Shuhang felt confused as

he was turning his keys but the main gate would not open no matter how many times he tried.

He took a closer look at his keys. It wasn't wrong, it was indeed the key for the main gate.

"Could it be that the lock is faulty?" Song Shuhang lowered his head, staring at the key to the main gate—there seemed to be some marks of someone replacing the lock.

Could this be a misconception?

"But it's ok, Senior White should be at home," Song Shuhang reached out his hand to press the doorbell.

"Ding ding dang~~ Ding ding dang~~"

A melodious door bell rang.

"..." Song Shuhang zoned out for a long time and then asked Doudou, "Doudou, if I remember correctly, wasn't the doorbell supposed to sound like 'ding ding ding~ ding ding ding~'?"

Doudou rolled his eyes, "Ever since I got here, I've never used the doorbell."

"True, you've never heard the doorbell. Could it be that I had remembered it wrongly?" Song Shuhang muttered to himself.

Soon, Senior White opened the main gate, greeting them with a smiling face, saying, "You're back, Little Friend Shuhang."

"Yes, Senior. I think the lock on the main gate is broken, I couldn't open it using my key. I'll call for someone to get it fixed in a while," said Song Shuhang casually.

"Faulty? Hahaha~ alright," Senior White continued to maintain the almost perfect smile on his face.

"Also, Senior Yellow Mountain called earlier, saying that the cars he ordered have been sent to a underground parking lot near Jiangnan College Town and someone would get in touch with me soon, after which we can make a trip there to check and receive the cars." Song Shuhang said while going upstairs.

"Cars, you mean that vehicle used as means of transportation? Alright, I am looking forward to it," said Senior White happily.

As they were talking, Song Shuhang passed by the third floor, where Senior White resided in, and saw a guest in the living room. It was a lovely girl with a chubby face, but as of now, her body was stiff—looking very uneasy.

"Senior White's guest?" Asked Song Shuhang.

"Nah," Venerable White shook his head. "It's a member of the Penniless Thief Sect. She came here to steal your Blood God Crystal

and I caught her. Also, in a few days' time, I would be bringing her along to look for my Meteor Sword."

"Oh, the [Deity Keeper Sword](#)!" Song Shuhang recalled that Senior White mentioned it before—that the sword got stolen by one of Penniless Thief Sect's disciples.

Looking at this young cute girl, Song Shuhang pinched his cheeks and said, "Won't she try to run away?"

Furthermore, if they left her roaming around the house like that, wouldn't she end up sneaking into his room, stealing the Blood God Crystal for real?

"Why don't we tie her up?" Suggested Song Shuhang.

Young Mistress Candy laughed hollowly at Song Shuhang—bastard, she truly intended to make a sneaky escape at first, but now that he said that, it wouldn't be possible anymore.

Seeing such a cute and pretty young girl like me, couldn't you have shown some pity or soften your heart?

I curse you, be alone your whole life! Bastard!

"Hmm, what you said makes sense," Venerable White nodded in approval.

Thereafter, Young Mistress Candy was trussed up. Additionally, Venerable White added an imprisonment formation, ensuring that [she would be unable to escape](#).

Young Mistress Candy stared at Song Shuhang, her eyes filled with hatred. She hated him to his bones even though they've just met.

"Don't look at me like that, one must always take precautions against a thief," Song Shuhang laughed and grabbed the remote, "I'm going to switch on the TV for you to watch some shows or movies, so you won't be too bored."

Watching TV? Upon hearing that, Venerable White got a little uncomfortable.

Song Shuhang pressed the buttons on the remote, and turned on the switch.

Venerable White immediately executed the technique secretly. The 'TV' screen lit up, but it was fuzzy—it appeared to be unable to scan for program information.

"Eh? Could there be a problem with the data cable?" Song Shuhang scratched his head puzzledly and tried pressing a few buttons.

At this time, Venerable White secretly used his phone to go online to search for the TV broadcasting network, pressed CCTV -

6's program, and then discreetly activated the technique again.

The 'TV' screen lit up once again, and CCTV - 6's program appeared on it—it was currently broadcasting a movie.

"Oh, we have signal now," smiled Song Shuhang.

Venerable White secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"Go watch the movie then," said Song Shuhang to Young Mistress Candy.

Thereafter, he got up and went towards the fridge asking, "Senior White, is there anything you wanna eat? A couple of days ago I bought a lot of delicious food at Luo Xin street area. We just have to heat it up in the microwave, then we can eat it immediately."

Even though the fridge had been magically modified by Senior White, its cooling function was still pretty decent.

Hearing the sound word 'microwave', Venerable White touched his forehead with both hands and sighed.

If he had known earlier, he would have gone to a different floor to disassemble things...

Song Shuhang keeps mishearing the name of the sword.

If you're curious, just google 五花大绑

ED/N: Also, there was that part about IMCT and video on the

first page (just after the beginning), it's a reference to [chapter 109](#).



## Chapter 178: Grandpa Turbo's Invitation

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‘Maybe I’m imagining things, but didn’t the quantity of spiritual qi in the building increase?’ Song Shuhang thought while moving toward the fridge.

And just as he took a few snacks and was planning to heat them up with the microwave oven, Doudou quietly squatted down on a side and looked at him with a playful look in his eyes.

Song Shuhang had seen this look several times. Therefore, he was particularly sensitive to it.

Is there something wrong with what I’m doing now?

He looked at the snacks in his hand and at his attire... it didn’t seem that there was anything wrong.

"Doudou, if you have something to say, just say it, ok?" Song Shuhang helplessly said.

"It’s nothing. I’m just very interested in seeing how you’re planning to heat up those snacks with the ‘microwave oven’." Doudou said with a grin, and making a grin with the appearance of a pekingese must have been quite the task for him.

"There’s something wrong with the microwave oven?" Song Shuhang immediately understood. He stretched his hand toward it—the microwave felt as if made of air. His hand passed right

through; it was like an incorporeal object.

"Hehe," Doudou evilly smiled.

"Is this Senior White's doing?" Song Shuhang asked with a bitter smile. Except for Senior White, there was no one else that could have done it.

Then, he immediately thought of something and asked, "Did the TV also have problems?"

"Hehe. It was really interesting to see you point the remote control toward an empty wall, and you had a very satisfied look too," Doudou said. Senior White's illusory arts weren't too high-level, and with Doudou's strength, it was possible to see through them.

"So, except these two, what other things are like that?" Song Shuhang heaved a sigh and asked.

"Except for that fridge that was changed into a magical treasure... almost all appliances you can see on the third floor are illusions," Doudou said with a smile. "In addition, many things on the second floor were disassembled too. However, since he had gained some experience from the third floor, most of them are still in good condition after being reassembled." Doudou laughed.

"..." Song Shuhang had finally understood why Senior White needed some cash. He probably wanted to buy a new set of things

to replace the current ones that were ruined.

"Forget it," Song Shuhang decided to put the snacks back into the fridge and acted as if nothing had happened to avoid embarrassing Senior White.

Then, he looked at Venerable White and smiled, "Senior White, I decided to go out and buy some fresh food. In a while, once we're done checking the cars, we can go to take a stroll in the Luo Xin street area. There are many tasty things in this era; Senior, you should try them."

Venerable White nodded with a smile—he had heard the whole conversation between Doudou and Song Shuhang in the kitchen...

Ah~ so embarrassing.

\*\*\*

In the place rented by Li Yangde.

Tubo was reviewing notes before the exams with a depressed look on his face.

"Hateful. Whenever someone describes their university life, they always say that they're hanging around cute girls and having fun! And yet, aren't we here suffering like dogs? And struggling with the final tests at the end of every semester?" Tubo said as he heaved a sigh.

"This is because you chose Jiangnan's university," Li Yangde pushed up his glasses and said.

If you wanted to graduate from Jiangnan College, you couldn't fail your final tests more than three times during the four years of university. After failing it once, you had the opportunity to attempt a make-up test twice. If you couldn't pass both times, it would count as a failure.

And if you were to fail more than three times, you better forget about getting the graduation certificate.

But Jiangnan College wasn't even that bad in the end. The university of the neighboring Xuan City was the really heartless one. They didn't even give you the opportunity to attempt make-up tests. After failing three times, they would give you a free one-way ticket for your hometown.

"Had I known it earlier, I wouldn't have chosen Jiangnan's university!" Tubo had a depressed expression. "But even so... why is Gao Moumou reviewing with a cute girlfriend? And Song Shuhang has our classmate Lu Fei. On the other hand, I'm stuck with this shut-in that can only think of developing programs!"

Blue veins popped on Li Yangde's forehead, "Excuse me for being a program developer shut-in! Do you still want to review the lessons? If you don't, you better return to the dormitory!"

"I was just trying to lighten up the atmosphere with a joke! You

shouldn't get angry," Tubo laughed as he continued to review the contents of the lessons.

At this time, his phone rang.

After taking a look, he discovered that it was a call from his grandfather.

Tubo picked up the phone, "Hello, Grandpa. Is something the matter?"

"Tubo, do you think... that ghosts exist?" Tubo's grandfather asked in a serious tone.

"What? Grandpa, weren't you the one always saying that I should believe in science and not in superstitions? How come you're talking about supernatural stuff now?" Tubo asked, somewhat puzzled.

"I feel as if there is something strange going on lately. Strange things are happening in the village, and I swear I've seen some ghosts too," Tubo's grandfather said somewhat depressed.

"..." Tubo was speechless. "Grandpa, you have to believe in science! Science is power, don't believe in these superstitions!"

Weren't these words a bit familiar?

This was Grandpa Tubo's signature line, and a month ago, he said these words to Soft Feather too.

"You goddamn brat. Are you looking for a beating?" Tubo's grandfather said angrily.

"Hehehe," Tubo made a hollow laugh.

"I thought about it a bit... and maybe the classmate you brought over here the last time might be able to do something. You'll soon go on vacation, right? How about bringing them here after the vacation to have some fun?" Tubo's grandfather said after going in circles for a bit.

After the strange events in the village, he suddenly remembered that young couple that had come to the Luo Xin Village a month ago.

And, strangely enough, when he recalled the girl, he couldn't remember what she looked like. He only remembered that she was very beautiful and mysterious.

Therefore, he made up his mind and called Tubo.

"Haha, no problem. After the vacation, I'll bring Shuhang to have some fun at your place. If I pass the final test, I'll come there in three days," Tubo said.

"Good, good. The sooner the better," Grandpa Tubo said happily.

Then, he also added, "Study hard for your exam and don't fail, understood?!"

The last part almost seemed like a threat.

Tubo could feel his grandfather's intimidating aura even over the phone. He immediately shivered.

After hanging the phone, he frowned a bit. Did something really happen at grandpa's place?

"Yangde, do you believe in ghosts?" He raised his head and looked at Li Yangde.

"No." Li Yangde replied without hesitation.

But after pausing a moment, he added, "However, there might be things in the world that science can't explain yet. After all, there are still many unsolved mysteries."

"Moreover... you better not think about it too much. Otherwise, the doors of the make-up test will open for you."

"Don't jinx it. Can't you say something positive?" Tubo said somewhat depressed as he picked up the book.

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There was still some time left before lunch.

Song Shuhang was watching the recording about Cultivator Sunflower that Doudou had shot.

‘Cultivator Sunflower came from a branch of the Limitless Demon Sect. Did he hire Altar Master’s subordinates to deal with me?’ Song Shuhang stopped the video. ‘Moreover, did he entrust that disciple of the thief sect captured by Senior White with stealing the Blood God Crystal?’

From the way he was acting, he didn’t seem like a Young Master Hai’s subordinate.’

Song Shuhang recalled the encounter with Young Master Hai. If he was really a subordinate of that guy, he would have been more meticulous and cruel. Unlike Cultivator Sunflower, he wouldn’t have gone into action on a whim and without a proper plan.

But if he wasn’t Young Master Hai’s subordinate, from whom was he taking orders? Did it mean that he saw the possibility of obtaining an advantage and went into action?

It was better to ask the prisoner downstairs.

Song Shuhang returned downstairs and arrived in front of the tightly tied up disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect lying on the sofa.

When she saw Song Shuhang, Young Mistress Candy puffed her



cheeks and coldly snorted, turning the head the other way.

"What is the relationship between you and Cultivator Sunflower?" Song Shuhang went directly to the point.

"Which Cultivator Sunflower? I don't know anyone with that name," Young Mistress Candy was a loyal person. However, she had a bad premonition—these guys already knew about Cultivator Sunflower?

"He's the disciple of the Limitless Demon Sect that sent you here to steal the Blood God Crystal," Song Shuhang said indifferently.

Young Mistress Candy's pupils shrank a bit as she said, "It was just a mission. There is no special relationship between the two of us."

"Hehe," Song Shuhang stretched out his hand and revealed a talisman.

"If he was just a client and there wasn't any special relationship between the two of you, you don't really need to cover for him. Tell me about him. What is his status inside his branch, and from whom was he taking orders?" Song Shuhang narrowed his eyes and asked.

This talisman was Cultivator Sunflower's little darling, and it allowed him to use his 'Green Breeze Speed Boost'. Since it was now in Song Shuhang's hands, it meant that Cultivator Sunflower

had met a tragic end.

"I really don't know anything," Young Mistress Candy bitterly smiled as she shook her head. She only owed him a favor and knew that he was part of a branch of the Limitless Demon Sect. She didn't know anything else.

Song Shuhang frowned; he wasn't satisfied with this answer.

"People like you that refuse to tell the truth are really troublesome." He didn't have any skills to 'extort a confession'. Should he learn some for the next time?

"Oi, oi. I just told you everything I knew!" Young Mistress Candy got anxious.

Song Shuhang looked at Young Mistress Candy with a funny expression, "Do you really think that I would believe you?"

At this time, Doudou entered the fray, "I'm here, I'm here. I'm very good at extorting confessions!"

He was very bored and was desperately trying to look for something fun.

"Alright, but don't kill her. Senior White seems to have some use for her. Once he's done and if she still refuses to open her mouth, you can eat her," Song Shuhang said in a very serious tone. He was purposely trying to make Doudou look fearful and scare this

disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect.

Doudou also coordinated and made a very scary grinning expression... however, he was still in the form of a small pekingese. Therefore, he only looked cute.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh. He needed to find from which branch Cultivator Sunflower was from.

Senior Seven was currently turning upside down the branches of the Limitless Demon Sect.

If he could find the branch Cultivator Sunflower belonged to and give that information to Senior Seven, he would certainly be very happy~

# Chapter 179: Even Today I Managed To Survive!

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Afternoon, around 12 PM. Song Shuhang received a call from True Monarch Yellow Mountain's agent. He would deliver all the cars to that underground parking area nearby Jiangnan College Town instead of True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

After asking whether he was home or not, the agent quickly rushed to his place; he was very courteous. With enough money, you could not only make the devil turn the grindstone, you could even make the grindstone turn the devil!

Afterward, the agent drove Song Shuhang and Senior White to the underground parking area.

This time, Doudou wasn't interested in going out with Shuhang. Therefore, he decided to stay home and look after the house. In addition, Penniless Thief Sect's Young Mistress Candy was still there. If he was bored, he could use all different kinds of tortures on her to have fun.

Song Shuhang boarded the car while carefully watching Senior White. He was afraid he would suddenly start disassembling the car on a whim.

Senior White always felt uncomfortable when Shuhang was staring at him with that gaze. "No need to look at me like that. I won't start disassembling the car. Believe me!"

Song Shuhang scratched his head in embarrassment.

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Nothing unusual happened during the journey.

After arriving at the underground parking area, the agent gave the keys to Song Shuhang.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain had booked the entire parking area. There was enough space to park at least fifty cars here, and Yellow Mountain was planning to fill it up completely.

"Mr. Song Shuhang, please confirm the condition of this first batch of 13 cars. Each of them was filled up and properly checked before being brought here. This is the detailed list of the models and contracts provided by Mr. Huang Wenzhong. Please confirm everything, and if there are no problems, sign here. Afterward, I'll send a message to Mr. Huang Wenzhong," the agent said with a smiling face

Huang Wenzhong was True Monarch Yellow Mountain's modern alias.

There were thirteen cars, and every one of them was a different model.

Some of them were worth millions and others just hundreds of thousands of RMB. Anyway, the agent had no idea why had this young man ordered so many different cars. After all, he couldn't understand the mentality of these rich people.

Not that it mattered. If you had money, you could spend it as you wished. Moreover, why would he care if these rich people wanted to buy a ton of cars or a mere man-powered tricycle? As long as he was getting his cut, he would bring them the best tricycle he could find!

"If there is a problem with the cars, feel free to contact me. I'll try to solve it as soon as possible," the agent patted his chest as he said.

Song Shuhang took the contract and compared the information with the cars in the parking lot.

After checking that everything was okay, he nodded and signed the contract.

After signing the contract, he realized something— Holy 🙏, these cars are now mine! True Monarch Yellow Mountain had put them under his name.

Later, I won't be investigated for 'assets of unknown origin', right? Song Shuhang thought sarcastically. Of course, with True Monarch Yellow Mountain behind the scenes, it was impossible for something like this to happen.

After Song Shuhang signed the contract, the agent gave him the keys to the cars and reminded, "These are the keys to this batch of cars. According to Mr. Huang, after all cars are delivered, Mr. Song Shuhang himself will be in charge of the security. Is that alright?"

"Yes, we'll take care of the security ourselves," Senior White replied. He was getting restless and wanted to get into action as soon as possible.

"Good. When the other batch arrives, I'll contact Mr. Song Shuhang again," the agent was very polite and deserved a [perfect rating of 5/7](#).

After settling things, he bid farewell to Song Shuhang and Venerable White, taking his leave. He also needed to discuss the details with Mr. Huang Wenzhong.

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"Senior White, I'll drive first and show you around. By the way, how are your driving skills?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Don't worry about that. I've downloaded a basic manual about traffic rules and driving tricks from the Internet earlier. Moreover, I even have a driving license. There won't be any problem," Senior White said with a smile.

"..." Song Shuhang.

Senior, that driving license came from Cave Lord Snow Wolf, and who knows how he even got it!

After getting into the car, he started to explain things to Senior White, "If you insert the key here and turn it, the car will start. However, this car is rather old-fashioned. Nowadays, you don't even need to insert the key to start it, but let's leave this discussion for another time."

Song Shuhang chose this car because it was similar to the one he had used with the instructor. After all, he had also just got his driving license. Then, he told Senior White how to use the steering wheel, the brakes, the accelerator, the clutch, and so on.

Senior White earnestly listened the whole time.

After getting out the parking area, Song Shuhang used his keys to lock the main gate.

Afterward, he brought Senior White along for a drive, and headed toward the 'Shuishi Road'.

This road had been just built, and since it was in a remote area, there were few cars and pedestrians here. It was very suitable for someone that had just started to drive.

"Senior White, what do you think?" Song Shuhang stopped the car and pulled up the handbrake as he asked.



"It is a very simple vehicle. I should be able to learn it easily." Senior White nodded and said, "However, your speed was just too slow. You didn't get past 30 or 40 km/h."

"I just recently got my license," Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh. This was his first time driving without the instructor.

Senior White was getting impatient, "Let's trade seats!"

Then, Song Shuhang and Senior White changed their seats.

Senior White copied Shuhang's actions and started driving. This basic stuff couldn't baffle him.

After all, with his strength and skills, even if he made a mistake, he could react in a split second and bring the situation back under control.

He started to move and gradually accelerated.

He skillfully turned the car and changed lanes.

After seeing it only once, Venerable White had already learned how to drive.

"It's pretty easy. What should we do now?" Venerable White asked.

"Senior, it's up to you," Song Shuhang replied.

"Very well. Sit tight then," Senior White pressed the accelerator, and the car quickly sped up.

Song Shuhang quickly said, "Senior White, pay attention to the speed limit."

"Don't worry. I'm paying attention to it. I've already memorized all the traffic rules. Moreover, even if they withdraw the driving license, it's not a big deal. We can just have Cave Lord Snow Wolf deliver another one," Senior White said full of confidence.

After hearing the first half, Song Shuhang was relieved. But after hearing the second half... he got scared half to death.

Luckily, Senior White didn't do anything strange while on the road and didn't break any rules either.

After driving for a while.

Venerable White suddenly found a place to stop the car and stopped there. Afterward, he squatted down on a side and started to draw something.

"Senior, what are you doing?" Song Shuhang asked curiously.

"I'm engraving three formations on it—invisibility formation,

soundproof formation, and a formation to avoid detection, the 'aura concealing' formation. Once I'm done, our car will become invisible and won't be detected by other people," Venerable White replied.

"And what need is there for it?" Song Shuhang thoughtlessly said. Then, he thought of something, "Senior, is it because you want to drive at full speed?"

"Hehe. This speed is just too slow. I can't get used to it," Venerable White clapped his hands. "Done."

Then, he got in the car and started it again.

At this point, he pressed down the accelerator.

"Vrooom..." the car's engine roared as it sped forward. It quickly surpassed 100 km/h.

The speed kept increasing until the speedometer almost exploded.

Song Shuhang's face whitened.

"It won't do. It's still too slow." On the other hand, Venerable White was still disappointed.

Then, he saw the pendant hanging on Song Shuhang wrist—it

was the magical treasure left behind by Cultivator Sunflower. Song Shuhang already had the 'spirit-binding ice bead' hanging around his neck. Therefore, he decided to put this pendant on his wrist.

"Hehe." Venerable White stretched his hand and gently tapped on the pendant hanging on Song Shuhang's wrist.

‘Green Breeze Speed Boost!’

The pendant had been activated. Venerable White had used the effects of its skill on the car.

In the next instant, Song Shuhang felt the car break through its limits.

The surrounding scenery quickly started to blur.

Venerable White was elegantly steering the car and skillfully driving, surpassing one car after another.

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"What's that thing ahead?" While driving, Venerable White suddenly noticed that there was a checkpoint ahead and many cars were lining up there.

"That's the entrance of the highway... we need to stop and pay the fee," Song Shuhang said.

"Hehe, we can't. We're invisible now!" With that, Venerable White gently patted the car with his right hand, "Leaping technique!"

Then, the car suddenly soared into the sky, and after leaping over the cars waiting to pay the fee, it directly descended onto the highway.

"Woooo! Here I can go even faster!" Venerable White madly laughed.

Song Shuhang leaned against his seat and heard a strange sound as if the car was on the verge of breaking down...

The race continued.

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After five minutes.

"Hahaha. Faster, faster! Ah... huh?" Senior White's laughter suddenly stopped.

"Did something happen?" Song Shuhang turned his head and asked.

Then, he saw Senior White holding the steering wheel. It would

be a very normal thing if not for the fact that Senior White's upper body was turned toward Song Shuhang and the steering wheel was still in hands. This meant that the steering wheel wasn't attached to the car anymore...

Venerable White looked at Song Shuhang with an innocent expression and said, "I was too excited just now. I used too much force and broke the steering wheel..."

"The brakes, quickly press the brake!" Song Shuhang yelled.

"Hahaha. About that, it seems we were going too fast before. The brakes failed a long time ago. Haha." Venerable White made a hollow laugh. This situation was quite embarrassing.

"We're going to crash!" Song Shuhang pointed toward the guardrail ahead.

"Don't worry. Look at me, leaping technique!" Venerable White gently shouted.

"Senior, this is not what I meant! There is a cliff ahead!" Song Shuhang yelled once again.

But it was too late; the car soared into the sky... and fell from the cliff. It was truly a beautiful sight.

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Five minutes later.

Song Shuhang got out of what had remained of the car; he was still in a daze. He rubbed his face. After falling from that height, he hadn't been injured? Did Senior White protect him?

But where was Senior White?

He looked around and discovered that Senior White was digging something in the bamboo forest under the cliff.

"Haha. Not bad, not bad. I found two bamboo shoots. The one who sees it keeps it. Little Friend Song Shuhang, you can take one. This thing can clear your nose and enhance your sense of smell. Once you eat it, it will be very useful for someone like you who is trying to open their Nose Aperture," Venerable White threw a purple bamboo shoot toward Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang caught the precious object and stood there dumbfounded—is this the effect of Senior White's strange luck?

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At this time, inside the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Little Friend Song Shuhang, I've heard that you wanted to learn how to pilot a plane. Since

Northern River isn't around, I'll personally make arrangements for you!"

5/7 is a meme, we've used it to replace a Chinese one with similar meaning.



# Chapter 180: Branch Leader Jing Mo's Trump Card

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When True Monarch Yellow Mountain sent this message, Song Shuhang hopped onto Senior White's flying sword and they were going to use it to get home.

After the car crashed, Senior White dug a deep hole in the ground and prepared to bury the car in it. Next, he used the 'Ground Leveling Spell' to cover up the hole, reverting the ground to its original state—without any marks or signs of anyone digging there. He had used this spell countless times before, hence he was very well-versed at it!

Thereafter, Senior White activated the blue flying sword, and they started their travel home.

On their way back, Song Shuhang took out his phone and entered the Nine Provinces Number One Group chat to take a look, and learned about True Monarch Yellow Mountain's idea for him to learn how to fly a plane.

Song Shuhang was immediately covered in sweat, his hair standing on ends. He quickly, but sneakily, turned his body to block his phone in order to prevent Senior White from seeing the message.

You gotta be kidding me? When Senior White learned how to drive, he sharply increased the speed of the car through magical arts and we ended up falling off a cliff, completely destroying the

car. If we allow Senior White to operate a plane... won't we end up flying to space?

By then, the 'airplane' would become a 'crashed-plane'!

No, this won't do—I definitely must not allow Senior White a chance to come in contact with an airplane; I should reject Senior Yellow Mountain first. After all, learning how to fly a plane right now would be too dangerous.

Song Shuhang made up his mind and was preparing to send a private message to True Monarch Yellow Mountain to reject him.

But at this time, in the 'Nine Provinces Number One Group', someone with the ID 'Venerable White' suddenly sent a message: "Eh? Yellow Mountain, you can send someone directly for flying classes? When are you gonna arrange it? I'll go together with little friend Shuhang to take the classes. I just learned how to drive today—it was really interesting! Come to think of it, learning how to fly a plane would be much more interesting in comparison."

Seeing this, Song Shuhang felt like fainting on the spot. He turned his head and realized that while Senior White was operating the flying sword, he was also using his phone.

It is forbidden to use a phone when driving—are you sure you should be using your phone while flying on a sword, senior?

Senior White seemed to have felt Song Shuhang staring at him,

hence he raised his head and made eye contact with Song Shuhang. Then, as though he knew what the other was thinking, he said, "Haha, don't worry. I set the destination as Medicine Master's multi-storied building. The flying sword will automatically bring us there, just like a self-driving car. I just have to be a little careful, making sure that we don't bump into any flying objects during the journey, and that will do."

Senior White's words put Song Shuhang's heart at ease.

Flying swords actually had an autopilot function; modern people thought it a recent invention, but in fact, it had already been used so many times by cultivators that it was considered as something ordinary.

But suddenly, Song Shuhang started to panic—"I just have to be a little careful, making sure that we don't bump into any flying objects during the journey, and that will do'?"

Based on Senior White's personality, it wouldn't be surprising at all for him to fall into a daze and end up bumping into flying objects like planes or UFOs and such.

He could only pray and hope with all his heart that such a disaster would not happen.

"Oh right, Shuhang, earlier in the group chat, Yellow Mountain mentioned arranging lessons for you to learn how to fly a plane. When are you free? Let's go together!" Senior White said eagerly.

"Haha, actually, I just saw the message from Senior Yellow Mountain as well. But these couple of days I'd be having my final exams. After they end, I'll have to prepare to make a trip to the neighboring town, Luo Xin street area," replied Song Shuhang calmly and firmly.

Since he could not avoid it, then he shall just delay it as long as possible... until he had sufficiently prepared himself mentally. He would accompany Senior White to take the flying classes then. Or rather, learn how to wreck a plane.

"Neighboring town, is there anything you need to do?" Asked Senior White out of curiosity.

Song Shuhang said, "I need to look for a group of people—the underlings of 'Altar Master' who tried to steal my things the last time. This time, when Limitless Demon Sect's 'Cultivator Sunflower' tried to steal the Blood God Crystal, he hired them. Since Cultivator Sunflower cooperated with them, you'd never know if they know a thing or two about his origins. If they know which branch in the Limitless Demon Sect he was from, then that would be great."

If I could get hold of the address of the branch Cultivator Sunflower was in, I would be able to send the information to Senior Seven and raze that branch to the ground!

"Hm, alright then. Let's take flying classes next time then. No worries, we're not in a rush," Senior White smiled. "After all, there are still so many cars in the garage for us to play with for a long time."

"Haha, Senior, as long as you are happy." The cold sweat on his forehead became a waterfall—was Senior White planning to wipe out a garage full of cars?

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Approximately three minutes later, within the Instant Messaging Program, True Monarch Yellow Mountain secretly sent a private message to Song Shuhang, "Little Friend Shuhang, did you bring Senior White out for driving lessons today?"

"Yup," replied Song Shuhang.

"Was it safe?" Asked True Monarch Yellow Mountain—the question was short and snappy, straight to the point!

"Senior Yellow Mountain, I can only say—I survived!" Song Shuhang said emotionally. "Did you know? Senior White added three formations to the car—invisibility formation, soundproof formation, and 'aura concealing' to avoid being detected! Lastly, he even added the 'Green Breeze Speed Boost'."

The corners of True Monarch Yellow Mountain's mouth twitched.

"In the end, the steering wheel broke and the brakes stopped working. We went off a cliff—but luckily, I received a purple bamboo shoot, which clears one's nose and enhances one's sense of

smell—very useful for opening the Nose Aperture. Hehehehe."

After that sentence came a string of 'hehe' laughs—Song Shuhang wasn't sure what those 'hehe's were supposed to mean, but if he didn't add them, he would have felt very uneasy.

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

"Hang in there!" After a while, True Monarch continued, "After this mission is completed, Venerable White will give you a reward. Also, a few of us in the group had discussed it before as well—once you complete the mission, we would also reward you, I guarantee that you'd be satisfied!

After all, Venerable White's strength and abilities had increased, and so did his destructive powers. Hence, the difficulty level of the mission had also correspondingly increased. A compensation was pretty much necessary.

Song Shuhang hurriedly replied, "I was waiting for you to say that, Senior Yellow Mountain!"

"Also, when you're free, bring Venerable White along for flying classes." Then, True Monarch Yellow Mountain advised, "Everything else aside, if you take flying lessons with Venerable White, it would definite increase your safety. Think about it, if anything happens on the plane... if you're alone, you would be dead. But if you learn piloting with him, at least he will be able to use the flying sword to safely escort you back! Am I right?"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain's words sure made sense, Song Shuhang felt that he couldn't reject the idea of bringing Senior White along!

It was true, at least when things went wrong on the plane, Senior White could bring him to safety with his flying sword.

If he thought of it that way, it didn't seem like a bad idea to take flying lessons with Senior White after all.

"When I'm done with my final exams and settling a personal matter, I will take flying classes together with Senior White," replied Song Shuhang.

After that, he looked enviously at the flying sword beneath his feet.

Being able to operate a flying sword was such a good thing, it was a pity that one had to be in the Fourth Stage Realm in order to be able to do it.

At least for now, this is my biggest goal—to step on the flying sword and soar right up into the skies, how cool is that!

Oh, right, when I have my own flying sword, I definitely must make it slightly bigger and add a guardrail, that way it would be much safer!

Song Shuhang thought to himself.

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At the same time, at the Limitless Demon Sect's headquarters.

After Branch Leader Jing Mo dealt with Mahoraga Peak's trivial matters, he got on his flying saber and departed towards Jiangnan at high speed.

On his way, he contacted Manager Chen from his branch.

"Manager Chen, how is it going with your investigation on 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'?" Asked Branch Leader Jing Mo in a deep voice, his spiky silver hair fluttering in the wind.

"Branch Leader, a few days ago, we arranged for 'Cultivator Sunflower', whose position was the closest to the target, to investigate Stressed by a Mountain of Books. But today, we suddenly lost contact with him, I'm afraid something might have happened and he may've met with a calamity. I've sent an additional group to investigate the target, they should've almost arrived at the location near Jiangnan College Town by now. At least they would be able to find out if and why Cultivator Sunflower was killed before making any decisions," Manager Chen carefully answered, afraid that if he accidentally made a mistake in his reply, it might infuriate Branch Leader Jing Mo.

After listening to this, a ray of lightning flashed through his eyes with a booming sound. He was deep in thoughts as he said, "I somewhat have an impression of that Cultivator Sunflower; if it



was really him, he would have proceeded with caution. That 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' is nothing but a newbie who just opened his Heart Aperture—he definitely wouldn't have been good enough to be his opponent. If Cultivator Sunflower really got finished off, it just means that there was an expert next to Stressed by a Mountain of Books."

While they were talking, the underling next to Manager Chen passed him a document which Cultivator Sunflower sent to the branch before his death with much difficulty via several middlemen.

Manager Chen opened it—it was the information report on 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books', coupled with that on the formidable expert next to him.

"Branch Leader, we just received the information report sent by Cultivator Sunflower a day ago. There is indeed an expert next to that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'. He is a formidable Cultivator who can create a crater of 30 meters in diameter just by accidentally falling onto the ground," Manager Chen promptly reported.

"A crater 30 meters in diameter, could it be that he is a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor like Su Clan's Seven?" Branch Leader Jing Mo pondered for a moment and replied, "You guys think of a way to lock onto 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' and that expert's positions; wait for my return from the branch and then we will go to meet 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' and that senior."

Branch Leader Jing Mo's tone was full of confidence; he secretly held the protective talisman hanging on his chest between his fingers.

Due to the fact that recently Su Clan's Seven had been aggressively attacking the different branches of Limitless Demon Sect, he requested his master to give him a protective talisman before he returned to the branch.

This was a 'Blood Evasion Technique' protective talisman. Once it was used, not to mention a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spirit Emperor, even a Sixth Stage True Monarch wouldn't be able to lay a finger on him! Even if he bumped into Su Clan's Seven, he would still be able to protect his life.

With the protective talisman, he could discreetly close in and observe the expert next to that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'.

If the expert next to 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' was a Fourth Stage Cultivator, he was confident that he would not lose to him. Seizing the 'Blood God Crystal' by force would not be a problem.

If that Cultivator was a Fifth Stage Golden Core expert or stronger, then he would swiftly run for his life. If the other party could sense him and therefore make his move first, at least the protective talisman could protect his life.

After all, the senior next to that Stressed by a Mountain of Books couldn't be a Seventh Stage Venerable, right?

Of course... if he could meet Song Shuhang one-on-one, it would be so much better. He would be able to avoid a direct confrontation with that expert cultivator and save a lot of energy.

# Chapter 181: A New Enmity Added Onto The Old Hatred

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Limitless Demon Sect, Mahoraga Peak.

Young Master Hai's immortal cave.

Young Master Hai once again stood on the brink of the cliff; his aura became more elusive.

A moment later, a fragment of Demon Monarch Anzhi's soul stealthily appeared next to Young Master Hai.

Not long after, Zheng Neng came over, tottering as he sat on his bamboo sword.

The aura on the bodies of the three people underwent huge changes; they were on the brink of breaking through.

Demon Monarch Anzhi sneered, "Branch Leader Jing Mo suffered a loss under the hands of 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'. One of his underlings got killed off by that Stressed by a Mountain of Books. Heh heh~"

"This does not come as a surprise, though; if Stressed by a Mountain of Books were so easy to be dealt with, I would have made a move long ago." Young Master Hai laughed softly and asked, "Is there an expert next to Stressed by a Mountain of

Books?"

"Yes, even though my clone could only observe from afar, I could confirm that there is a formidable expert who lives together with Stressed by a Mountain of Books. Judging from this, snatching the Blood God Crystal within a short period of time would not be easy," answered Demon Monarch Anzhi.

Young Master Hai sighed.

At this time, Zheng Neng smiled and said, "I personally feel that there is something else that Young Master Hai should worry about—will that Stressed by a Mountain of Books give the Blood God Crystal to the senior next to him?"

"Heh heh, if that's the case, it would be interesting. You might have to suffer a loss, Young Master Hai," Demon Monarch Anzhi smirked.

"This is exactly what I am worrying about." Young Master Hai smiled and said, "It's a good thing that the Blood God Crystal he has was not part of our calculations after we improved the formation. The three Blood God Crystals that we have are sufficient for us at the moment.

Following after, Young Master Hai added, "However, with the extra Blood God Crystal, there is a small probability that it can help us increase the quantity of our dragon patterns. Hence, we should still figure out a way to bring the Blood God Crystal back!"

When the golden dragon patterns got brought up, Zheng Neng and Demon Monarch Anzhi became more resolute.

"If it's really impossible, should we perform another blood sacrifice?" Suggested Demon Monarch Anzhi.

"We don't have the time... where or how can we look for another Moon Saber Sect within a short period of time?" Young Master Hai continued, "Hence, sorry to trouble your clone, Anzhi. Please try to observe that Stressed by a Mountain of Books as much as you can. As long as we have an opportunity, we still should try to recover that Blood God Crystal."

"Got it. We don't have much time," replied Demon Monarch Anzhi.

"Do your best," said Zheng Neng softly.

Three of them exchanged a glance and parted ways.

Before they left, Demon Monarch Anzhi said to Zheng Neng, "Oh right, Brother Zheng Neng, let me give you some information. All's well with the Immortal Farming Sect. Under the protection of Su Clan's Seven, the nearby thieves and robbers dare not think about attacking it. Heh heh~ by the looks of it, we just have to wait for this crisis to be over, and they would probably slowly recover, I guess?"

"Immortal Farming Sect... what has that got to do with me now?"

Zheng Neng replied with his own question with a tranquil look on his face, as though the Immortal Farming Sect had nothing to do with him anymore.

After saying that, he sat on the flying sword and disappeared into the sea of clouds.

"Tsk tsk," Demon Monarch Anzhi made himself lose face. Likewise, he transformed into a puff of demonic smoke and disappeared into thin air.

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Time flew, it was 6 PM in the evening.

"Senior White, I'll be heading out first!" Song Shuhang waved at Venerable White and bade him goodbye.

After returning home in the afternoon without a hitch, Tubo gave him a call, asking if he wanted to go to Yangde's place together to review their homework. Song Shuhang didn't have anything on at night so he agreed.

At the same time, he brought with him a packet of 'Spirit Green Tea'. He had already asked Senior White if ordinary mortals could drink it as well, and whether its function of nourishing the spirit and improving one's physical health would be safe for them.

However, the quantity had to be small—for example, for

ordinary youths, two tea leaves per drink was sufficient.

Song Shuhang prepared to bring some for his dorm roommates to try, allowing them to refresh and nourish their bodies on the eve of the finals. He was also planning to bring some for his family members to try over the holidays. However, he had to pay attention not to let too many people know about the Spirit Green Tea matter as to avoid creating a disturbance.

As he took out the Spirit Green Tea, Song Shuhang found himself thinking of Su Clan's Sixteen... he wondered how she was doing, and if she had fully recovered from her injuries.

It'd been a while since she appeared in the Nine Provinces Number One Group. Senior Seven had also been busy, occupying himself with the extermination of the members of the Limitless Demon Sect, and didn't talk or mention anything about Sixteen's situation.

'I hope she's safe and sound, and that she will smoothly get over this calamity,' Song Shuhang thought to himself.

At this time, Doudou asked, "Do you want to walk me there with you?"

"It's alright, I guess. His place is rather nearby, not far from here at all," Song Shuhang smiled.

The distance was pretty near. Even if anything happened, Senior



White and Doudou could swing by anytime to lend him a helping hand.

"Be careful on your way there, pay more attention to your safety~" senior White smiled while sending Song Shuhang off—once Shuhang left, he could finally continue with the room renovation project.

Disassembling one or two was the same anyway. As for disassembling and renovating the entire house, there would also be no problem!

This afternoon, he even got the ATM card settled. All he had to do was wait for Cave Lord Snow Wolf's funds to get wired into his account, then he could start buying new furniture.

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Li Yangde's place.

Upon entering, Song Shuhang's eyes scanned the place and he realized it was just the two of them inside—Yangde and Tubo. So, he asked, "Gao Moumou ain't here?"

"He's still accompanying his girlfriend, he ain't coming over tonight. Hoes before bros... at least Song Shuhang is better than that. He came over right after the phone call," lamented Tubo.

"Haha." Song Shuhang put down some snacks which he

conveniently brought with him and asked, "Yangde, do you have any teacups?"

"There are some in the kitchen, you even bought something for us to drink?" Li Yangde walked out, looking haggard and exhausted. He seemed to have stayed up all night.

"A friend gave me some really good tea, so I wanted you guys to try it," Song Shuhang smiled. He looked for the teacups and found three decent paper cups, and brewed three cups of hot tea. He placed two 'Spirit Green Tea' tea leaves in each cup.

"What kind of tea is that? Let me take a look," Tubo went over and realized that there were two pieces of tea leaves within each cup, looking somewhat strange and lonely as they were floating in the hot water.

Tubo didn't know whether to laugh or cry and said, "Shuhang... don't you think you're too stingy, putting only two tea leaves into each cup? Even if this was the famous oolong tea from Mount Wuyi, you don't need to be so stingy and put only a little bit in each cup, right?"

"Hehe, don't talk anymore, just drink it and then you'll know." Song Shuhang laughed lightly and said, "If you mind it so much then don't drink it—I can't bear to let you waste it."

Tubo knew Song Shuhang's personality. If he was not being stingy, then perhaps this tea really had some sort of special effect?

He dubiously blew at the tea to cool it and then carefully sipped at it.

It was undoubtedly a hot tea, but after it entered his mouth, it felt like there was some sort of a cool and refreshing flavor that slid down his throat and to his abdomen; it felt like his entire being was being cleansed and toxins purged from inside out. It felt really good and that was not all—the aroma of the tea overflowed and lingered in his mouth for a long, long time.

Tubo closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling. After a moment, he exclaimed, "Awesome!"

"That dramatic?" Yangde looked at his orgasmic expression, and after receiving the cup, like Tubo, he sipped at his tea.

The effect wasn't that exaggerated in his case; he only felt his entire spirit being refreshed after drinking the tea. It was like the exhaustion accumulated from staying up the whole night yesterday got taken away from him entirely.

"What kind of tea is this?" Li Yangde felt this tea was simply out of this world. He had never heard of such an effective tea!

"A friend gave it to me. Its name sounds kinda stupid, so you don't have to know it. But anyway, this is an extremely valuable item and ordinary people don't have access to it," Song Shuhang smiled as he raised his cup and sipped his tea.

It did not have the same magical effect as the body tempering

liquid or the qi and blood pill.

The amount of spiritual qi in the Spirit Green Tea was minimal, but the aroma of tea was strong enough to fill the air, and it had a rich taste that lingered in one's mouth for a very long time. Moreover, its price wasn't too high. Therefore, it was one of the most appreciated teas by cultivators... although he had yet to know its exact price.

"It's Gao Moumou's loss for not coming," Tubo laughed heartily. He felt very energetic, making studying a lot more relaxed for him. He wasn't going to fail this term's finals!

"I will leave some tea leaves for you guys. But you have to be extra careful—you can only put two leaves in one cup at most. Any more than that, and you'll hurt your body. You can only drink one cup per day. I don't want to harm you guys!" Song Shuhang smiled and sat down and started revising the entire term's homework with them.

"There are so many limitations?" Tubo held the cup, feeling a little reluctant to finish it since one could only drink one cup a day.

Li Yangde held the teacup pensively.

Song Shuhang flipped through the books. Actually, he already knew the contents inside out. He also remembered all the key points taught by the teacher in class. Honestly... there was nothing much for him to revise.

Being a cultivator is such a good thing! Song Shuhang exclaimed in his heart. At least his memory became much more remarkable and his thoughts were clearer than before, making studying a lot more efficient.

"Oh right, Shuhang, do you have time after finals are over?" Tubo raised his head and asked.

"Yeah, I do." Song Shuhang smiled as he asked, "Is it to help Zhuge Zhongyang chase Lu Fei's older sister?"

"No, Zhuge Zhongyang's stuff should happen in the middle of the vacation break. I am talking about the period right after finals end. Can you not be in a rush to go back home? My grandfather wants to invite you over to his place," Tubo laughed.

"Your grandfather? In the neighboring Luo Xin street area?" Song Shuhang questioned him instead—what a coincidence, he was also going to make a trip there. But why would Tubo's grandfather suddenly have the idea of asking him over to be his guest?

Song Shuhang could recall that Tubo's grandfather was a very chatty and trendy old man. And, that he was someone who believed in science and rejected superstitions.

"Yup, that's right. Previously, my grandfather called and said that recently there were some devious, strange things happening there, and that his heart was always ill at ease. After that, for some reason, he suddenly thought of you and asked me to invite you over as his guest. However, he did not tell me what happened.

Well, when people get older, they become more peculiar—he's always thinking of new tricks to torture his grandson, me... but it is currently the harvesting season for the waxberries planted at grandfather's place. When we go there, I'll bring you along to pick some," Turbo laughed.

"No problem, when you're ready to go back, just let me know," answered Song Shuhang.

Devious, strange things happened in Turbo's grandfather's village. The first thing that Song Shuhang thought of was the underlings of 'Altar Master'. Altar Master's organization's sphere of influence was near the neighbouring Luo Xin street area, after all.

If any devious, strange things happened, there was an 80-90% chance that it was their doing.

If it was really them, it would be a new enmity added onto the old hatred!

## Chapter 182: It's An Incurable Disease!

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The lock of Medicine Master's multi-storied building was already fixed.

After returning, Song Shuhang checked on almost all floors, but still couldn't find Doudou and Senior White anywhere.

'Did Doudou bring Senior White out to have some fun?' Song Shuhang wondered, somewhat confused. Then, once he went to the fifth and last floor, he discovered that Doudou, Senior White, and Penniless Thief Sect's Young Mistress Candy were all there.

After a glance, he noticed that Medicine Master's pill furnace had been divided into two pieces. The upper half was thrown on a side, while the lower half was covered in flames with a cauldron on it.

Young Mistress Candy was wearing an apron and diligently preparing dishes.

There was also a long table on a side with many dishes on it that were either fried in oil or steamed. After looking at them, one couldn't help but swallow a mouthful of saliva.

"What's happening?" Asked Song Shuhang, somewhat confused.

"Woof. This is the result of my careful train— ugh! I mean, the result of my careful interrogation of Penniless Thief Sect's Young Mistress Candy. She confessed everything—from when she started

cultivating to what she is specialized in. She even told me the number of ancient ruins she discovered recently... however, she really didn't know anything about the status of Cultivator Sunflower inside the Limitless Demon Sect," Doudou said while swallowing down a big chunk of beef. "And while she was under interrogation, she disclosed that she was very good at cooking. Then, Senior White and I thought of giving her a chance to display her skills."

"This flavor is not bad," Senior White nodded in approval.

Song Shuhang pitifully looked at Young Mistress Candy—what kind of interrogation (training) did she undergo to disclose that she was good at cooking?

It seemed like she had revealed all her private matters. After this, how would she even face Doudou?

Having sensed Song Shuhang's gaze, Young Mistress Candy turned her head around and looked into his eyes—letting out a silly giggle.

Song Shuhang froze on the spot. She didn't have a mental breakdown, right?

At this time, Senior White pointed toward a purple bamboo shoot on the table and said, "Little Friend Song Shuhang, this bamboo shoot was properly cooked by Little Candy. Once you eat it, it will help you with your Nose Aperture. Don't waste it."



"I can directly eat it without refining it first?" Song Shuhang sat down on the table and asked.

"There is no need for that. If you refine it into a medicinal pill, you will indeed increase its effects a bit. But after eating too many medicinal pills, you will develop a resistance to them. Therefore, natural treasures like this purple bamboo shoot are best eaten directly," Senior White said with a smile.

Song Shuhang took a bite of the bamboo shoot; its flavor wasn't half bad. He couldn't help but look at Young Mistress Candy—she was indeed good at cooking. In the future, if she were to get rid of her status as a disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect and get married, her husband would be able to eat delicious things every day.

"Hehe," Young Mistress Candy turned her head once again and laughed foolishly.



After his evening practice, Song Shuhang quickly went to bed.

He had his finals tomorrow—he needed to be in his best condition.

The bamboo shoot had already started to take effect. He felt as if it was becoming easier to breathe since dinner, just like a stuffy nose suddenly getting cleared.

However, there was a problem—now, his sense of smell was much keener than before. If he were to carelessly fart, the odor he would smell would be at least six or seven times worse.

After taking a bath and stretching himself, he quickly went to sleep.

Once he had fallen asleep, Venerable White quietly slid into his room and arrived at his side.

Then, he slowly disappeared on the spot.

After a while, a triangular seal appeared near Song Shuhang's body, and an ugly face appeared inside it.

"As expected, it's a life curse," Venerable White smiled as he carefully injected some of his spiritual qi inside the curse.

Very quickly, a fist-sized mass of black smoke appeared beside Song Shuhang, emitting a strong resentment.

"Hate, hate, hate, so much hate~ even if I don't enter the cycle of reincarnation, remaining a lowly ghost for eternity, I will still obtain revenge!" The black spiritual mass angrily howled.

At this time, its body suddenly inflated like a ball and reached half the height of a person. One could vaguely recognize Altar Master's features. But compared to the last time, the resentful spirit only had 40% of Altar Master's characteristics.

"It came out. Eating it will help the ghost spirit reach the middle-rank again," Venerable White said in a soft voice.

After that, the ghost spirit came out of Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture and swallowed the resentful spirit down once again.

The body of the ghost spirit became bigger, and it started to undergo a mutation.

After five or six minutes, the ghost spirit lightly roared, and a faint layer of golden light covered its body.

With a 'clang~' sound, the small golden shield condensed once again. And, apart from the shield, it also condensed a small golden sword.

After a period of weakness, the ghost spirit had recovered its rank and had returned to be a middle-rank ghost spirit.

Now that it had a core, it had the possibility of advancing to a high-rank ghost spirit given enough time.

After returning to the middle-rank, the ghost spirit respectfully bowed to Venerable White and returned inside Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture. Everything became quiet once again.

"It's a pity that the cultivation of the person that put the life

curse on Song Shuhang was too weak. This resentful spirit will only appear four or five more times before completely disappearing. Otherwise, the ghost spirit would have reached the high-rank in one go," Venerable White laughed.

Then, he left Song Shuhang's room like a whirlwind, his face very satisfied.

He came here to help Song Shuhang because he had disassembled too many things lately and felt guilty about it.

Moreover, even after discovering what he had done, Song Shuhang didn't criticize him. This made him feel even more ashamed.

However, he just couldn't stop himself from disassembling things. Therefore, after thinking for a while, he decided to compensate Song Shuhang in this way.

'Tomorrow, I'll help Little Friend Song Shuhang with his cultivation. I've troubled him quite a bit for the past few days,' thought Venerable White just before leaving.

On the other hand, Medicine Master could only cry himself to sleep... after all, it was his house that was being disassembled and not Song Shuhang's.



That night, Song Shuhang had a strange dream.

It was about the cultivator with a green daoist robe. The dream about Li Tiansu's life continued.

Maybe Li Tiansu lived for too long, and the dream spanned over two days for this reason? Song Shuhang thought sarcastically.

In the dream... after completing his practice, Li Tiansu put on the green daoist robe and descended from the mountain.

He didn't have too many difficulties in his life.

Like many other loose cultivators, he looked for an immortal cave, natural treasures, precious objects inside ancient ruins or immortal caves left behind by ancient cultivators, favorable opportunities, and other means to accumulate wealth.

These memories consisted of small fragments that flashed by in an instant.

Anyway, Song Shuhang already knew most of the things that had happened in Li Tiansu's life; it could be considered a fun and exciting life.

And his luck wasn't bad either. After reaching the Fifth Stage and condensing a Golden Core, he had accumulated enough wealth to be considered rich.

But why did he end up like that afterward? He didn't have anything aside from that flying sword and the ancient bronze ring, Song thought somewhat confused.

Just as he was thinking, big changes happened in Li Tiansu's life in the dream. He met a female cultivator. The two of them quickly fell in love and became dao companions.

The female cultivator was the successor of a medium-sized sect of cultivators... however, the usual scene in movies where seniors pop out to separate the couple didn't happen.

This was because Li Tiansu was already a Fifth Stage Golden Core Spiritual Emperor. Moreover, he had a Golden Core with seven dragon patterns! Even if he was a loose cultivator, his talent was outstanding. Even in a large sect, he would become an elder with the highest status. A medium-sized sect was more than happy to have this powerful backer.

The sect of the female cultivator gave them their blessings, allowing the two to become dao companions without problems.

Not long after, they had a daughter.

This was his life's happiest moment.

But ten years later, Li Tiansu's dao companion was reduced to ashes under the fires of the tribulation when she tried to break

through the Fifth Stage Golden Core Realm. This was a huge blow to Li Tiansu.

Another ten years passed by. Even his beautiful daughter caught a strange disease. Cold qi started to constantly overflow inside her body. If they weren't careful, frost would begin to form on her body. And if it kept going on, her whole person would turn into an ice statue.

Li Tiansu could only rely on medicinal pills and his own spiritual qi to drive out the cold qi inside the daughter's body.

To treat his daughter's disease, Li Tiansu spent all wealth he had accumulated over time. Not only that, he also contracted many debts.

After some time, the disease of the daughter flared up again. This time, the situation was even more serious. The cold qi suddenly broke out of her body and sealed her into a coffin made of ice.

Li Tiansu had no alternative but to temporarily seal his daughter inside the immortal cave and go to a forbidden zone to find a definite way to cure her strange disease.

After that... was the scene where he crashed into Song Shuhang's place from a thousand miles away.



The next day.

After waking up, Song Shuhang rubbed his temples. Yesterday's dream was very clear. It almost seemed as if he had experienced Li Tiansu's life firsthand.

What was the meaning of this?

Song Shuhang remained silent for a while. Did this mean that he had to accept the karma related to Li Tiansu?

Li Tiansu was a rich Golden Core Spiritual Emperor that had been reduced to poverty while trying to cure the strange disease that afflicted his daughter. And in the end, he also lost his life in the process. Song Shuhang was just a small cultivator that had opened only two apertures. What was he supposed to do?

Was he supposed to move Li Tiansu's daughter to a modern hospital and have her treated there?

Song Shuhang went to the bathroom to wash his face and rinse his mouth while thinking of all this. 'Maybe I can ask the seniors inside the group. Perhaps Li Tiansu's daughter has a special heaven-defying physique, and some senior might want her as their disciple and pass down their heritage to her? At least this is what happens in movies...'

Thinking of this, Song Shuhang opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group.



Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "Seniors, I seem to have found a good disciple. This girl has innately developed cold qi inside her body. Moreover, it's very powerful. If the cold qi isn't eliminated, frost will start to form on her body, and she will eventually turn into an ice statue. If it breaks out at full force, it will even form an ice coffin around her body. I wonder if she's a talented cultivator gifted in the ice element? Does any senior specialized in the ice attribute want to have her as a disciple?"

Soon, one of the seniors replied.

Dharma King Creation: "Little Friend Shuhang, according to your description, this girl isn't a rare talent. She seems to be ill and needs to be treated."

Cave Lord Snow Wolf: "Indeed. It's a disease. She must have developed that cold qi inside her body because the mother must have been wounded by cold qi while pregnant. This cold qi should have broken out when she was around 10 years old... and from what you described, it seems it's already too late for a cure."

"Is there really no way to cure her?" Song Shuhang recalled Li Tiansu's bitter life and asked this question hoping to have some luck.

# Chapter 183: Did I Travel To Another World?

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"Had I taken action when the cold qi just started to appear on the surface of the young lady's body, I might have been to save her. But at this moment, unless I show my divinity in front of the masses and become an Eighth Stage Sage Monarch, there is absolutely nothing I can do to save her," said [Cave Lord Snow Wolf](#) earnestly.

Apart from Cave Lord Snow Wolf, there were some others who practiced ice techniques, but it was not their specialization. The only one who specialized in ice techniques was Cave Lord Snow Wolf. He called the shots when it came to ice techniques within the group.

"What is the issue with that cold qi? Is it because there is a problem with an organ within the body?" Probed Song Shuhang. A problem which couldn't be solved with magic... perhaps we should try the science & technology combo? The Three Stars Fire Controlling Fan was a fine example of the amalgamation of science and cultivation.

"Little Friend Shuhang, are you saying that we should try to perform a surgery to replace an organ? It's no use. Even her body was sealed in an ice coffin, therefore the cold qi must also have penetrated every inch of her body to the extent that it might have affected her soul. Don't tell me you can change her entire body and soul?" Cave Lord Snow Wolf mercilessly shattered Song Shuhang's fantasy.

"Ah, it truly is a tragic story," Song Shuhang sighed— Senior Li Tiansu, don't blame me, ok? It is beyond my power, there's nothing I can do! Senior Li Tiansu's spirit in heaven, please don't transform into a resentful ghost to haunt me, ok?

As a good person, he had the will but lacked the power to do anything.



Breakfast—dishes made meticulously by Penniless Thief Sect's Young Mistress Candy.

As usual, she had the whole hearty giggle going on, but compared to yesterday, she had more energy and vitality today.

Song Shuhang secretly heaved a sigh—if this young lady really became dull-witted, he really wouldn't know how to deal with her; yet at the same time, she shouldn't become a housekeeper for the rest of her life.

Before he left, Song Shuhang rushed over to wave goodbye to Doudou and Senior White, saying, "I'm leaving. Doudou, please do not make any trouble!"

Doudou rolled his eyes and turned his head towards Venerable White and said, "Senior White, Song Shuhang was actually making an indirect complaint—even though he told me not to make any trouble, in reality, he was directing it at you."

Venerable White laughed hollowly.

The hand that Song Shuhang was waving with stiffened—Doudou, why are you blatantly revealing the brutal truth!? There are some things that we know in our hearts but should not say out loud! When you spell it out it doesn't have that good an impact, does it?!



Jiangnan College Town. Finals have started.

Speaking of diplomas, Jiangnan College's diploma was really valuable, therefore, the students were all going to try their best.

Before finals, Song Shuhang was also slightly nervous.

That was because he would be reviewing all his homework with all his might on the night before every exam in the past. But last night, he actually went to bed really early. Since this was a deviation from his usual habits, it made him feel kinda uneasy.

After the exam papers have been given out, Song Shuhang was scribbling away furiously...

Subconsciously, he had completed the entire paper.

‘Why does it feel like it was pretty simple?’ Song Shuhang thought. He lifted his head and looked at his surroundings—all other students were still struggling to answer the questions.

Only rustling sounds made by pens scribbling on paper could be heard in the entire examination hall. He lifted his head once again and looked at the clock— heavens, only three minutes had passed.

Just how fast was his hand writing for him to answer all questions and fill the entire examination paper within three minutes?

What should he do now? He could only hand in the paper after half an hour, right?

A moment later, Song Shuhang secretly sighed. He held his pen and pretended to keep writing as he closed his eyes and started practicing the <<True Self Meditation Scripture>>. Life was short, he shouldn’t waste time doing nothing when it could be spent cultivating instead.

Speaking of the <<True Self Meditation Scripture>>, after he opened the Heart Aperture and the Eye Aperture, on top of the contract made with the ghost spirit, the image of True Self within his sea of consciousness started to undergo changes again.

However, the True Self did not become more mystical and refined, but instead evolved in an odd direction.

In the space within his consciousness, he could see his True Self was not wearing any clothing on the upper body; all he had was a solemn face and muscles akin to marble. And also... his hair seemed to be shorter?

It doesn't seem right, I am someone who loves reading, as well as someone who had always admired the free-spirited cultivators with flying swords beneath their feet. But why is the image of my True Self getting stranger and stranger?

Is it because I've been reading too little, and so the scholarly aura is lacking? I've decided, after the exam ends, I will go to the bookstore to window-read. It's been a long time since I went there...

Song Shuhang thought to himself.

One session of <<True Self Meditation Scripture>> practice took about half an hour, which was just right for him.

Song Shuhang got up, submitted the exam paper, and leisurely left the examination hall.

The female supervisor behind him frowned as she looked at Song Shuhang. Then, she looked at his exam papers densely packed with answers and fell into ponderment.

She had an impression of this candidate... because not long after the exam papers were given out, this candidate did not move at all

and just maintained his posture.

When she turned around in the midst of supervising the exam, she saw that he was sleeping with his eyes closed.

When did he write all the answers on the exam paper?



As for the college english exam in the afternoon, since Song Shuhang already had some experience from before, he slowly answered the questions, dragging it out for about half an hour before submitting the paper. This time he did not catch the attention of the teacher.

He strolled to the other classrooms—Yangde, Gao Moumou, and Tubo were still in the midst of battling, it didn't seem that they'd be out any time soon.

'Forget it, I shall go to the rental book store to take a look,' Song Shuhang thought.

He took the familiar route and found that familiar rental book store.

It was the same road, the same store, as well as the same gentle and beautiful owner.

He hasn't been there for only a month, yet he felt like it's been a century. Could it be because he had experienced too much within that one month?

After entering the bookstore, Song Shuhang, akin to a fish in the water, quickly found a couple of informative books related to airplanes. He then crouched in a corner of the bookshelves and started reading.

He was about to take flying lessons with Senior White soon, and although they wouldn't be in danger since Senior White could use his flying sword, it wouldn't hurt to gather some knowledge first.

At the entrance of the store, the beautiful owner secretly stole a glance at Song Shuhang— this window-reading young man, why did he come again? Wasn't it the exam period for Jiangnan College Town? He's not afraid of getting bad exam results?

She knew for a fact that Jiangnan's University allowed to take the make-up test twice, but after failing the exams three times, all there was left was a free ticket back home. Or perhaps this young man was confident he'd pass easily?

But come to think of it, did this young man grow a lot taller? His entire body seemed to have become more slender, and the chubbiness he had a month ago had disappeared. The outline of his body was pleasing to the eyes, just like that of a model.

He became a lot more handsome? The beautiful owner thought to herself, and then returned to reading her book.





Time flew, it was already evening.

"That fast?" Song Shuhang hurriedly picked two books at random and placed them on the counter for the lady boss to process the rental, and carefreely went home.

Upon returning to the Medicine Master's multi-storied building, Song Shuhang took out his keys to open the gate, and after he entered, he conveniently left the door on the latch.

After that, he turned his head... What the f\*ck? What happened here?!

In front of him was an endless expanse of desert. It was a barren land with no vegetation at all, filled with nothing but yellow sand.

Is there something wrong with my eyesight, or is this an illusion?

Song Shuhang hurriedly squatted down and touched the ground—it really was yellow sand; he could literally feel the fine sand escaping through his fingers! This was not an illusion or a fantasy—this was indeed a desert!

Is it Senior White's doing? That was the first thought that came to Song Shuhang's mind—it was completely normal for him to

think like that.

"Senior White, Doudou! Are you guys there?" Song Shuhang shouted.

However, apart from the echo of his voice, there were no signs of activity or movement.

After a long time.

Song Shuhang rubbed his forehead. Could it be that it isn't a prank done by Senior White and Doudou?

...What is happening before my eyes? Did I get transported through space and thrown into a desert?

Or have I... traveled to another world?

Song Shuhang had become more receptive and could easily accept a 'supernatural' phenomenon such as this now. Well, that is, actual cultivators have already appeared in his life, so traveling to another world and such was not something impossible.

But in all kinds of novels, before the protagonist travels through space or time, he usually faces some sort of setback causing him to lose all hope, and then suddenly he gets struck by lightning or electrocuted, or even hit by a meteorite—all kinds of methods that supposedly lead to death—before traveling through space or time.

But in Song Shuhang's case, he was just a young college student studying at Jiangnan College—a rather good college. He just started dabbling into the world of cultivation and his life was just about to unfold with magnificent momentum, so why the hell would he be transported to another world?

Furthermore, all he ever did was just open the gate of Medicine Master's multi-storied building and enter the yard? He did not get struck by lightning or hit by a meteorite.

Pushing the door and finding yourself in another world, what kind of joke was this?

I don't want to go to another world... screw it, I'm going back!

Song Shuhang turned and the gate which he entered through was not there. When he turned back around, all he saw was the same vast desert. There was no sign of any gate or door.

Was this some setup to kill him?

What should he do now?

Song Shuhang felt his heart was still doing ok—he could still keep calm and collected.

‘Firstly, I should determine: did I get transported through space

to a desert? Or did I travel directly to another dimension or some magical realm? If I simply got transported through space then there should be no problem. If I got transported to another dimension, then I'm really in trouble,' muttered Song Shuhang.

After that, he took out his phone.

If there was even a bit of signal, it would mean that he was still on earth! If he did not get any signal...

He looked at his phone—there was no signal at all.

"Don't panic, be calm. Perhaps this is a desert and that's why the reception is bad. Based on what I've read in several novels, if I had traveled to another world, there would definitely be two or three moons in the sky. The sky is still bright, I should wait till it gets darker later... ah, where's the sky?" Song Shuhang looked up and realized that there was nothing up there, no blue skies or clouds. There was only a black hole-like thing that kept on spinning.

Have I really traveled to another world where the laws of physics are different from ours?

If so, after being transported to another world, what should I do?

Song Shuhang scanned through his phone. At this moment, he was filled with regret—he had deleted all novels where the main character was transported to a different world.

If not for that, he would be able to take a look and see which protagonist got transported to a desert like him—he would then be able to find out what he should do to survive and eventually rise up and conquer the world.

‘Ok, be calm, don’t panic or lose your mind. Think of a way to survive in this desert first,’ Song Shuhang thought.

But... as if he could be calm!

He had traveled to a different world!

He wasn’t dreaming, he indeed traveled to another world. Not just that—he got thrown into a desert with no signs of life!

Profound Saint was changed to Profound Sage, and Profound Sage = Sage Monarch after consulting author (ED/N: this change reflects the difference between western and eastern understanding of who is a “saint”)

# Chapter 184: A Young Man Decked In A Green Robe Riding A White Horse

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There was only yellow sand around, and not even a single weed. There were also no sounds—just dead silence.

Song Shuhang laughed bitterly, for he had never learned any desert-related survival skills before. At his current cultivation level, he could not survive without food, and he certainly did not bring any fasting pills with him today.

Could it be that this would officially mark the end of his life—August 3rd, 2019, Song Shuhang traveled to another world.

And then, died?

‘I certainly don’t want to die like that, I cannot give up... I got transported to this vast desert the moment I pushed the gate open. If Senior White and Doudou were at home, they would have realized that something was off, right?’ Song Shuhang rubbed his temple and calmly analyzed.

As a Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable, if Senior White sensed any abnormality... surely he would come and save him, right?

Right now, what he gotta do was to hang in there. If it was possible, it’d be best if he could leave this desert. At least for now... he should look for a water source first.

After putting away his phone, Song Shuhang tried his best to walk across the desert in a line as straight as possible.

The entire desert was bare; there was not a single distinct object to be seen. Additionally, there was no sun, no moon, and no stars in the sky to locate his position. Even if Song Shuhang opened his Eye Aperture and had a very good eyesight, walking in one direction without straying off it was still considered a difficult feat. He could only try his best at this point.

Speaking of which, this desert had a lot of peculiarities. Even though there was no sun in the sky, this desert was still very brightly lit, and warm as well. Where could all the light and heat come from? Could it be that in this world, you did not have to follow the law of conservation of energy?



Walking and walking, he kept on walking for approximately ten minutes or so.

All Song Shuhang could see was still the vast yellow sand before him, without a single plant or animal. Apart from the yellow sand, there was nothing at all. Just dead silence.

If one were to linger for too long in such a lifeless and monotonous world, it would be easy for them to lose their mind or experience a nervous breakdown.

"Even if there was just a fly, it would be better than this," Song Shuhang sighed. If there was indeed a fly to accompany him at this moment, he wouldn't even mind its annoying buzzing sounds.

Just as he was sighing and lamenting about his situation, he suddenly heard a melodious ting-a-ling sound from afar.

Looking ahead, he could see a person and a horse on the vast desert, approaching him from afar.

It was a young lad in a green robe, holding onto a rein of the white horse. He was about 15 or 16 years old, with rosy lips, white teeth, and jade-like skin—a handsome young man.

There's finally a living person! Song Shuhang exclaimed in his heart.

At this time, the young man in a green robe gazed upon Song Shuhang and suddenly cried out happily, "Little White, Little White! I finally found you."

Song Shuhang was puzzled: could this 'Little White' refer to me?

Don't tell me... was it just my soul that traveled to another world? Did I leave my body behind on Earth and arrived here with just my soul?

No, it can't be right! My phone is with me! Furthermore, the clothes on my body, the act of opening the Heart Aperture and the



Eye Aperture, as well as the ghost spirit that's bound within my Heart Aperture can prove that I am in my own body, and that it was not only my soul that traveled to a different place!

"Little White, where did you run off to, I thought you lost your way," the young man in a robe stood in front of Song Shuhang, grinning radiantly.

"Hello Little Brother, I think you've mistaken me for someone else?" Song Shuhang saw that he was dressed like people from ancient times, and bowed while cupping his fist in a greeting.

However, that young man in a green robe was very strange. He didn't seem to have heard what he said; he pulled his horse aside and said to Song Shuhang, "Little White, shall we train some hand-to-hand combat techniques?"

Song Shuhang frowned and said, "Little Brother, who are you? And also... you must have mistaken me for someone else. I am not the Little White you are talking about."

But the young man simply smiled slightly, and ferociously pounced towards Song Shuhang.

Albeit vaguely, Song Shuhang could even see a faint shadow of a ferocious tiger behind him, roaring on the wooded mountain and striking towards his head hard. If he hit the right spot, perhaps his head might break open?

"Tsk, can't we just have a nice chat?!" Song Shuhang bent his fingers and started clawing towards that young man's wrist—Basic Fist Number Tree! His claw-like fingers could change at any moment to become blades that would slay his enemies.

"Hehe." That young man laughed. He seemed to have foreseen the change in Song Shuhang's fist. He suddenly changed his tactic and switched from attacking with his palm to fingers, continuously launching finger attacks at him.

As he attacked with the finger, he managed to make a direct hit at Song Shuhang's weak point, making Song Shuhang feel extreme pain, forcing him to change his battle strategy.

Song Shuhang changed his 'claws' to a straight fist—Basic Fist Number One!

His fists were like heavy artillery, attacking in straightforward manner; no skills were involved, just pure brute power.

"Heh!" That young man continued laughing; his fingers kept turning as fast as lightning, poking at Song Shuhang's wrist.

Song Shuhang could only feel numbness in his right fist—a heavy and huge force he wielded got broken easily just like that. He rubbed his wrist and quickly retreated two steps backwards.

That young man in a robe did not take the opportunity to attack. He merely looked quietly at Shuhang, and smiled innocently

saying, "Again, Little White!"

"Basic Fist Number Two!" Song Shuhang changed his tactic; with fists akin to meteorites, they came attacking violently like a storm towards that young man in a robe. Since he couldn't win with strength, then he shall win with quantity and speed!

However, that young man's body was just like a willow in the wind, agilely moving left and right, dodging his attacks.

Song Shuhang's fists were as fast as lightning, yet he could dodge all of them! He did not get injured at all, not even a little scratch!

Were his fists moving too slowly?

"Hmph!" Song Shuhang ignited the qi and blood power within the Heart Aperture, and continued to display 'basic fist techniques' under the qi and blood power. The speed and magnitude of power with which his fists were moving became much higher, similar to a machine gun.

That young man continued wearing a smile on his face as he suddenly jumped upwards, temporarily moving out of Song Shuhang's range of attack. Thereafter, he continued attacking him with his finger attacks.

His vision was as sharp as a hawk's eye. He managed to penetrate through Song Shuhang's storm-like fists and made a direct hit on his right shoulder.

Song Shuhang's shoulder became numb, and his punches lost their momentum and power. The 'Basic Fist Number Two' got broken.

Borrowing the strength from his finger that pushed against Song Shuhang's shoulder, that young man in a robe leapt into the air, twisted his waist and his whole body spun, building up power before his leg kicked hard at Shuhang like a whip.

Song Shuhang's attack got broken, moreover, he used up all his strength and he had yet to recover any of it. Hence, he took a solid blow from this kick and flew into midair, then tumbled quite a bit upon landing before the impact force was depleted.

That young man laughed and said, "Little White, once more!"

Is he crazy??

Song Shuhang felt very gloomy and discouraged... however, he had no choice but to continue. If he didn't make any moves, that young man would beat him up further! He definitely did not like the idea of being beaten up while laying on the ground. In order not to get beaten, he had to defend himself!



Fifteen minutes later, Song Shuhang had already performed the entire <<Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>> once from start to end,

but he still did not manage to touch the young man at all—not even a corner of his clothes.

Every time he made a move, the young man ultimately could hit his weak point with his finger no matter which technique (1, 2 or 3) Song Shuhang used. His fingers were like ‘[Nine Swords of Dugu](#)’—every time he pointed, his finger would accurately hit the weak point of his fist technique, breaking it.

Thanks to him, Song Shuhang found out all the flaws in his fist technique. He would definitely do something to make up for the weak points and flaws when he performs it next time

Another fifteen minutes went by.

He completed another round of <<Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>>. However, just like the previous time, he could not touch the young man at all. And, likewise, his attacks got disabled by the other’s finger. Song Shuhang had no idea how many times he got poked by him—his entire body was just numb.

"Hehe." That young man laughed and said the same thing again, "Once more, Little White!"

"Basic Fist Number Two!" Song Shuhang bit the bullet. He realized that the Basic Fist Number Two was the most effective against this young man’s ‘Nine Swords of Dugu’-like attack.

The only reason why he continued to be defeated was because the

speed and number of his punches was not enough.

Regardless of whether it was using sheer force, absolute speed, or peerless skill, as long as either one of them reached the highest point, it would produce extraordinary results.

Song Shuhang thought that he might as well not use other fist techniques and just channel all his power as much as he could to activate his Heart Aperture's qi and blood and use only the 'Basic Fist Number Two' to do a full-out attack. Then, he began his attack, no longer caring about anything.

After about an hour later...

Song Shuhang sprawled on the ground, unable to get up.

After his whole body got poked by the young man's finger, it was like he got electrocuted—his body wouldn't stop twitching.

"Aye aye, Little White, today's training concludes here. I'll look for you tomorrow and we can play together again!" The young man laughed and propped himself on top of the horse.

Following the ting-a-ling sound from the horse's bell, the young man quickly disappeared from Song Shuhang's sight.

"Don't be like that, if you wanna go, at least take me with you!" Song Shuhang shouted as loud as he could from behind, but his entirely numb body could not get up at all.

He could only lie on the ground, twitching. And thereafter, he watched helplessly as the young man left without a trace.

Just what was going on?

❄ ❄ ❄

Song Shuhang lay on the hot sand and rested for quite some time. The red spots on his body created by the young man finally vanished. He recovered his strength, and stood up with much difficulty.

Bastard, Song Shuhang cursed him out in his mind. How could he beat someone up and then ditch them behind in the desert without a single care?

Don't let me see you again, or else...or else....crap, even if I meet him, I don't think I'd be able to defeat him?

If he met him again, he wouldn't be able to deal with him.

"Ting-a-ling~~"

A series of melodious sleigh bells sounded.

Song Shuhang looked ahead—he could see a young man in a green robe and a white horse swiftly approaching him from afar.

He finally found his conscience and came back for me? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"Little White, where did you run off to, I thought you lost your way," the young man in a robe stood in front of Song Shuhang, grinning radiantly.

Wait, why does that sound very familiar?

"We met earlier, okay!" Song Shuhang snapped.

However, that young man ignored Song Shuhang's complaint. He pulled his horse aside and said to Song Shuhang, "Little White, shall we train saber techniques?"

"Again? I just finished practicing hand-to-hand combat techniques with you, my body is about to fall apart! Additionally, I've never learned saber techniques before, how do I practice it with you?" Song Shuhang roared at him. Furthermore, didn't you say earlier that you'd look for me a day later? Why did you come running after me so soon?

But that young man seemed like he didn't hear what Song Shuhang said, and pulled out two identical long sabers and threw one of them to Song Shuhang.

The blade was shiny and sharp. One look and you can tell that it was a saber of a very good quality!



Song Shuhang snorted—since you refused to listen to my words, why should I suffer with you? He retreated a step back, and the saber fell right before his body.

Song Shuhang folded his arms, gesturing that he did not want to comply.

This is exactly what was meant by ‘you cannot clap with one hand’.

Reference to the formidable nine independent sword stances created by the character, Dugu Qiubai in Jin Yong’s novels.

# Chapter 185: Different Kinds Of Style!

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Sure, one couldn't use a single hand to clap, but it was enough to form a fist and punch people!

"Little White, carefully watch the saber!" The youth in green clothes revealed a dazzling smile. It didn't matter if Song Shuhang had a saber in his hands; the young man tightly grasped his own and rose into the sky. Then, he aimed at Song Shuhang's forehead with a mountain-splitting slash.

If he didn't evade, this saber would chop Song Shuhang into two halves.

"Bastard!" Song Shuhang rolled to a side, evading the blow.

Is there an old grudge between the two of us or something? It's the first we meet, and you're already using such violent methods?

A gentleman uses his mouth instead of his fists. Can't we just have a good chat?

When speaking of fist techniques, Song Shuhang could rely on his <<Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>> and keep up appearances. But in regards to saber techniques, he only knew the Flaming Saber Technique that 'Scarlet Heaven' had taught to Li Tiansu in the dream. Moreover, he didn't even know how to execute it properly and could use it only by relying on the ancient ring on his finger.

He couldn't even perform a basic saber technique, and even if he were to pick up the saber, he could only randomly swing it.

Randomly swinging the saber might work against a newbie, but how would things go when dealing with an expert?

"Little White, take the saber!" The youth in green clothes said as he kicked the saber on the ground toward Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang could only take the saber.

He clenched his teeth and thought, You brought it upon yourself! Have a taste of the Flaming Saber Technique!

When he saw Song Shuhang pick the saber, the youth smiled and moved, slashing toward him. When he slashed, he created three afterimages. The saber seemed both fast and slow!

When facing this kind of attack, the enemy would surely be flustered.

Song Shuhang kept his calm, and no matter how strange the attack the opponent looked, he concentrated and recalled Scarlet Heaven's heaven-burning slash and spun his wrist, slashing out! And the same time, he activated the Flaming Saber Technique formation on the ancient bronze ring on his finger.

‘Swoosh~’ blazing flames started to burn on the saber. He ignored the slash that was coming toward him and countered with a slash of his own, aiming at the youth—slash vs. slash! There are blazing flames on my saber. Let’s see who takes more damage!

"Hehe, come!" The youth in green clothes smiled and changed his technique. The three afterimages disappeared, and he quickly thrust the tip of the saber forward. The tip of the saber hit the handle of Song Shuhang’s saber.

"Dang..."

Song Shuhang only felt a tingling feeling between his thumb and index finger. He lost his grip on the saber, letting it fall to the ground. The raging flames also immediately died out.

"Little White, this won’t work! You can’t hold the saber that way!" The youth didn’t take advantage of the opportunity to attack. Instead, he started to demonstrate various things to Song Shuhang.

How to properly hold the saber and prevent others from making it fall by hitting the handle. How to control the power of the slashes to maximize the lethality of the blade. Which angles were the best to attack from to cause more damage and so on.

If he were in a game, a notification would surely pop-up over Song Shuhang’s head with a "ding" sound.

This system notification would be something like: Congratulations, player 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' learned the basics of saber techniques under the guidance of a saber master.

Ding! The player 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' was personally instructed by a saber master, basic knowledge of saber techniques +1, +1...

It would be something like this, right?

"Little White, come. Try again!" The youth in green clothes said with a smile as he once again tossed the saber on the ground toward Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang looked at the youth in green clothes with shining eyes.

He thought of many things and had made a few hypothesis. Maybe... maybe he hadn't been transported to another world!

But it didn't matter right now.

With the guidance of this youth, he had learned the basics of saber techniques. He grasped the treasured saber and met the youth head-on, brimming with confidence!

The two people clashed, and the sound of blades clashing could be heard time and time again.

Song Shuhang's understanding of saber techniques was getting better and better. He had quickly absorbed the things the youth had taught him, making them his own knowledge.

He was even able to apply his understanding of fists techniques to his saber skills now. For example, he used the Basic Fist Number Three in combination with his saber, quickly sending out tens of slashes. However, this stance was full of holes and therefore quite reckless.

Around an hour later...

Song Shuhang was once again lying on the ground, unable to get up.

Even if he had learned how to use the saber now, he was still a newbie. Therefore, it was quite normal for him to be defeated by the youth in green clothes and be lying on the ground.

Moreover, this time he had it even worse than the last time. His clothes had been reduced to rags by the saber qi, and his body was littered with scars. If he were to go and squat down on a footbridge with his current appearance, he would certainly make 200 or 300 RMB in a mere half an hour even without saying a word—this is just how pitiful he looked right now.

"Aye aye, Little White, today's training concludes here. I'll look for you tomorrow and we can play together again!" The youth in green clothes smiled and said once again the same sentence.

Thereafter, he mounted his horse and disappeared on the horizon with a ting-a-ling sound which kept echoing from the horse's bell.

This time, Song Shuhang didn't even have the strength to scream. He could only lie on the ground and gasp for breath, trying to recover his strength.

After the youth in green clothes was gone, he bitterly said, "Bastard, don't let me see you another time, or else I'll give you a lesson."

His voice had not fallen yet when he heard a melodious ting-a-ling sound echo from a distant place and saw a youth decked in a green robe getting near while pulling his white horse along.

So quick? I'm still lying on the ground half dead. At least wait for me to recover my strength!

I'm sorry, okay?! I don't want to see you again! Aaaah!

Doudou, where are you? Save me~



Doudou? Indeed, where was Doudou?

At this time, Doudou was helplessly lying on his stomach in the middle of the desert.

This desert was the same as the one Song Shuhang was in. It was a barren land with sand as far as the eye could see, and without a single being in sight.

Then, there was a youth decked in a green robe coming in his direction from a distant place.

"Little White, where did you run off to, I thought you lost your way," the youth in green clothes cheerfully ran toward Doudou, revealing a dazzling smile.

"It's not over yet?" Doudou muttered.

The young man pulled his horse aside and said to Doudou, "Little White, shall we train saber techniques?"

With that, he took out two identical long sabers that hung on the horse's back and threw one of them at Doudou.

Doudou looked at him with contempt and let the saber fall on the ground.

The young man didn't seem to care whether Doudou was going to pick it or not. He grasped his saber with both hands and rushed at him.



Then, a mountain-splitting slash was sent in Doudou's direction.

"Ding!" The precious saber collided with Doudou's body, producing a lot of sparks. The saber technique of this young man was outstanding, but his actual strength wasn't that high and he was unable to break through Doudou's defense.

Doudou heaved a sigh and covered both his eyes and ears.

The young man wasn't discouraged. He grabbed the saber and kept hitting Doudou; a "ding ding" sound was continuously echoing.

After attacking Doudou for an hour, the young man said with a bright smile, "Aye aye, Little White, today's training concludes here. I'll look for you tomorrow and we can play together again!"

Thereafter, he mounted his horse and disappeared from Doudou's sight with the ting-a-ling sound of a horse bell echoing.

Doudou once again heaved a sigh and took out the computer that was under his body.

According to the time displayed there, it was already 8 PM.

On the computer screen was still the scene of Doudou taking down the BOSS inside the game, and on a side, there was the

window he had opened to make a video call with his online wife.

"At this point, my in-game character must be already dead, and the new 'Overlord Set' I had just obtained must be gone too," Doudou had tears in his eyes. He had spent a whole night to get that set and he had decided to put it on today to show off in front of his wife...



On another side, still in the middle of a boundless desert.

"Aaah!!" Penniless Thief Sect's Young Mistress Candy was on fire. She was holding the saber in her hands and wildly battling with the young man decked in a green robe.

Their strength was well matched as they were battling.

Young Mistress Candy was using sword techniques with the saber, madly attacking. But the saber technique of the young man was outstanding and he didn't fall into a disadvantageous position.

One hour later. Young Mistress Candy was exhausted as she lay in the sand.

The young man smiled and said, "Aye aye, Little White, today's training concludes here. I'll look for you tomorrow and we can play together again!"

Thereafter, he mounted his horse and disappeared on the horizon with a ting-a-ling sound emitting from the horse bell.

"Little White your sister! Aaaah!" Young Mistress Candy roared at the silhouette of the young man that was getting smaller and smaller, "Are you done tormenting me?!"

How many waves did she have to experience?

The young man would speak the same way each time and then fight with different styles every time: fists, swords, sabers, cudgels, spears, etc...

Young Mistress Candy was already in a pitiful state. At first she was perplexed, then she was enraged, afterward she refused to collaborate, later she apathetically accepted the challenge, and now she was enraged once again...

"Take me out of this place! I don't want to play with that young man again. I'll obediently admit my mistakes, okay? I can even serve as your chef for many years to repent for my crimes! Just take me out of here!" Young Mistress Candy started to cry bitterly .

I don't want to see that young man riding a white horse ever again!

"Ting-a-ling~" At this time, the pleasing sound of a horse bell echoed from a distant place.

Young Mistress Candy turned her head and saw that the young man pulling along a white horse appeared out nowhere. After seeing Young Mistress Candy, he rushed over with a delighted expression.

It's him again... it's him again... it's him again...

This time he came back this quickly.

You're bullying me on purpose, right? Is this some form of sexual harassment?!

"Hehehehehe," Young Mistress Candy laughed like a madman. "Come! Come! I'll @#\_(!\*\$^ you!"

This time, she didn't wait for the young man to come over and directly charged at him.

She waved her hands creating a series of afterimages! Penniless Thief Sect's lost art, the 'Shadowless Hand' exploded with all its might toward the young man decked in a green robe...

I'm going to kill you! Hehehe!



As before, only sand could be seen. A vast and dead, silent desert.

Venerable White had his eyes closed and was quietly sitting with his legs crossed...

He was in the middle of his daily practice.

Previously, his nickname inside the group was 'Cultivation Madman True Monarch White'. Cultivating was his hobby. No matter the place or the time, whenever he was free, he would cultivate~

# Chapter 186: When Your Hair Reaches Your Waist, Will You Marry Me?

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Venerable White was deep in meditation and so engrossed in cultivating that he absolutely did not even have a clue with regards to what was happening next to him!

At this moment, Venerable White was sitting right in the middle of the vast desert, and next to him was something like a bunch of 3D holograms.

There was the image of a beautiful place that seemed the holy land of cultivators—there was the image of an oddly shaped monster beast, a formidable battle going on amongst cultivators, and many different and mysterious magical treasures.

These images quickly flashed before Venerable White, but they vanished just as quickly.

Outside the circle enclosing the 3D hologram was a vast, endless desert. Following the fluctuations in Venerable White's thoughts, the desert kept getting bigger, and bigger...

He could create or destroy a myriad of worlds with just a single thought!

Upon reaching the rank of a Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable, whenever the cultivator was deep in meditation, just a thought alone could stir the spiritual energy within his body, creating a

huge impact on the real world, creating an 'illusory reality' that was connected to the real world, but was at the same time detached from it.

Illusory reality was similar to an illusion, but a notch more complicated.

It was still fake though, since it did not exist in the real world as an actual entity.

However, its existence was very real... in the sense that one could reach out their hands to touch all of the things within the illusory reality. They would not feel or seem different from real ordinary items.

In ancient times, there was a Seven Stage Spiritual Venerable who inadvertently created a huge illusion that became a bustling town while he was contemplating really hard over a problem. Countless people resided in it and communicated with one another. However, once the Seven Stage Spirit Venerable solved the problem, the huge illusion disappeared without a trace, and the legends about ghost towns were born in the ancient times from this kinds of events.

With regards to the most well-known 'illusory reality', it would be that other one that happened way back in ancient times.

In ancient times, there was a medium-sized sect named Crystal-clear Water Pavilion. The pavilion master 'Fairy Chu' was a gentle and friendly Sixth Stage True Monarch. Under her guidance, the

entire Crystal-clear Water Pavilion led a life that was at peace with the world.

However, one day, the Crystal-clear Water Pavilion got involved in a fight with a large sect of cultivators. The whole Crystal-clear Water Pavilion got wiped out—apart from pavilion master Fairy Chu, nobody survived.

In the midst of despair, Fairy Chu got promoted to Seventh Stage Spirit Venerable.

Thereafter, her extreme despair powered the spiritual energy within her body, and actually created a complete ‘Crystal-clear Water Pavilion’—the disciples within the sect continued their lively and jovial chats with one another, just like how it was before their death; they practiced hard together, leading a life that was at peace with the world...

Several hundred years later, there were a few cultivators who chanced upon the Crystal-clear Water Pavilion and received a warm reception from the disciples of the sect. These five cultivators could not even see through the ‘illusory reality’, and only after they went back to their own sects and talked about the Crystal-clear Water Pavilion did they find out the truth from the records of their sect.

Fairy Chu continued to live in the fantasy she created.

A thought can create myriad worlds. As long as a Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable was willing to, they could create imaginary



men, things, and creatures, and even make them live on forever.

However, the illusory reality was after all an illusion. Even if one could touch the people inside, feel their warmth and energy, they were ultimately nothing but a fantasy.

This was exactly Venerable White's state at this moment.

While he was training, he subconsciously thought about several things that happened in the past, and these things transformed into an 'illusory reality' with the help of his strong spiritual energy.

The deepest and most cherished memory etched within his mind transformed into that vast desert that wove into the real world.

The desert, the white horse, the young man in a green robe—they were all part of his childhood memories...

As long as Venerable White remained in secluded cultivation or at least continued his current train of thoughts, that desert and the hologram next to him would not disappear.

Doudou knew that—that was why he simply lay there, waiting for Venerable White to quickly end his seclusion.



Song Shuhang was already numb as he lay on the sand to catch his breath.

The young man with the white horse had already looked for him seven times;

first it was fist techniques, then saber techniques, then sword technique, then cudgel techniques, finally leg techniques, and iron staff techniques.

In every single session, he used new tactics to torture him. That being said... Song Shuhang also benefited from these sessions.

"Seven times in total, shouldn't it be sufficient by now?" Mumbled Song Shuhang.

At this time, the melodious ting-a-ling echoed once again—a young man in a robe leading a white horse was approaching in the distance...

Again? What is he gonna come up with this time?

"Little White, where did you run off to, I thought you lost your way." The young man in a green robe cheerfully ran toward Song Shuhang after saying the same lines as before.

Thereafter, the young man pulled his horse aside and asked Song Shuhang, "Little White, shall we practice hammer techniques?"

While he was speaking, he drew out two huge hammers from the back of the horse.

Sabers, spears, and cudgel aside... why would a cultivator need a hammer?

Which sect does this weapon belong to? This fighting style is extremely lame!

After letting his thoughts run wild, Song Shuhang reached out his hands and said, "No way, I am very tired. Can we rest for a bit?"

Song Shuhang was only making a random suggestion as he assumed that the young man clad in green would still throw the hammer toward him before attacking again, leaving him with no choice but to retaliate.

Little did he expect the young man to make a puzzled expression, followed by saying, "Rest?"

Thereafter, he threw both hammers to the side and rushed to Song Shuhang with a happy expression, saying, "So, even Little White knows what rest is? Alright, let's take a rest for a bit, shall we?"

The f\*ck... so "rest" is the magical word?

The young man sat next to Song Shuhang and laughed without saying a word; he seemed to be enjoying this short period of break.

Just like that, they sat for about ten minutes or so. The young man suddenly turned his head to Song Shuhang and his eyes lit up!

Song Shuhang, who was being stared at, felt uneasy.

"Little White, you sure look handsome!" The young man smiled.

Song Shuhang's hair stood on end! Even though he knew that the Little White he was referring to was not himself, but when he said 'you look handsome' with those eyes, Song Shuhang could still feel goosebumps appearing.

"Little White, when your hair reaches your waist, will you marry me?" Asked the young man out of the blue.

"No way!" Song Shuhang immediately rejected without any hesitation.

"You don't want to? Then, Little White, can you grow long hair? I feel that you'd definitely look good with long hair!" Continued the young man, remaining undaunted.

"I don't want to, definitely don't want to!" Song Shuhang crossed his arms, and rejected once again with all his might.

"You can? Great, I really wanna see you with long hair as soon as possible." The young man's face was filled with joy.

...It turned out that the young man wasn't having a conversation with Song Shuhang.

From the start, he was just talking to a person named 'Little White'.

At this moment, Song Shuhang had a WTF expression as if he had just seen Doudou's erotic pictures.

But come to think of it, when he scrutinized the young man, for some reason he seemed to bear some resemblance to Venerable White?



"Achoo! Who's cursing me?" Doudou touched his nose and stretched his body. The nearby young man was happily using the hammer to hit him all over the body, making "clang clang" sounds as if hitting metal.

Doudou moaned, saying, "To the left, to the left... oh~ just like that, use a little more strength~ it feels really good~"



On another side.

Penniless Thief Sect's Little Candy went crazy, "Bring it on! I will fight you to death!"

The lost technique Shadowless Hand was pushed to the limit and she had gained the upper hand.

"Hehe, Little White, you are really awesome." Even though that young man was on the losing end, he did not panic and calmly attacked.

"Little White your sister, Little White your sister!" Little Candy got mad.

"Hehe, Little White, I am about to counterattack!" The young man suddenly exploded with enough strength to easily match her power.

Young Mistress Candy's face was full of tears.



Meanwhile, at the top of the huge building across Medicine Master's multi-storied building, there were two figures.

One of them belonged to Branch Leader Jing Mo, whose head was full of silvery spiky hair, and the other belonged to Manager Chen.

Branch Leader Jing Mo looked at Medicine Master's multi-storied building and asked in a deep voice, "This is the place?"

"Yes, Branch Leader. That is the residence of 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' and his senior. There is a defensive formation put in place next to the house. It seems like that is their temporary operating base," Manager Chen replied carefully.

Yesterday, Branch Leader Jing Mo rode on his flying sword all night without rest directly to the area of Jiangnan with Manager Chen.

"Also, our informants have already confirmed the death of Cultivator Sunflower. His last known location was in a small alley. There were signs of a battle in that alley and thereafter, Cultivator Sunflower disappeared without a trace there."

Manager Chen explained the latest news in detail.

Lastly, he took out a bunch of keys and gave it to Branch Leader Jing Mo, "Finally, Branch Leader, these are the keys for that multi-storied building."

This was the key to the gate of Medicine Master's multi-storied building—the lock on that gate was destroyed by Venerable White and Song Shuhang had already asked someone to fix it.

The Limitless Demon Sect's informants, who were spying on that

building in the dark, secretly used some trick on the repairman's body and managed to obtain a set of keys.

Branch Leader Jing Mo kept the keys and nodded, saying, "You did well. Let's not make a move for the time being, and wait till we have recovered some of our energy before probing them."

Manager Chen heaved a sigh of relief—Branch Leader didn't throw a fit and he avoided getting beaten up.

"We'll leave first," Branch Leader Jing Mo brought Manager Chen with him and they rode on the flying sword, disappearing from the Jiangnan area.



However, Manager Chen failed to notice that before Branch Leader Jing Mo left, he secretly tossed out a wooden figurine, and left it behind with the keys.

After they flew far from the area, the wooden figurine started to transform into a likeness of Branch Leader Jing Mo.

This was not his real body. It was just a clone that was linked with his five senses, similar to an 'unmanned spy drone' of the modern era, except that it had way more functions.

This wooden figurine started moving and leapt down from that building across the street, heading towards Medicine Master's



multi-storied building.

When it arrived at the gate, it stopped and observed the surroundings before taking out the keys and swiftly opening the door, heading straight into the house.

In the next moment, when it turned around, Branch Leader Jing Mo who was controlling it was completely dumbfounded...

# Chapter 187: This Is Like Hitting Someone Who Is Already Down!

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Branch Leader Jing Mo was dumbfounded. Moreover, he was super dumbfounded.

"Did I open the door the wrong way?" Jing Mo muttered to himself. After opening the door that led to the courtyard, I stepped inside. However, why did I end up in this big desert?

Does it mean that I inadvertently activated the formation protecting the courtyard?

He quickly turned his head and looked at the main door behind him. As expected... it wasn't there anymore.

Tsk. They're really careful. They unexpectedly set up the defensive formation like that. Luckily, I only used the magical wooden figurine to come inside, and my main body is still safe, Branch Leader Jing Mo thought.

But at this time, Branch Leader Jing Mo's main body, which was riding the flying sword, suddenly froze—he had lost contact with the wooden figurine and couldn't share his five senses with it anymore.

Unexpectedly, that desert could cut off any and every connection with the external world.

Damn it. They just have too many tricks up their sleeve.

But the wooden figurine wasn't merely a magical puppet that could be operated from long distance. If you wanted to use it, you would have to pour your true qi and mental energy inside it.

Therefore, even if it had lost contact with the main body, the wooden figurine could still move. Also, it could see, hear, and record all that data. Once the connection with the main body was reestablished, it would pass down every information it had recorded.

However, it wasn't devoid of dangers. If the cultivator was controlling the wooden figurine from long distance, he could make it hide and avoid getting caught up in trouble. But if the wooden figurine was acting on its own, it could rely only on its instinct.

Moreover, it would even faithfully record negative things like 'pain' and 'mental attacks' and transmit them to the owner when the connection was reestablished.

For example, if the wooden figurine were to be stabbed with a sword, once the connection was reestablished, the owner would feel as if they were stabbed with a sword.

How to put it, there is only a handful of things in the world that don't have any weakness.

The wooden figurine was a low-level magical treasure of the

‘body cloning’ type. The fact that it could share its five senses with the owner was already quite good.

As a matter of fact, the only reason the wooden figurine was so cheap was because of this flaw. That’s why even cultivators of the Fourth Stage could afford it.



The wooden figurine, which had now assumed Branch Leader Jing Mo’s appearance, was roaming around in the desert. At this time, a young man in green clothes approached it while pulling along his white horse.

"Little White, where did you run off to, I thought you lost your way." The young man cheerfully ran toward the figurine while repeating the same sentence as usual.

Then, he threw a hammer toward it and, all excited, he said, "Come, let’s practice hammer techniques!"

The wooden figurine didn’t even have the time to move when the young man in green clothes pounded it with the hammer... the precious wooden figurine was flattened to the ground!

But the young man didn’t stop. He kept hitting the wooden figurine’s body with his hammer, producing a "bang bang" sound time and again.

After hitting it for an hour...

The young man said with a bright smile, "Aye aye, Little White, today's training concludes here. I'll look for you tomorrow and we can play together again!"

Thereafter, he mounted his horse and disappeared on the horizon with a ting-a-ling sound which kept echoing from the horse's bell.

What he left behind was the poor wooden figurine, now lying on the ground, twitching and severely damaged. Afterward, everything became silent.

Only the parts of the core that contained the information were still emitting a weak light.

Once the connection with the main body was reestablished, it would transmit everything it had experienced just now to its owner, completing its mission...



11 PM.

The holograms near Venerable White started to disappear.

Even the vast desert started to slowly retract.

Venerable White was about to stop cultivating.

Doudou, who was lying on his stomach in the middle of the desert, rolled his eyes, "It's finally over."

Luckily, there was a powerful formation outside Medicine Master's house. This stopped the 'illusory reality' created by Venerable White from overflowing in the surrounding area. Otherwise, the entire Jiangnan College Town would have been engulfed by the desert... and who knows what might have happened at that point.

Maybe rivers of blood would flow, and the next day many of the citizens would be found dead.

That would be quite scary!

Doudou made up his mind. Tomorrow, he would strengthen the defensive barrier around Medicine Master's house. Actually, it may be better to add ten more layers for extra safety. Who knew what Venerable White might do?



11:23 PM

Venerable White opened his eyes. He had a smile plastered all

over his face as he stretched himself, "It sure feels good!"

When he opened his eyes, the desert and the young man with the white horse had both disappeared.



At the same time, Song Shuhang felt the world become dark. He had returned to the real world.

The moon and the stars were shining brightly in the sky. It was already late evening.

He was still standing in front of the entrance, and the evening wind was blowing on his face; it was quite refreshing.

"I'm back?" Song Shuhang muttered.

He dragged along his exhausted body and decided to go on the third floor to look for Doudou and find out what had just happened.

At this time, he noticed that there was a broken wooden figurine under his feet. He conveniently picked it up and brought it on the third floor with him.



On the third floor.

Young Mistress Candy was weakly lying down on the floor, silently crying. The pain she was feeling right now couldn't be described with mere words. Since the day she was born, she had never suffered like this.

The nearby Doudou quickly plugged the computer's power plug into an electric socket on the wall and went online.

Soon after, Doudou's eyes also became teary, "My Overlord Set!"



In the Jiangnan area, in the middle of a hotel.

Branch Leader Jing Mo, who was sitting cross-legged and recovering his energy, fiercely opened his eyes. Both his eyes almost popped out and were now completely covered with a web of thin, red veins. He tightly grasped the bed sheet with his hands and let out an agonized scream!

He had just reestablished the connection with the wooden figurine when the pain of being hit in the face with a hammer kicked in.

But that wasn't all. Next, his entire body was mercilessly battered with the huge hammer, and this continued for a whole hour!



The pain was simply unbearable!

You dirty pig! After one hit, the wooden figurine was already broken! But you... you kept hitting it for a whole hour!

Isn't it the same as hitting someone who is already down? Only a bored sadist would be capable of doing something like this. Otherwise, who else would hit a broken wooden figurine for a whole hour with a hammer?

You could have destroyed it directly, but you deliberately kept the core that contained the data intact, right?

"Ouch, ouch, ouch!" Branch Leader Jing Mo painfully shouted.

"Stressed by a Mountain of Books, I'll remember—ouch—this enmity! Ouch~ I'll remember it!!!" Branch Leader Jing Mo said, his anger rising to the heavens.



Several minutes later.

Song Shuhang learned from Doudou that the desert was inadvertently created by Venerable White after he started his cultivation session. Shuhang didn't know how to express his current feelings.

Because at this point, even his current feelings had fallen apart.

Doudou patted him and tried to console him. Then, he pointed at Young Mistress Candy that was lying on the kitchen floor, crying. "At least you're still fine. Look at her pitiful state instead."

Song Shuhang shot a look at Young Mistress Candy—this girl had recovered with great difficulty from the 'interrogation'. And now, she had to experience all this; this was just too cruel!

As if she had felt Song Shuhang's gaze, Young Mistress Candy raised her head and looked at him with her teary and lovely eyes, letting out a giggle.

It's over. This time, she really lost her mind, Song Shuhang thought.

Just when he was thinking this, Venerable White came over while stretching himself and said to Song Shuhang with a smile, "You've come back. Shuhang, how did the test go?"

"It went well thanks to Senior White's blessing," Song Shuhang said cautiously.

Senior White's entire body was a weapon of mass destruction. When he was inside the statue, he released his charm, captivating a lot of people. When he was in a daze, he would suddenly stumble, creating huge craters. When he was in a normal state, he would

still give birth to many strange phenomena with his random luck. And when he was cultivating, he unconsciously created a huge desert...

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Venerable White scanned himself and noticed that there wasn't anything strange about him.

And the most fearful thing is that... he isn't even aware of how dangerous he is!

"It's nothing. Senior White, you seem to be in high spirits after coming out of secluded meditation today!" Song Shuhang cautiously replied. He was afraid that Senior White would have a mood swing, sending them back into the desert again.

Hmm... the desert wasn't even that bad. If he were to end up in the depths of the sea instead, he would directly drown.

"Haha. You also feel this way? When I closed up today, I recalled many interesting things. It felt very good. Cultivating is really the best," Venerable White laughed heartily. Then, he went into the kitchen and said, "Little Candy, what about dinner?"

"Sniff, sniff... I'll get to work immediately," Young Mistress Candy said, aggrieved.

"Why are you crying?" Venerable White asked, somewhat confused.

"It's nothing, it's nothing. Sand must have gotten into my eyes; it was quite painful," Young Mistress Candy wasn't a fool and made the same decision as Shuhang. She didn't want to upset Venerable White.



Song Shuhang didn't cultivate and directly went to sleep. He was so tired that he didn't have the strength to practice.

The next day, early morning. Song Shuhang got up very early.

After practicing the fist technique a few times, he hurried to school—he was afraid that Senior White would casually start cultivating. If he were to be trapped in that desert again, he could forget about arriving for the test in time.

When he arrived at school, he discovered that Tubo, Gao Moumou, and Li Yangde were already there, chatting.

"Ah? How come you came so quickly today?" Song Shuhang asked.

Gao Moumou pushed up his glasses and said, "Tubo couldn't sleep. Therefore, he pulled us here too. Because we have to stick together through thick and thin."

"Haha," Song Shuhang made a hollow laugh. This was indeed Tubo's style. He shifted the topic and asked, "What were you

talking about?"

"We were discussing the damage caused by demand and supply," said Tubo in a serious tone. "Shuhang, there are around 300 million students in China, right?"

"I don't know. However, China's population is above 1 billion people. So, I guess there should be around 300 million students," Song Shuhang replied.

"So, let's assume there are 300 million students. Also, let's assume that every student will take the test for five subjects. For every subject, we will need two examination papers. And every year, we have to take these tests twice. This means that there is a consumption of 6 billion examination papers every year!

Now, let's assume that a tree can produce 1500 examination papers. 6 billion examination papers will need around 4 million trees! This number is enough to fill Beijing completely! Therefore, for the sake of further developing the low-carbon economy, we must refuse to take exams! As long as there is no demand, there will be no supply, therefore the nature won't be ruined!"

"..." Song Shuhang nodded and said, "Don't worry, Tubo. In the future, they'll slowly start to use computers to do tests. They won't use up too many trees."

"Bastard!" Tubo cursed.

# Chapter 188: The Disciple Of A Daoist Priest Is A Great Master

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Song Shuhang breezed through the exam in the morning, as usual.

Since he had free time, he opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group chat to take a look.

Within the chat records, there was a selfie sent by Fairy Lychee that was so beautiful that no words could describe it. She seemed to have moved to a new immortal cave today, hence she took many selfies in a row, and every single one of them was pleasing to both the eyes and the heart.

Below were the praises given by seniors within the group that were online.

But without the leaders of the lurker army, Northern River's Loose Cultivator and Thrice Reckless Mad Saber, the Nine Provinces Number One Group had been a lot quieter on the whole.

Once Song Shuhang went online, True Monarch Yellow Mountain noticed him immediately.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain quickly asked, "Little Friend Shuhang, has Venerable White been doing well these days?"

"Yeah, he's been doing well, everything's going well," replied Song Shuhang. At the same time, his mind started filling with images of yesterday's arduous desert experience and said, "However, ever since he got promoted to a Seventh Stage Spiritual Venerable, he had also gained an 'illusory reality' skill—that skill is certainly powerful, extremely amazing!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain sent a 🤖 emoji.

Recently, he felt exceptionally upset whenever he talked to Song Shuhang. It seemed to him that Song Shuhang was always in hot water, and his everyday life revolved around life and death situations.

❄ ❄ ❄

At this time, Senior Medicine Master, who was thousands of miles away, calmly closed his phone.

When he noticed that Song Shuhang went online, he wanted to send a message to ask if everything was alright and notify him that within these few days, he would make a trip back to his place. But his typing speed was too slow...

Just when he had finished typing half of it, Song Shuhang said that Senior White had grasped the 'illusory reality' skill. Hence, Medicine Master backspaced all the words he had painstakingly typed.

Then, he continued to lurk silently, pretending he did not see Song Shuhang appearing online.

After he closed his phone, he called out, "Purple Mist, are you there?"

"I'm always here," Riverly Purple Mist's faint voice came from downstairs,

At this moment she was in a daze, looking at the computer screen—what the screen showed was the scene of Medicine Master carefully closing his phone. Yeah, Riverly Purple Mist had installed a hidden camera in the house, one of those advanced ones; she even added all kinds of magic onto it. Medicine Master had yet to find out about it.

With a disciple like her, Medicine Master must be having a hard time, in more than one sense.

"In a while, I have a guest coming over—one of my longtime friends. Go buy something to eat and after that, retrieve a jug of our best 'celestial wine'.

"Celestial wine?" Riverly Purple Mist nodded her head slightly. It was a very valuable medicinal wine, even Medicine Master normally couldn't bring himself to drink too much of it. This time, he was even willing to bring it out to entertain a friend. Judging from the looks of it, this person must have quite an important place in Medicine Master's heart.



"Is your friend a man or a woman?" Asked Riverly Purple Mist—this was the key question!

"A man!" Medicine Master calmly replied—he had already gotten used to being asked that, so his reply was fast and steady.

"Alright, I will get it done right away," Riverly Purple Mist replied as she switched her computer off.



Not long later, Medicine Master's friend arrived.

He was a Daoist with a demeanor of a transcendent being, having white hair with a ruddy complexion, holding a horsetail whisk and wearing Daoist clothing. His was a Daoist whose name was registered in the Chinese records. Hence, on a daily basis, he could wear Daoist clothing out in the open.

Upon entering, he laughed loudly and said, "Medicine Master, I've arrived."

Medicine Master went up to him and gave him a warm hug.

After they both got seated, Riverly Purple Mist was on her best behavior as she served them wine. In front of outsiders, she had always shown Medicine Master due respect, and performed her 'well-behaved and obedient' disciple act well.

"Celestial wine. Wu Yinzi, its your favorite one," Medicine Master raised his glass and clinked glasses with Daoist Priest Wu Yinzi.

"Hehe, I can only taste the celestial wine at nowhere else but your place," Wu Yinzi had a melancholic look on his face.

After three rounds, Wu Yinzi was slightly tipsy and said, "Medicine Master, you managed to retain your youthful looks, but I, on the other hand, have really aged."

Medicine Master's hand stiffened a little, and he lightly let out a sigh.

Wu Yinzi and Medicine Master were of the same generation, but when it came to talent, he was a notch higher than Medicine Master. It was just that, in his early years, Wu Yinzi suffered a life-threatening injury that critically damaged his foundation and decreased his lifespan.

He was stuck in the Fourth Stage Realm, without any progress in the past couple hundred of years. If Wu Yinzi couldn't think of a way to promote his cultivation, his lifespan may end.

"You don't have to feel sad for me. It's been so many years, I've already come to terms with it," Wu Yinzi laughed and nodded slightly at Riverly Purple Mist who was serving him wine. He then changed the topic and said, "Your disciple Purple Mist is really lovely."

Riverly Purple Mist smiled, feeling pleased with herself.

Medicine Master laughed as well.

"I just recently accepted a disciple who keeps giving me a lot of problems and a headache, I want to beat him so badly!" When talking about his own disciple, his face looked constipated.

"Wu Yinzi, since when did you accept a disciple?" Medicine Master was puzzled.

"It was more than ten years ago—I bumped into a suitable candidate who could inherit my legacy," recalled Wu Yinzi." You know my condition, I've been looking for a suitable candidate who could inherit my legacy for a long time, but I couldn't find any suitable disciples. Since I do not have much time left, and managed to meet one with much difficulty, so regardless of the consequences, I just accepted him."

Regardless of the consequences? Medicine Master got even more puzzled and asked, "What's wrong with this disciple?"

"Well... he's a westerner. But after becoming my disciple, he settled down in China," Wu Yinzi sighed.

"Yeah, it is somewhat unusual, after all, we have never accepted any westerners as disciples. However, your situation is special, I'm sure everyone can understand," Medicine Master nodded.

Just that, even though he's a westerner, he shouldn't have caused so much headache and trouble for Wu Yinzi, right?

"I accepted that fool as my disciple first, and was about to pass down my cultivation techniques to him to build a foundation at least. Do you know what he said?" Wu Yinzi finished the cup of wine and said, "That fool said: 'Isn't China's martial art Shaolin?' He said he wanted to learn Shaolin martial arts! Golden Shield, Iron Cloth! And the Seventy-Two Arts of Shaolin!"

Medicine Master's face twitched.

"I was so mad that I beat him up badly—I am a Daoist Priest!" Said Wu Yinzi, clenching his teeth.

"But did you know? After I beat that fool up, he actually went to the barber's the same night and shaved his entire head bald, then happily came up to me—think about it, a western monk within my Daoist sect. If not for my good reputation, this fool would have already been kicked out by the other members of the sect a long time ago!

For the sake of passing on my legacy, I tolerated his antics. After I made him practice, he managed to build a decent foundation with much difficulty. Thereafter, I formally arranged an apprenticeship ceremony to accept him as the disciple whom I will pass on my skills to. But do you know what condition that fool brought up? He told me to burn scars on his head, saying: 'don't all monks have to officially receive circular burn marks?'

Circular scars, have you seen any Daoist members with circular burn marks?!

Eventually, this fool pestered me for a whole year! I couldn't take it any longer and just burned four marks on him."

At this moment, Wu Yinzi's made a facial expression as if he didn't want to live anymore, and said, "However, this fool said that, 'According to TV, don't monks have six circular burn marks?' And insisted that I add two more.

I was so angry, I beat him up on the spot.

Thereafter... the next day, that fool went and added two more himself! I beat him up once again!

Forget about that... after much difficulty, he managed to reach the realm of three apertures. But I really couldn't tolerate this torture any longer, so I arranged for a ceremony to end his apprenticeship and let him leave. Originally, our sect requires a disciple to reach the Third Stage before they can leave, but the sect head was so tired of his presence and wanted him out of sight and mind that he arranged for that ceremony with me. On that day, I gave him a magical Daoist robe to keep him safe, coupled with a magic sword.

But that fool... on that very day, he went to add the outer layer of the [kasaya](#) to the Daoist robe! And, he secretly looked for the sect members to exchange the flying sword for a crappy 'vajra'. I

almost went insane out of anger! And so, I beat him up once again.  
[ED/N: Vajra is a weapon]

A few years later, I went to meet him. That fool had learnt Buddhist scriptures, and even got a 《Ksitigarbha's Soul Ferrying Scripture》. He also helped many lost souls cross over to the other side, and thus accumulated a lot virtuous light from these charitable deeds.

If not for his foundation, who wouldn't regard him as a Buddhist disciple?! I absolutely am too ashamed to bring him back to our sect!" As he spoke, Wu Yinzi once again filled his cup to the brim.

This disciple actually practiced both Daoism and Buddhism? Daoist on the inside and Buddhist on the outside?

Upon hearing the full story, the corner of Medicine Master's mouth twitched even more.

Is there such a coincidence in this world? He thought about how Song Shuhang once told him about the incident where a western monk confessed to a gruesome murder in the train and got gloriously arrested...

That western monk, could it be his friend's disciple?

At this moment, Medicine Master innocently asked, "Wu Yinzi, what happened to your fool of a disciple?"

"Not too long ago, he went to jail." Wu Yinzi clenched his teeth and said, "Not too long ago, for some reason, he got himself in jail. Once I heard about the news, I used my connections and tried to get him out. But who would have known that he got addicted to the life in jail and refused to get out, saying he wanted to complete his jump through the dragon gate and advance to Second Stage before he's willing to get out. I am so mad! This time, when he comes out, I will capture him and beat him for 10 days and 10 nights for sure!"

Medicine Master lifted his head, and looked like he was sighing—he could not take it any longer, if he did not lift his head, he was afraid he might burst out laughing in front of his good friend. It would be too impolite.

Needless to say, Wu Yinzi's disciple was that western monk mentioned by Song Shuhang.

What a coincidence~



Time flew, another day of exams ended.

Song Shuhang went home and carefully opened the main gate.

He did not immediately enter—he popped in his head to take a glimpse around, and after seeing that everything in the backyard was normal, he secretly heaved a sigh.

Thereafter, he stretched half of his body into the house, with one hand still holding onto the main gate.

After making sure that everything was safe and sound, he entered the house with ease.

"Little Friend Shuhang, you're back," Venerable White was in the yard. He seemed to have been waiting for Song Shuhang's return.

Song Shuhang stiffened and then smiled, "Senior, you're not practicing today?"

"I'm already done." Venerable White smiled and said, "Shuhang, which cultivation techniques have you learned? I've been imposing on you for the past few days, so I was thinking of helping you with practice today!"

Shuhang rejoiced upon hearing that!

Kasaya is a buddhist outer garb. Also, some readers have problems with formatting (&lt;&lt;&gt;&gt; thing) so we've changed it too, as apparent in the following paragraph.



# Chapter 189: Daoist Technique, Daoist Technique!

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"I have learned the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique> and the <True Self Meditation Technique>," Song Shuhang truthfully replied. After thinking for a bit, he added, "Perhaps, I also studied a bit of the <Flaming Saber Technique>?"

Venerable White nodded. Song Shuhang had only learned basic cultivation techniques.

If that is the case, I might as well make his foundation stronger by helping him with the aspects he's lacking in.

For a cultivator, apart from basic body refining technique and meditation technique, one should also master a quick movement technique.

Also, since Song Shuhang had already successfully built his foundation and opened the second aperture, the Eye Aperture, there was sufficient qi and blood energy within his body to learn it; aside from that, he also had the ghost spirit. Hence, he should be able to learn another basic Daoist technique that used qi and blood energy—for example, Lightning Palm and other such basic techniques that only depended on qi and blood were very suitable for the present Song Shuhang.

Additionally, the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique> should probably have an upgraded complementary technique, right? Venerable White thought to himself. But as for this

complementary technique, he had to ask about it in the group chat or go to the Daily Cultivator's trading section to find out.

In that case, I shall teach Song Shuhang a quick movement technique, together with the Lightning Palm.

A cultivator's quick movement technique was not only for dodging attacks and moving quickly. It wasn't as simple as that.

When used, the quick movement technique could help in tempering the body, just like jogging would help one become fit. Once a cultivator was used to the quick movement technique and infused it into their daily life, every step they took would be equal to practicing. Even though such a method would be less effective when compared to specific techniques focused on body refining, it'd still help one reach the same goal bit by bit.

"Come with me!" Venerable White grabbed Song Shuhang and they flew off on the flying sword that came out of his sleeve, a layer of light appearing beneath their feet as they were dragged up into the skies.

Doudou, who was in the room, secretly heaved a sigh.

Thereafter, he temporarily quit the game and strengthened the defensive formation that was protecting the building. He was going to add at least ten—if not twenty—new layers to the defensive formation before Venerable White's return.

Penniless Thief Sect's Young Mistress Candy placed her hands together before her and actually started mumbling a prayer—but no one knew what she was praying for...



Venerable White brought Song Shuhang deep into the forest behind Jiangnan College Town, and looked for an open area without anyone's presence before landing.

Song Shuhang was baffled and asked, "Senior, what are we doing here?"

"This is an open area, so I am able to show you a few types of 'quick movement techniques' cultivators use. You observe first, then pick the one you want to learn," answered Venerable White with a laugh.

Quick movement technique? Song Shuhang's eyes lit up, "Stepping on snow without leaving a trace behind? Becoming like a dragonfly, skimming on the surface of the water?"

"Yeah, you can achieve such things via these techniques. But there are several types of quick movement techniques—there are some which you might not even need. Some of them focus on dodging, some focus on speed, others focus on maneuverability, some are for masking one's presence to avoid detection, some allow one to shapeshift into ghosts, monsters, and other bizarre things. For now, just watch carefully," smiled Venerable White.

After finishing his sentence, he used some weird footwork, and after taking five steps, layers of mirage appeared next to him—they were strange and beautiful. Additionally... Venerable White looked very graceful, as though he was dancing. It was a beautiful sight.

"This is an illusory form footwork. It belongs to the category of the strange and unfathomable," Venerable White explained.

Thereafter, his appearance started to twist; his footsteps got heavier and he took one quick step. A whizzing sound could be heard, and after that, he suddenly appeared behind Song Shuhang, giving him a huge scare.

"This is Instantaneous Body Shifting. For the sake of showing it to you, I intentionally slowed down. If I used it for real, you would only be able to watch me suddenly disappear before flashing right before your eyes again. This belongs to the speed category," continued Venerable White.

Thereafter, Venerable White displayed a fierce and powerful technique that was a threatening attack-type footwork. He explained, "This is one of Buddhism's footwork techniques, called 'Tiger Subduing Footwork'. It seems ferocious and powerful, but in reality, it possesses countless variations. Tough on the outside, gentle on the inside. It belongs to a subcategory of the maneuverability category. It allows you to defend and attack; it's very useful for a newbie cultivator like you."

When Song Shuhang first saw it, he felt it was very domineering and majestic.

But when he heard Venerable White say that it was a Buddhist technique, he suddenly thought of his True Self whose muscles have become more defined as of late, and whose hair had become a lot shorter. If he were to learn the ‘Tiger Subduing Footwork’, wouldn’t his True Self become bald?

"And then, this one is a stealth-type footwork that I learned a long time ago, called ‘Shadow Stealth’." As Venerable White was speaking, he stood under the shade of a huge tree, and after he made some movements, his whole being suddenly disappeared.

Thereafter, he came out from under the shade and said, "But, in order to use this technique, you need to stand in a shadow of something. It has more limitations compared to the rest.

Apart from these, I have another footwork you can learn, hmm... it’s a technique I learned from a wandering scholar of the Erudite School through an equal exchange. It’s called <Virtuous Man’s Ten Thousand Mile Walk>—‘instead of reading ten thousand books, why not travel ten thousand miles and learn from experience?’ is the meaning behind its name.

Yeah, the techniques of the Erudite School are filled with all kinds of infinite explanations since those guys like to preach a lot. But, this technique is pretty decent for a beginner, it’s suitable for long-distance raids. You can walk thousands of miles without feeling tired.

Furthermore, just like its name, when you’ve walked over ten

thousand miles and are familiar with the technique, this ‹Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk› is quite good when it comes to dodging within a small area; also, when you've completed another several tens of thousands of miles, you would be able to feel your body becoming as light as a swallow and even become like a dragonfly skimming on the surface of the water.

In short, this is 'Ten Thousand Mile Journey'. The longer and further your journey is, the more powerful this technique is."

While speaking, Venerable White started demonstrating this technique for Song Shuhang.

Initially, when he started walking, he looked just like any normal person. His steps were not particularly quick... but, upon further scrutiny, Song Shuhang realized that Venerable White's advancing speed was extremely fast—at least a few times faster than if Song Shuhang himself were to sprint with all his might.

Furthermore, when Venerable White was walking, countless changes were happening to his body.

After his demonstration was complete, Venerable White went back and asked Song Shuhang, "So, which footwork have you decided to learn?"

"Senior, can I choose more than one?" Song Shuhang felt that each technique had its own pros and it was hard to pick only one from the bunch!

"Don't be greedy," Venerable White smiled. "Based on your current cultivation, learning too many types of footwork requires too much time, and this would only hold you back and slow down your progress. Right now, the best thing for you to do is to pick only one kind of footwork and practice hard. When you've reached the Second Stage and after your qi and blood have become true qi, then you can consider learning a few more kinds of footwork to aid you and help you increase your agility."

Song Shuhang nodded and started to ponder.

The Buddhist 'Tiger Subduing Footwork' isn't worth considering much... unless there really isn't any better choice.

'Shadow Stealth' has too many limitations, making it unsuitable as the main footwork to practice; I can consider learning it in the future as an add-on.

Even though 'Illusory Form Footwork' feels bizarre and mysterious... it pales in comparison when being compared to the remaining two techniques.

Finally, it's down to 'Instantaneous Body Shifting' and 'Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk'.

《Instantaneous Body Shifting》 was a very strong footwork technique without a doubt. Speed trumped everything else. Think about it—instantaneously shifting your body behind your enemy and stabbing them. This was a very practical footwork technique. Just that, at the start, it put a lot of strain on one's body, hence

continuous usage would be rather troublesome.

As for the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩, it didn't give one as much advantage compared to the former, but its other aspects were pretty good, and it had a lot of room for upgrading.

After considering carefully, Song Shuhang asked Venerable White for his opinion, "Senior White, what would you recommend me?"

"Hmm, if it were up to me, it would be the 'Tiger Subduing Footwork'. You have already learned the ⟨Basic Buddhist Fist Technique⟩ and the ⟨True Self Meditation Scripture⟩—they fit pretty well with the Tiger Subduing Footwork," replied Venerable White after pondering.

"I understand! Senior... I choose the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩!" Song Shuhang decided.

"Eh? But the one I recommended was the ⟨Tiger Subduing Footwork⟩," said Venerable White.

"Oh, no worries, Senior. The ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩ is indeed not bad! I trust your judgment!" Song Shuhang said as he clenched his fist.

"Ah... alright then. I will impart the footwork technique and chant for the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩ to you," Venerable White laughed.



He taught Song Shuhang the footwork technique and chant bit by bit, helping him understand it. Thereafter, he even guided Song Shuhang through the whole process and steps of the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> once himself.

After they were done, Venerable White asked him, "Have you memorized the steps?"

"Yes, all of it," Song Shuhang nodded. He just had to add the chant together with the steps and get familiarized with it a few times, then he would be able to master it.

"Go practice a few more times on your own. The <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> is a suitable technique to be infused into your daily life. Whenever you are walking, you can try to practice this technique. Get familiarized with it whenever you can," Venerable White smiled and sat at the side, watching Song Shuhang practice the footwork technique.

Occasionally, he gave Song Shuhang some advice in the aspects he was lacking in, trying to help him perfect it.



After Song Shuhang grasped the basics of the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk>, it was almost 5 PM. He heaved a sigh and at the same time felt that the qi and blood within his aperture rose a little. He was very pleased.

Venerable White clapped softly and said, "Very good. The rest is on you to practice and master it. Lastly, I have another Daoist technique I would like to teach you."

"Daoist technique?!" Upon hearing this, Song Shuhang's eyes lit up.

Daoist techniques... well, he'd initially thought that he had to wait at least till he reached the Second Stage—when his qi and blood energy within his body has become true qi—to be capable of using Daoist techniques. Who would have known that one was able to use a Daoist technique in the First Stage Realm?

"It is only a very basic, introductory Daoist technique. It can't kill or hurt anyone. But if you use it against ghosts and similar entities, it can be useful. It only needs qi and blood energy, as well as runes to activate it," replied Venerable White.

"What Daoist technique is that?" Song Shuhang asked excitedly—ever since he had gotten himself into the world of cultivators, even though he had already learned a lot and had seen lots of strange and mystical things, he had merely practiced a few simple martial arts techniques himself.

"Lightning Palm, a basic technique to control lightning. When you're of a higher level, you can upgrade it to the 'Heavenly Lightning Palm'. The upgraded version's power is pretty decent," explained Venerable White.

The reason why he chose to teach Song Shuhang the Daoist technique 'Lightning Palm' now was because he was preparing to bring that young lady from Penniless Thief Sect on a trip with him to retrieve back his flying Meteor Sword.

Song Shuhang, on the other hand, was preparing to go to the neighboring city in the next two days to look for the ghost cultivators—the underlings of Altar Master.

Their timings clashed, hence Venerable White was unable to accompany Song Shuhang to the neighboring city. Therefore, he chose to guide and teach him the lightning technique that was specialized in countering ghosts as a protective measure for Song Shuhang.

# Chapter 190: Cultivator-Style Bungee Jump And A Selfie With Venerable White

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First, one had to concentrate the power of qi and blood on their index finger and draw the [雷 character](#) on the palm of the other hand. Afterward, one would have to pour their mental energy into the drawn character and activate the power of qi and blood within it. And after shouting aloud ‘Lightning Palm’, lightning would appear in the middle of the palm!

Moreover, the 雷 character was quite easy to draw. It only consisted of thirteen not too difficult strokes.

It sounded quite simple, right?

However, if one wanted to use the Lightning Palm correctly... first, one needed a sufficient quantity of qi and blood in their body. Then, it was necessary to draw the thunder character on one’s hand and activate it with their mental energy.

Otherwise, one could forget about being able to use it!

Only after satisfying all the conditions listed above—or rather, only after opening the Eye Aperture—would a cultivator have enough qi and blood to use the Lightning Palm. And only around two times at that.

But if it was someone like Shuhang, who had built his foundation with a good cultivation technique, he should be able to use it four

to five times. And if we include the additional spiritual energy from the ghost spirit, he could use it up to ten times without too much trouble.

With Senior White's guidance, Song Shuhang learned how to draw the 雷 character. Then, after drawing the character on the palm of his left hand, he operated the <True Self Meditation Scripture> and used his mental energy to activate the power of qi and blood within it.

"Lightning Palm!" Song Shuhang lightly shouted.

The 雷 character in the center of his palm started to become hot. Next, a ball of golden lightning appeared in the middle of his palm, issuing a crackling noise.

The size of this lightning ball wasn't big. It was more or less as big as a small bowl.

Song Shuhang cautiously asked, "Senior White, I won't electrocute myself, right?"

"Don't worry. As long as you don't touch it with your other hand, nothing will happen to you!" Senior White said with a smile.

"How strong is it?" Song Shuhang asked again.

Venerable White pointed at a nearby rock and said, "Try it out yourself."

Song Shuhang approached the rock and hit it with his left hand.

"Boom!"

When his palm hit the rock, it left a hole the size of a basketball on it. Moreover, Song Shuhang didn't feel any resistance when he hit the rock with his palm! So this is what Senior White considers a 'weak technique'? This level of power is already quite scary!

Even if the opponent was a ferocious wild beast, this technique was enough to kill them!

"Lightning-based techniques are very good to deal with ghosts. Even ghost of the Second Stage will turn into ashes after getting hit by the Lightning Palm," Venerable White explained.

Lightning-based techniques are very good to deal with ghosts? Song Shuhang was moved. After finishing his exams tomorrow, he was planning to go to the Luo Xin street area in the neighboring city. A conflict with the remaining subordinates of Altar Master was inevitable. Altar Master himself was specialized in ghost techniques. Therefore, when dealing with his underlings, he would surely meet some ghosts.

With the help of the Lightning Palm and the remaining evil-warding talisman, he could safely embark on this trip.

"Senior, thank you," Song Shuhang felt Senior White's goodwill.

Venerable White slightly nodded, "Try it again. You have to master it properly!"

Song Shuhang nodded and drew the 雷 character on his palm once again. And after using his mental energy to activate it, he loudly shouted, "Lightning Palm!"

A ball of lightning appeared once more in the center of his palm, making a crackling noise.

This time, he didn't immediately attack. Instead, he carefully looked at it—there was really a ball of lightning in the center of his palm! What an incredible scene!

Along with the crackling noise produced by the lightning, his heart couldn't help but speed up a bit. This was just too exciting!

At this time, he involuntarily recalled a scene from long ago... these were the memories he had tried to forget with all his might. But today, they resurfaced due to the 'Lightning Palm'.

"Look at my Chidori!"

"I'm not afraid of you. I have my Raikiri!"

"Hmph, you guys are nothing. My Fist of the Thunder God is way stronger than you! Fist of the God of Thunder, go! Uwooooh!"

Aaah! Stop, stop, stop!

Idiot! Idiot! Idiot!

Why did I remember that stuff?

This stuff is just too embarrassing! I want to die now! I have to forget it immediately! Quickly, get out of my mind! I feel ashamed just by recalling these memories... why can't I just forget them? I really wish my brain was like a hard disk. With that, I would be able to throw these embarrassing memories in the trash bin and delete them even from there!

Song Shuhang fiercely shook his head, trying to scatter these thoughts that were distracting him.

Then, he looked once again at the ball of lightning in the middle of his palm.

It was really beautiful.

"Crack crack crack." This is just like a dream. I would have never expected that one day I would be able to produce lightning from my hand. It's just like a dream coming true... not! I have to stop thinking in that direction!

Song Shuhang raised his hand and attacked the rock once again!



It looked as if this attack was aimed at those embarrassing memories!

"Boom!"

Another hole the size of a basketball appeared on the surface of the rock...

"Huff!" Song Shuhang deeply exhaled.

The nearby Venerable White curiously asked, "Where you troubled by some Inner Demon just now?"

"No, I just remembered something that I was sure I had forgotten," Song Shuhang rubbed his face, "These memories from the past are too awful to recall them!"

"Oh, everyone has those kinds of memories. Even if you can't bear to recall them right now, with the passage of time, you'll start thinking that they weren't that bad," Venerable White tried to comfort Song Shuhang by relying on his own experience.

Song Shuhang nodded.

Then, something went wrong with his brain as he said, "Memories such as... Little White, when your hair reaches your waist, will you marry me?"

"Haha?" Venerable White turned his head. A gentle breeze started to blow over, making Senior White's long black hair flutter in the wind.

Song Shuhang felt that there was something wrong with this situation. Wait, what did I just say?

At this time, Venerable White, who was standing in the breeze, brightly smiled. He looked like an elf standing in the wind. In an instant, myriads of other things in the world were overshadowed.

In Song Shuhang's field of vision, everything turned black and white. Only Venerable White's long hair fluttering in the wind and his bright smile retained their colors. He was the center of the world, and the latter served only as a contrast for his infinite charm.

This feeling... lasted for the time it took to breathe twice.

Afterward, Senior White blinked, and his smile vanished.

"Let's go back," Senior White said. He raised his hand, and the flying sword came out of his sleeve. Next, it changed into a layer of light that fell under his feet.

"Oh." Song Shuhang followed behind, still absent-minded, and stepped onto the layer of light.



On the way back, Senior White didn't utter a single word and they returned to Medicine Master's multi-storied building.

As they were flying... Song Shuhang felt that he had done something very reckless.

However, they were supposed to return home. Why did he feel that Senior White was starting to fly higher and higher? Moreover, from the height they had reached, the buildings on the ground had the size of a fingernail.

"Shuhang, a few days ago, I saw a strange program on CCTV-9. It seems that modern people really like this thing called bungee jumping. It seemed rather interesting!" Venerable White said.

Song Shuhang immediately got serious and said, "Senior White, no! That's a very boring thing! It's only those people tired of living who want to experience something 'close to death' like bungee jumping! There is nothing is interesting in it!"

Since Senior White's view of the world was distorted, it was his responsibility to straighten it!

"I want to give it a go!" Venerable said earnestly, "Let's try it! Is that fine?"

"No, it's not fine!" Song Shuhang yelled.

"Yeah!" Venerable White nodded.

Then, he suddenly stopped the flying sword under his feet.

Next, he grabbed Song Shuhang, and the two of them fell downward with a "whiz" sound.

"Aaaaaaaaaaah~" Song Shuhang called out pitifully. Yep, our little friend Song was scared of heights. He had acrophobia. That's why he wanted to put a guardrail on his flying sword!

"Hahaha~" Venerable White laughed, delighted.

At the same time, he also used a technique to increase their weight and make them fall even faster.

Song Shuhang felt that their speed had increased. When he was falling, the sound of the friction between his body and the air could be heard. Moreover, there was also that scary zero gravity feeling!

"Aaaaaaaaaaah~" Song Shuhang's pitiful yell got even louder.

"Should I increase the speed?" Venerable White said happily.

"Hmm! Hmm!" Song Shuhang fiercely shook his head. Since they were falling down at high speed, he couldn't speak properly due to the pressure.

"I see! Then, I'll go a bit faster," Venerable White revolved his spiritual power and grabbed Song Shuhang, causing them to fall even faster.

At the same time, as if he thought that the current posture was not exciting enough, he pulled Shuhang and turned him upside down, his feet pointing upward and his head downward...

"Aaah... aaaah~" Song Shuhang felt that his throat was about to give in.



"Right, let's take a picture!" Venerable White suddenly said while they were falling downward. He took out a mobile phone from somewhere and used his spiritual energy to protect it from the pressure.

"Shuhang, say cheese!" Venerable White held the phone and pointed it toward the two of them as he activated the front camera.

Song Shuhang looked at his picture on the screen of the phone. Due to various reasons, his face was distorted and looked awful. He had teardrops in the corner of the eye and looked like as if someone had just finished beating him up.

Nooo~ Song Shuhang shook his head with all his might.

"Click, click, click!" Venerable White took a lot of pictures.

Then, he said, "Shuhang, this won't do. You're not cooperating!"

"Aaaaah~" Song Shuhang was still yelling pitifully.

"Let's try once again. This time, try to go along with me. If you don't collaborate, we'll have to jump down again. We have to take a proper photo," Venerable White said with a severe expression.

What? Jump down again? Just kill me already!

"Now, synchronize with me and smile. One, two, three! Cheese!" Venerable White adjusted the angle of the camera.

On the screen of the phone, Song Shuhang and Senior White were turned upside down with a vast starry sky as the background. This scenery was just too perfect and quite suited for these two that were bungee-jumping!

Song Shuhang tried his best to twist his face and make a 'smiling' expression. But under the atmospheric pressure, his smile looked like that of a clown.

"Click, click, click." After taking several pictures, Venerable White said, "Hm, good. The result wasn't excellent, but it will have to do for the time being."

Song Shuhang loosened up his face and opened his mouth once again, screaming, "Aaaaaaah~"

"Don't scream. We're about to arrive," Venerable White said. At this time, they could already see Medicine Master's multi-storied building. They were still more than a hundred meters away from the ground.

"Aaaaaaah~" This time, Song Shuhang really felt like crying. Senior White, it's precisely because we're about to arrive that I'm screaming!

We're gonna crash! We're gonna crash!

"Let's make a final sprint!" It seemed that Venerable White wanted to have fun to his heart's content today. His spiritual energy surged. Then, he grabbed Song Shuhang and sped toward the ground like a jet!

Song Shuhang was about to faint.

50 meters!

30 meters!

10 meters!

8 meters!

3 meters! Venerable White still had no intention of stopping!

Senior White, you're not planning to crash on the ground directly, right? You're a great expert, and you're unlikely to suffer any damage after falling from this height. But I'm different~ I'm just a small cultivator of the First Stage that has opened only two apertures~ If I crash into the ground like this, I'll turn into a bloody pulp~!

"Aaaaaah~" Song Shuhang pitiful yell was even louder.

Inside the house, Doudou and Penniless Thief Sect's Young Mistress Candy were already standing by the window, their eyes fixed on Song Shuhang—Shuhang and Senior White were around 500 meters away from the house when these two started to watch the show.

2 meters!

1 meter!

0.5 meters!

0.4 meters!

0.3 meters! It's over. It seems that I will pass away on July 4th, 2019!



"Chiiii!" At this time, the sound of what sounded like brakes suddenly echoed.

Afterward, Song Shuhang felt himself softly drop on the ground, without the slightest impact.

"Hahaha." Venerable started to laugh, "Was it exciting?"

"Hehehe," Song Shuhang also laughed, his face still distorted.

"It seems you also enjoyed it! Hehe. Now, I'll make an album and send all those pictures to the group," Venerable White smiled as he started to mess with the phone in his hand.

Song Shuhang weakly stretched out his and roared in his mind, Don't!

However, he had screamed so much on the way here that his throat was sore. Therefore, he couldn't let out a single sound.

"Done!" Venerable White pressed on the phone's keyboard and sent the pictures.



Inside the group space of the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

A lot of photos appeared in the group album.

All these pictures were portraying Song Shuhang and Venerable White as they were bungee-jumping. In the pictures, Song Shuhang had many different expressions. In some, his face was panic-stricken and distorted; on others, he was desperately trying to force out a smile. On the other hand, the nearby Venerable White was handsome as always, his elegance out of the world, and one could only find him lovable.

The title of the album: "Little friend Song Shuhang and I just went bungee-jumping. It was really fun. Little friend Song Shuhang made many interesting expressions. After a few days, I plan to bring him to have fun again."


Very soon... the post was filled with 'likes'.

Fairy Lychee: Senior White is as attractive as always~ I'm so envious.

Medicine Master: Senior White has really unique ways to have fun. PS: I'm Riverly Purple Mist.

Cave Lord Snow Wolf: Senior White has really unique ways to have fun!

Dharma King Creation: Senior White has really unique ways to have fun! Gotta keep the meme going!

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: Little Friend Shuhang, hang on!  


True Monarch Yellow Mountain felt that little friend Shuhang was a really dedicated person. He went through such suffering every day! At this point, giving him a big gift was imperative!

Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman: Senior White has really unique ways to have fun, and little friend Song Shuhang looks very cute.

Yep. This little friend Song Shuhang that was risking his life to accompany Senior White was indeed cute. If Senior White were to close up again, the honor of receiving him once he was out would belong to little friend Song Shuhang alone. If he was still alive by then, that is.

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: Ah? Bungee jumping? Senior Song likes bungee jumping? Then, Soft Feather will also participate the next time you go! It's decided! @Stressed by a Mountain of Books!

Song Shuhang took out his mobile phone with his shivering hand. He wanted to look which pictures Senior White had sent inside the group.

Then, he saw Soft Feather's message.

Song Shuhang fainted on the spot.

July 4th, 2019. Song Shuhang... died!

雷 = Thunder/Lightning

# Chapter 191: Senior White's Blessing

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The next morning, Song Shuhang woke up feeling groggy—last night, he had several strange dreams in a row.

There was an elevator accident—he plunged right down to the ground from above the 10th floor while he was in an elevator.

Then, he became a cleaner and was cleaning the windows of a high-rise from the outside when the rope attached to his harness broke.

After that, he was enjoying the view from the edge of the cliff when someone from the back suddenly pushed him lightly.

Yet another time, as he was walking, he suddenly fell into a bottomless well—he kept falling and falling, never reaching the bottom.

In short, all kinds of accidents related to falling. The Song Shuhang in the dreams felt weak in the legs...

Upon waking up, he could still feel his heart palpitating.

Needless to say, these weird dreams must have appeared because of yesterday's shenanigans with Senior White.

‘Come to think of it, was I possessed by Senior Thrice Reckless

yesterday?' Song Shuhang thought of yesterday's events and was immediately filled with regret—why couldn't he control his mouth?

Hopefully Senior White's anger had subsided today, and he would not drag him for some more bungee jumping anymore!

Otherwise, he was worried that if he went for a few more rounds, his acrophobia might become even more serious, and in the future, he might not even dare to ride on a flying sword. If that was the case, it would be the end...

As usual, after his morning practice has ended, Song Shuhang got ready—today was the last day of the finals, after which would be two months of vacation!

Song Shuhang went down and prepared to sneakily check Senior White's mood today.

However, the weird thing was, it was early in the morning but there was no sign of Senior White anywhere. Even Penniless Thief Sect's Little Candy wasn't there. Only Doudou was left at home.

"Doudou, where's Senior White?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Senior White went to look for his flying sword! Last night after you fell asleep, Senior White brought the Penniless Thief Sect's disciple out with him and headed out," answered Doudou while seemingly looking at the news on the computer.

Song Shuhang nodded his head—Senior White did indeed mention this to him before.

"Doudou, what are you looking at?" Song Shuhang was curious and stood next to him, looking at the computer screen— eh, isn't this Jiangnan area's morning news?

Doudou is actually looking at the news?

Song Shuhang got curious and looked at its contents.

According to the report, recently a lot of pets in Jiangnan neighborhoods went missing—the police suspected there was a syndicate going around stealing dogs; their modus operandi was very meticulous, and every time they made a move, they managed to avoid all surveillance cameras and leave almost no traces behind. The police informed the residents that they should pay more attention to the safety of their pet dogs and deny the criminals the opportunity to take them away...

Dog theft syndicate?

The number of people owning dogs in the Jiangnan area wasn't small, so every year there would be at least one dog theft syndicate that would come and pay them a visit. Pet dogs that were worth several tens of thousands RMB sometimes got stolen by these people only to be sold for only a hundred RMB or so to dog meat shops. But no matter how many robbers were arrested every year in the Jiangnan area, the police just couldn't put a stop to it.

Song Shuhang looked at Doudou, who was just staring at the news without blinking. He observed three seconds of silence for them in his heart—of all places to prowl, why did they have to come to the Jiangnan area?

Furthermore, instead of capturing cats or stealing chickens, they just had to target dogs. If they did not seek death, they would not die. Such a simple logic, why can't people just understand it?

Including himself from yesterday!

"Oh right, before Venerable White headed out, he left a couple of things behind for you, saying you'd need these items for self-defense when you go over to J-City in a couple of days to deal with the underlings of Altar Master." With one paw on the mouse, Doudou did a lazy-dog-peeing pose at the same time and kicked a package of things to Song Shuhang.

"What's that?" Song Shuhang took the items.

"You open it first, then I'll explain," said Doudou without turning his head.

Song Shuhang opened the package.

Firstly, there was a wooden sword—there were some complicated formations carved on it, which looked like the work of Venerable White. At the same time, there was also a small box which had a



button on it. The box and the sword seemed to be complementary items.

When he saw the button, Song Shuhang had a strong impulse to push it. This was human nature—upon seeing a strange button, most people would have the itch to press it.

But, alert people would resist such a temptation, and people who were good at seeking death would surely press it without any second thoughts.

Additionally, near the wooden sword was a tattoo sticker. It looked like the ones which Song Shuhang used to play with when he was a child, those that cost fifty cents a piece.

The other item was a handwritten list.

"The wooden sword is called 'disposable flying sword 004'. Just like its name suggests, it is a disposable one-use flying sword. But, it is a treasure created by Venerable White, so defeating a Fourth Stage cultivator is not an issue.

It comes with a 'flying sword launcher 013'. You just have to channel your qi and blood into the 'flying sword launcher' to synchronize with it, and it will follow your will and target the enemy you have in mind. Thereafter, you just have to lightly press the button once. After you hear a swoosh, the disposable flying sword will shoot out and kill your enemy. It's very convenient and easy to use; it's the first defensive item that Venerable White prepared for you," explained Doudou.

Flying sword launcher? Song Shuhang initially felt that Great Master Profound Principle's 'Trial and Error Sword Controlling Technique' was quite good, but who would have known Venerable White was on a whole new level—he could even come up with things like a flying sword launcher.

After lightly pressing it, the flying sword would shoot out. Come to think of it, it does sound pretty good.

"Also, that paper talisman is Venerable White's very own 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique'. If you are in a situation where your chance of defeating the enemy is zero, use use your mental power to activate that paper talisman. It will bring you to Venerable White's side at the fastest speed possible," explained Doudou.

"Paper talisman... this one?" Asked Song Shuhang as he took out something that looked like a 50-cent tattoo sticker.

"That's the one. According to Venerable White, for the sake of convenience and portability, he tweaked it a bit. All you've gotta do is to stick it onto your arm, just like a tattoo. It's very convenient and you don't have to worry about losing it," replied Doudou.

"Oh, you can use spells like that?" Song Shuhang grabbed the sticker and stuck it to his wrist. The picture of the spell was imprinted on it.

This is indeed a good method. I don't have to do the whole digging-for-the-talisman-and-activating-it thing when fleeing to save my life.

"Speaking of which, Doudou, don't you think this picture looks familiar?" Song Shuhang pointed at it and asked.

"Yeah, of course it looks familiar. Yesterday, when Venerable White was making the spell on the talisman, he said he wanted to cover it with some picture as an insurance lest the enemy finds out that it is the spell for the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique'. Hence, I searched on the net for a sketch version of the [Calabash Brothers](#). Lift your palm vertically and look at it from a slanted angle—you can see a three-dimensional Calabash Brother, right? Isn't it cool?"

A three-dimensional Calabash Brother?

"..." Song Shuhang had the sudden urge to beat Doudou up.

Also, he regretted acting so rashly—if he had known, he would have stuck the tattoo sticker on someplace more discreet, where no one would be able to see it!

"Oh, right, when you're in an extremely dangerous situation, and can't even squeeze out any mental energy anymore, this 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique' also has a sound activation function. Let me teach you the chant... listen well. The chant is: '[Moon prism power, make up!](#)'. Got it?" asked Doudou.

"Wait... what's with this chant? Don't tell me you randomly searched and found it on the internet?" Song Shuhang said, while clenching his teeth.

"Yeah, that's right. I searched and picked it at random," replied Doudou.

Doudou, come here! I promise I won't beat the sh\*t out of you!



"Lastly, this the list of materials required for the qi and blood pills. Venerable White already knew that your qi and blood quantity is insufficient, hence he made this list for you to keep a lookout for these medicinal herbs—see if you can find any. If you can gather all these ingredients, he can teach you the steps to make and refine the qi and blood pill. Even though Venerable White is no pill refining master, he has no problem refining simpler medicinal pills," said Doudou.

Song Shuhang looked through the list and saw numerous varieties of medicinal ingredients. Some were the names of the more common Chinese medicinal herbs, but some were names of the medicinal herbs used solely by cultivators.

Luckily, Venerable White meticulously drew a picture of each herb and briefly introduced their prominent features so that Song Shuhang would not be at a loss when trying to identify them.

"The ingredients for the qi and blood pill are not that easy to be gathered in full, right?" Song Shuhang sighed.

"Yeah, I think so too. But, maybe in Venerable White's eyes you just have to go out to take a stroll and you would have found most of them," added Doudou.

Based on Venerable White's luck, if he wanted the ingredients for qi and blood pills, the moment he heads out, a box full of necessary ingredients would drop from the sky right before him.

Or, perhaps when he killed an enemy who appeared out of nowhere, the latter might leave behind a bunch of herbs necessary for concocting the qi and blood pill as spoils for Venerable White.

Or, maybe when he explored deep into the forest, he might be able to find a whole bunch of ingredients for qi and blood pill?

Song Shuhang felt the same way about Venerable White's luck and merely nodded. However, in his case, he dared not think about it. He sure did not share the same heaven-defying luck as Senior White—he dared not think about gathering the ingredients in a short period of time.

Nevertheless, he still patiently finished reading the list left behind by Senior White and remembered every bit of content written on it.

Last but not least, he saw a message left behind by Venerable

White at the end of that list.

"Little Friend Shuhang, I hope that your trip to J-City would be a successful one. I also wish you success in finding the medicinal herbs for the qi and blood pill on the list!"

The thing written here... is Senior White's blessing, right?

It is Senior White's blessing! Song Shuhang could feel his heart beat even faster. Was this the feeling of being overwhelmed by a senior's kindness? Or was this him subconsciously worrying about something?



The last exam finally ended.

The students of Jiangnan's university heaved a heavy sigh of relief. The relaxed faces of the students who felt that they did well could be seen—now that this was over, they could enjoy a happy vacation.

On the other hand, the students who did badly looked miserable... perhaps not long after the vacation ended, they would receive their results and... wait for the school to arrange for make-up exams.

The period when the Jiangnan university's make-up exams were held was usually inflexible and unpredictable—it all depended on

the dean's mood. Sometimes, he would get the students who failed to return for the make-up exams right in the middle of the vacation; at other times, he would get them to attend intensive revision classes when the new term started before sending them for the make-up exams immediately. Alternatively, he might even group them up for make-up exams two, three days after finals ended. The school was very efficient when it came to grading—causing a love-hate relationship between Jiangnan's university and its students.

Because this was the last exam, after it ended, Song Shuhang did not leave. He waited for his roommates to leave the hall. Since the semester ended, everyone should have a meal together or something before they each start their vacation.

"How did you do?" Gao Moumou asked his roommates with a relaxed face. Looking at his facial expression, one could tell that he completed his exams without much difficulty this time round.

"No problem," a ray of light flashed through Li Yangde's glasses. To a nerd like him, passing was never his goal. His goal was to become one of the top 10 students in school.

"It was pretty easy, there shouldn't be any problems," Song Shuhang replied with a smile.

"Hahaha, this time it was fine for me too, I feel that I can definitely pass!" Tubo raised his thumb. Thanks to Song Shuhang's tea leaves that gave him the extra energy, he could study with a fresh state of mind and a body full of vitality. He managed to complete his revision and prepare for the exams in the nick of

time, hence he successfully survived the exams without a hitch.

That night, his dorm mates invited five other closer male friends to have a drinking party.

In the end... Song Shuhang called for three taxis. He then stuffed each one of these drunkards into their respective taxis and sent them to their respective dorms.

"Shuhang, tomorrow when you wake up, wake me up as well. Let's... go to my grandfather's place together!" Tubo's eyes lost focus but he did not forget about it.

"Alright, no problem. I will come pick you up tomorrow." Song Shuhang smiled.



When he got back to Medicine Master's multi-storied building, Song Shuhang saw that Doudou was looking for the map of the Jiangnan area.

"Doudou, I have to make a trip to the neighboring J-City. Do you wanna go together?" Song Shuhang asked. Doudou was a formidable figure—if he brought him along, Song Shuhang did not need to worry about what might happen.

"Woof woof~ I'm not going with you, I'll be occupied with some stuff for the next few days," said Doudou and shook his body until



a strand of dog fur fell to the ground. Before it touched the ground, he used his claws to catch it and passed it to Song Shuhang.

"When you're in danger, hold your hand up while grabbing at my fur, and shout 'Doudou, save me!' as loud as you can. Then, my dog fur will help you. Woof~ Don't worry and just go. You'll have my spiritual support," said Doudou with a serious look on his face.

Song Shuhang took the strand of dog fur from him and scrutinized it before asking, "Is it really effective?"

"Woof, you don't want it? If you don't want it, give it back. I can't bear to give it to you!" Doudou retorted immediately.

Song Shuhang kept it immediately. You gotta be kidding, how can you take back something that you've already given me? Even if this dog fur was useless, he would still keep it carefully. This was the fur of a monster dog—who knew if it could be used as a material to make a weapon of some sort?



The next day.

Song Shuhang carried a shoulder bag with everything packed and ready. He first set off to the underground parking lot and picked a hatchback car produced by a Chinese company before picking Turbo up to go to J-City.

The important finals have ended and the vacation began. With students going home from Jiangnan City, the subway and trains had to be extremely packed.

After reaching his dorm, Song Shuhang saw that three of his roommates were struggling to wake up, and all of them had bloodshot eyes. They had too much to drink last night and had yet to sober up.

Reference to Calabash Brothers—a Chinese animation TV series produced in the late 80s.

The chant is Sailor Moon anime reference.

# Chapter 192: I'm Getting Out Of The Car To Exercise A Bit!

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"Shuhang, you've come," Tubo sat on the bed and rubbed his red eyes—he was very unwilling to accept it! Previously, he was the one with the best capacity for alcohol in the dormitory. After they had taken turns to drink, Song Shuhang, Gao Moumou, and Li Yangde would be lying on the ground.

He wasn't sure when, but Song Shuhang capacity for alcohol had suddenly skyrocketed. Afterward, he never saw Shuhang getting drunk again. Every time, he would have an awful appearance while Song Shuhang didn't even seem to have drunk anything.

Song Shuhang lifted the breakfast in his hand and said with a smile, "Yes. And we should immediately set out once you're done eating. We should move while the other students are still sleeping and avoid the traffic jam.

Yangde took the breakfast and replied, "I won't return home right away. I still have something to do."

Previously, he had mentioned that he finished developing a program with his colleagues and that he had to go to a conference or something. Therefore, he needed to stay in Jiangnan College Town for a while.

"I'll go to a few places with Yayi during this summer vacation. Therefore, I'll directly go to the airport and won't take any crowded metro or train with you," Gao Moumou yawned.

Recently, Zhuge Zhongyang had been glued to his butt, and he hadn't had any free time to spend with Yayi. Now that summer vacation was about to start, he decided to secretly book plane tickets and go on a trip with Yayi. All of this was in order to get rid of that damnable Zhuge Zhongyang.

"Yangde, since you're staying at Jiangnan College Town, why don't you accompany Song Shuhang and me to my grandfather's place? In a day or two, strawberries will also be ready for picking." Turbo said to Yangde.

Since he was going to his grandfather's place, the more friends he was bringing along the better. This way, even if he made a mistake and angered his grandfather, he wouldn't get a beating since there would be other people around. If there was no one else but Song Shuhang with him, however, maybe his grandfather wouldn't care and would still give him a lesson.

Yangde thought a bit and nodded, "Sure."

"It's settled. Shuhang, Yangde, and I will go to my grandfather's place. Gao Moumou will accompany his girlfriend," Turbo laughed and jumped down from the bed.

Soon after, he called out pitifully and was about to cry. He quickly lifted the sole of his foot and blew some air on it.

Song Shuhang asked, somewhat confused, "What happened?"

"When did I injure my foot?" Tubo gazed at his foot and noticed that there was a freshly-made burn scar on his sole.

"Oh, I think I know the reason." Gao Moumou pushed up his glasses and said, "It happened yesterday night. Tubo suddenly got out of bed barefooted and went to the table by the window to smoke a cigarette. I thought he was sober, but apparently, he was still half-drunk. Once he was done smoking, he threw the cigarette butt on the floor and stepped on it as he always does. As a result, he let out an agonized scream which scared me to death. After screaming, he went to bed and fell asleep again. At the time, I thought it was nothing serious."

"Gao Moumou, you heartless bastard. Why didn't you help me check the state of the injury?" Tubo felt like crying.

"Hehe," Gao Moumou pushed up his glasses. "You think I'll check the foot of a man in the middle of the night? I have no such fetish!"

Yangde nodded and said sincerely, "Tubo, smoking isn't good for your health. You should be clear by now, right?"

"Clear my ass!" Said Tubo with tears running down his face. He was really unfortunate to have made friends with these evil roommates.

"The way things are, we shouldn't take the train to go to your grandfather's place. We might as well take a taxi to go there." Yangde said.

"It seems this is the only way," Tubo bitterly smiled. However, taking a taxi was quite expensive. Especially when it was a five-hours ride.

"Don't worry. We won't need a taxi. I asked my friend to lend me the car. We can drive till there," Song Shuhang waved his hand.

"Friend? Oh, are talking about the friend that recently came to Jiangnan College Town to look for you?" Tubo's eyes lit up.



Ten minutes later, the three of them had finished packing their things.

Shuhang and Yangde supported Tubo who slowly hobbled toward the entrance of the underground parking area.

"Have a safe trip~" Gao Moumou waved at the three from the entrance of the dormitory.

The three roommates arrived at a side of the hatchback. Song Shuhang opened the lock and helped Tubo get into the car. Next, he put their luggage in the rear.

After getting into the car, Tubo strangely looked at Song Shuhang.

He and Yangde sat in the backseat.

Song Shuhang turned on the GPS, and after setting J-City's Luo Xin street area as the destination, he pressed the accelerator and set off.

When they arrived at the school gate, Tubo said in Yangde's ear, "Yangde, do you think that Shuhang's friend is a girl?"

"?" Yangde was somewhat confused.

"The name of this car model is 'Mademoiselle Car HappyKitten XY', and it's from a Chinese company specialized in making cars for women. No man would buy this type of car. Therefore, Song Shuhang didn't come home for the past few days because he was fooling around with a girl," said Tubo evilly.

Yangde was enlightened; he also nodded in approval.

Song Shuhang, who was now driving, had a ☹️ expression. Even if Tubo spoke in a low voice, with his current hearing, he could clearly understand each of his words.

This was really unjust!

His understanding of car models was limited to the most famous ones. Little did he know that the car he had casually chosen was

for women only!



Jiangnan College Town was about five hours of drive away from the place where Tubo's grandfather lived. Luckily, today's weather was pretty good, cloudy with no sun. Thanks to this, the temperature wasn't too high. Otherwise, they would have turned into dried shrimps after driving for five hours in the sun.

At first, Song Shuhang was planning to take turns with Tubo to drive. But now that Tubo's foot was injured, he was the only one that could drive.

Tubo and Yangde, who were sitting in the back, were merrily chatting and eating the snacks they had prepared.

Time passed by little by little... they took only one break along the way.

After four and a half hours of driving, they were finally approaching J-City's Luo Xin street area.

At this time, Tubo and Yangde were sleeping.

However, Song Shuhang suddenly slammed on the brakes and stopped the car on the roadside.



Tubo rubbed his eyes and asked, "Have we arrived?"

But after looking around, he discovered that they were still on the mountain road that led toward the Luo Xin street area village. They would still need another ten minutes of driving to arrive at their destination.

So, they hadn't arrived yet...

He looked somewhat confused at Song Shuhang.

"Oh, we'll arrive soon. You guys keep sleeping. I'm getting out of the car to exercise a bit. I'm tired, and I want to stretch my legs," Song Shuhang turned around and said to Tubo with a smile.

"I see. After all, you've been driving for 4-5 hours straight. If only my foot wasn't injured, we could have taken turns, and you wouldn't be this tired. Sorry for being such a burden," Tubo chortled.

"It's alright," Song Shuhang swung his arms and stretched his neck.

He was staring at the road, twenty meters ahead of their current position.

An illusory and hazy figure was standing in the middle of the road, emitting eerie ghost qi.

It was the figure of a tall man wearing an ancient armor. A scary mask covered his face, and he had silver-white long hair. Huge chains were entwined around both his hands, and at the extremity of these chains, two blood-covered knives hung from them.

Pieces of glass and other plastic materials were scattered in the surroundings of the figure. These were the aftermath of a car accident. It seems that no one had cleaned them up yet.

"Is that a ghost?" Song Shuhang muttered.

Did this ghost dare to come out in broad daylight due to this cloudy weather?

When he was pondering, the vision of the ghost fell on Song Shuhang. However, he didn't pay too much attention to him. He shifted his gaze and looked again at the car parked on the roadside. It seemed that his task was to create car accidents on this road.

There was only one low-rank ghost soldier, and Song Shuhang had determined his rank through his aura. However, it was impossible to destroy this evil spirit without revealing his presence to the one controlling it.

Song Shuhang went forward and arrived in front of the ghost soldier. The ghost was around two meters tall, a head taller than Shuhang.

The ghost soldier kept looking at Song Shuhang, but as before, he didn't take any action.

A low-rank ghost soldier didn't have much of an intellect. After being subdued, it would mechanically execute the master's orders and wouldn't take actions on own initiative.

Basic Fist Number One!

Song Shuhang used in his right fist; all the power of qi and blood from his Heart and Eye Apertures was concentrated there. He hit the evil spirit's chin with all his might.

"Aaaah~" The big and tall ghost soldier was sent flying and fell on the ground a moment later, sending out ghastly cries.

The strength of this low-level ghost soldier was equivalent to a cultivator that had just opened his Heart Aperture!

Song Shuhang took a few steps forward. His speed didn't seem too fast, but in truth, he was very quick—this was the ⟨Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk⟩!

In the blink of an eye, he was already in front of the evil spirit.

The ghost soldier didn't even have the time to get up when Song Shuhang swung yet another fist. He violently hammered the ghost soldier's head, aiming to turn it into a bloody pulp. At the same time, he also used his knee to hit its chest, making him unable to

get up.

After the time it takes to breathe thrice... the head of the ghost soldier was turned into minced meat, and its body had turned into a mass of black mist.

At this time, the ghost spirit residing in Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture came out of its own volition. It revealed only half of its body and grabbed that mass of black mist with one hand, swallowing it down. Afterward, it smacked its lips, satisfied.

"Ah?" Song Shuhang looked at the ghost spirit, somewhat confused. It could recover energy by eating other ghosts?

He hadn't completed his synchronization with the ghost spirit yet. Therefore, their 'consciousness interlinkage' wasn't always active. Thus, at this time, he had no idea what the ghost spirit was thinking.

But now that he knew it could eat other ghosts to recover its strength, he would make sure to let the ghost spirit eat to its heart's content during this trip to the Luo Xin street area.

Song Shuhang retracted his fist and heaved a sigh.

It seems that J-City's Luo Xin street area has some problems. Ghosts are now running rampant and even causing car accidents on the main road. Is this the doing of Altar Master's underlings? Or maybe it is another loose cultivator specialized in ghosts who

came over here, bringing this ghost along?

No matter who it was, now that he had eliminated this ghost soldier, the opposite party would quickly notice it.

At that time, Altar Master's underlings would surely come to take a sneak peek at the situation. Thus, he would be able to discover their whereabouts from the clues they would leave behind!



In the car, Tubo was looking at Shuhang, somewhat puzzled. First, he punched the air. Next, he took a few steps forward and started to randomly punch the ground as if trying to hit something. Had he been possessed or something?

"Did he accumulate so much stress after driving for five hours straight?" Tubo rubbed his forehead. Shuhang isn't planning to beat me up, right?

At this time, Song Shuhang returned to the car humming, "It's all good. Let's go!"

Tubo had the face of someone trying to curry favors. He said with a smile, "Shuhang, you must be really tired. I'll give my grandpa a call and tell him that we're about to arrive."

The car started, its destination—Luo Xin street area village.

Tubo called his grandfather, "Hello, Grandpa. I'm coming over with Song Shuhang and another classmate. We'll be there in a little more than ten minutes.

"Did you take the taxi?" Tubo's grandfather asked. But his dignified manner had toned down quite a bit from the last time. He sounded weak.

"No, we're coming by car," Tubo replied.

"Then, be careful, especially on the mountain road that leads toward the village. In the past few days, there had been three car accidents in that place already," Tubo's grandfather said.

"Don't worry. We've already left that place behind," Tubo said with a smile. At the same time, he couldn't help but glance at Song Shuhang.

What a coincidence. Wasn't it the same place where Song Shuhang stopped to exercise for a while?



Ten minutes later, Song Shuhang parked the car in Grandpa Tubo's courtyard.

Tubo's grandfather was already waiting at the main gate to

receive the guests.

After the car stopped, Tubo got out and gave his grandfather a bear hug. Soon, Yangde also got out while rubbing his eyes. Shuhang too got out after parking the car.

"Grandpa, let me give you a brief introduction. These are my roommates, Li Yangde and Song Shuhang. You've already met the latter," said Tubo with a smile.

"You're all welcome!" Tubo's grandfather warmly welcomed Yangde and Shuhang.

However, once Song Shuhang parked the car and locked it, Tubo's grandfather stared for a while—he was a bit disappointed. That mysterious girl from the last time didn't come?

The reason he thought of Tubo's friends after those strange incidents in the village was exactly that mysterious girl.

But, now that Song Shuhang was finally here, the mysterious girl wasn't. He couldn't help but be a little disappointed. However, he quickly regained his composure.

After all, he was the one that asked Tubo to bring over his roommates. He couldn't lack in courtesy now.

Song Shuhang also gave Tubo's grandfather a bear hug and said, "Grandpa, we've come to visit you again!"

Tubo's grandfather laughed heartily. He really liked this polite youngster.

When he hugged Tubo's grandfather, Song Shuhang slightly frowned.

There were some traces of 'ghost qi' on the grandfather's body. This would happen only if one came in contact with ghosts recently.

Moreover, his body felt weak. Was his vitality sucked out by a ghost?

After separating from Tubo's grandfather, Song Shuhang looked all around... even if he couldn't see it, he could perceive through his mental energy that the surrounding area was engulfed in eerie ghost qi.

Traces of the presence of ghosts could be found in the entire Luo Xin street area. Usually, these traces would disappear under the sunlight. But now that the weather was cloudy, some of them had stayed behind...



## Chapter 193: Are You Threatening Me?

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If this development continues, I'll have to make my move. I gotta think of a way to get rid of the ghost qi that is engulfing Luo Xin street area and defeat the underlings of Altar Master, then this area should become peaceful once again.

Song Shuhang looked at a huge cloud of ghost qi above his head and sighed softly.

After all, he was only a small cultivator in the First Stage Second Aperture Realm. He had never practiced any Buddhist or Daoist scriptures that would allow him to expel evil spirits and ghosts.

Even though he had eight strong evil-warding talismans in his possession right now, the effectiveness of these talismans was limited. Even if he used all of them in one go, he would not be able to eliminate all the ghost qi in the air that was currently engulfing the village.

Hence, he had to use them wisely and in the most effective way. In order to cleanse every corner of Luo Xin street area, the best thing to do was to destroy the source of the ghost qi, and look for the underlings of Altar Master and defeat them. The evil-warding talismans should be used against them when the time comes.

Once the main culprit controlling all these ghostly beings got eliminated and the sun was out, the ghost qi in this area would automatically disappear.

Alright, thinking about all this right now is useless —Song Shuhang, who did not even know the enemy's whereabouts, could only quietly wait for them to appear before analyzing their power and strength.

If the enemy was weak—then kill!

If the enemy was strong—kill them too! He had the Lightning Palm, sword talismans, armor talismans, the ancient bronze ring, a disposable flying sword, and Doudou's strand of dog fur. If he fully utilized them and displayed their combined power, defeating a couple of people stronger than him wouldn't be a problem!

If it was really not possible... then at least he had the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique', and could escape to Senior White's side immediately. By then, no matter what the situation was, at least Senior White would be there to save the day.

As he was thinking, Tubo's grandfather welcomed and invited Shuhang and friends into the house.

"Come in, everyone, I picked some waxberries recently. They are very sweet."

Tubo's grandfather had already prepared a sumptuous breakfast. He wanted to greet Song Shuhang and company who drove all the way there to visit with a feast since they couldn't eat anything on their journey there.



"Grandfather, when you called two days ago, you mentioned that there were some devious, strange things happening in this village. What happened?" Asked Tubo as he was eating. He was indeed worried about his grandfather.

His grandfather sighed softly. While the mysterious young lady wasn't here, when Tubo mentioned this issue, he decided not to keep it bottled up and said, "There were a few strange things that happened here. Firstly, do you have any impression of the mountain road you took when you entered the village?"

Tubo nodded, his grandfather mentioned this before over the phone.

"Within five days, three traffic accidents happened on that mountain road," Tubo's grandfather said solemnly. "They were not the kind where two vehicles collided. The driver was in a perfect state of mind—he was neither tired nor was he drunk, he just drove on and suddenly... the windshield hit a sharp-pointed object of some sort and completely cracked. Thereafter, the car got flipped over to the side of the road. And, the other two accidents were completely the same".

If they happened at the same time, perhaps one can consider that an accident. But they were three separate accidents that happened in the exact same fashion, so something was obviously wrong.

"Apart from this, about ten days ago, an odd epidemic occurred in

the village." Tubo's grandfather furrowed his brows and said, "A lot of elderly in the village experienced weakness in their entire body, and had no energy or vigor. All they want to do is sleep. Initially, there were only one or two of them that experienced this, but eventually, more and more people caught it. Now, a third of the elderly in this village have more or less have the same feeling of weakness in their body."

"Have they gone to the hospital for a checkup? It shouldn't be contagious, right?" Tubo asked out of concern.

"This is the strange part—all the elderly who were affected went to the hospital and did a complete physical, but it all boiled down to one cause—they have tired themselves out too much. The doctor guaranteed that if they got more rest and ate more nutritious food, they would be fine. Additionally, only the elderly were affected—the younger population is entirely fine and unaffected," said Tubo's grandfather. Even he himself had gotten more tired than usual these days, but he did not want to tell Tubo about it.

Song Shuhang nodded while stuffing waxberries into his mouth. The young people were fine because their bodies were still strong. The ghostly beings sent by the underlings of Altar Master absorbed 'qi and blood' from human beings, but they only did it in small quantities. Hence, young people were able to take it, but the elderly on the other hand would feel weak, strengthless, and sleepy.

"Next, there's the case of the graveyard on the mountain behind our village." Tubo's grandfather laughed bitterly and said, "The fella guarding the graveyard, Yellow Teeth, said that he saw a few

ghost-like figures strolling around in the middle of the night. They frequently whizzed over ten meters up towards the sky and then disappeared without a trace."

The medium-sized public graveyard on the mountain top behind Luo Xin street area was the one that Yellow Teeth was guarding.

"Yellow Teeth doesn't suffer from presbyopia, does he?" Scoffed Tubo. He didn't seem to have a good impression of the guy nicknamed Yellow Teeth.

"Initially, I thought so too, but after that, a few people took turns to accompany him for two nights at the graveyard and likewise saw figures whizzing up into the sky and disappearing," Tubo's grandfather sighed. If not for his old age, he would have personally gone to the graveyard with Yellow Teeth to see it for himself.

The graveyard? Song Shuhang's interest got piqued. Could it be that that was the area where the underlings of Altar Master carried out their operations?

Tubo's grandfather went on to tell seven, eight more stories of other strange happenings.

It was exactly because there were so many strange happenings occurring at the same time that even an old person like Tubo's grandfather who had always believed in the logic of 'science is power, trust only science and reject superstitions' started feeling uneasy and could tell that something was fishy.

Li Yangde listened quietly and could only sigh at the end of his speech. If there had been so many things happening around him, he too would have suspected that ghosts indeed exist.

["Grandfather, should we prepare some black dog's blood?"](#) Tubo asked jokingly.

Tubo's grandfather lightly hit him with his chopsticks, saying, "Don't spout nonsense. I just feel very uneasy and want you to accompany me, that's all."

Tubo laughed cheekily.

After filling up their tummies, they drank some tea and started chatting.

Tubo's grandfather was very good at holding conversations. Whenever he was around, one didn't have to worry about awkward silence in conversations.

After chatting for a bit, Song Shuhang stretched his body and smiled, saying, "Grandfather, I am going out for a stroll to warm my body. After driving for five hours, my body still feels a bit stiff."

"Do you want me to accompany you?" Tubo asked mindlessly.

Song Shuhang pointed to his leg and laughed without saying a word.

Yangde burst out laughing.



After leaving Tubo's grandfather's house, Song Shuhang first went back to his car and retrieved a long item in a wrapping from his bag, putting it on his back.

Inside it was the saber Broken Tyrant.

Thereafter, his gaze fell on a ghost lingering above Tubo's house. It was a newly formed ghost, still transparent and not even enough to be considered a low-level ghost soldier. It was at most a wandering soul.

It kept roaming in front of Tubo's grandfather's house, but did not enter. It obviously wanted to lure Song Shuhang out.

After Song Shuhang went out, the ghost started to roam in front of him... till it was 100 meters away, when it stopped to wait for Song Shuhang.

It wants to lure me over? Song Shuhang thought.

He put his hands into pockets. With an evil-warding talisman in his left hand, and an armor talisman in his right, he followed behind the ghost without taking his hands out of the pockets.

Walking and walking, the ghost finally stopped at the top of a normal-looking three-story building. The door was left unlatched—it was obviously waiting for Song Shuhang to enter.

Song Shuhang went up to the door and lightly pushed it open before entering.

There was nobody inside, just a fixed-line telephone on speaker mode.

"Hehe, you've come. It was you who killed the ghost soldier in front of the village, right?" Said a fake robotic male voice from the telephone.

Song Shuhang furrowed his brows. The other party seemed pretty careful and wary.

"And you are the person controlling the ghost soldier, right?" Song Shuhang said in a deep voice, attempting to get more information from the other person.

"Hehe, that ghost soldier was indeed under our control. Except that we did not think that a righteous Daoist cultivator like you would come. But fortunately, your power and abilities are not as great as we thought," said the man on the telephone.

Song Shuhang scoffed— are they disappointed that I'm only a First Stage Second Aperture Cultivator?



"Back to business, let's forget about the foolish ghost soldier you got rid of previously. However, let us give you a piece of advice—don't do anything over the next couple of days in this village and quietly leave after that... let's just mind our own business! Otherwise, if you offend us, we will activate all the ghost spirits around and cause the people in this village to die from depletion of qi and blood. By then, how many ghost spirits will you be able to block alone?" The man said, his voice getting deeper.

"Are you threatening me?" Asked Song Shuhang calmly.

"Hehe, you can say that. We did not really plan to kill anyone, after all the modern era is different from olden times—massacring an entire village is something we do not wanna do. All we want is to quietly absorb two days worth of qi and blood and then leave this place. We just have to get along peacefully for two days, wouldn't it be great?" The man on the telephone said in a cold voice. "Don't force us to kill anyone. Just because we don't wanna kill anyone doesn't mean we won't!"

"Hehe," laughed Song Shuhang.

Suddenly, he took a huge step and smashed the telephone on the counter with all his might.

"Bang..."

The telephone got smashed into smithereens, and a plume of black fog emerged from it.

It was just a ghost.

From the start, there wasn't any man talking to him via loudspeaker mode—it was just a ghost being hiding within the phone, talking with Song Shuhang.

It wasn't an underling of Altar Master.

"Next time when you're pretending to make a call... please at least make sure the telephone line is plugged in, ok? Just because you are stupid, don't assume that everyone is as stupid as you." Song Shuhang turned around and punched the black fog-like ghost.

"Damn, I actually got found out by you." That cloud of black fog transformed, and ultimately took on the appearance of a man wearing a black armor. It was the same black armor as the one worn by the ghost soldier in front of the village, except that the ghost in front of him was a ghost general.

A ghost general—was the equivalent of a cultivator in the Second Stage Realm. Additionally, they were different from ghost soldiers. Ghost generals have already recovered most of their memories prior to death, hence they had a certain level of intelligence.

The ghost general raised its hand and a huge shield appeared on its arm, blocking Song Shuhang's punch.

"Bang..."

Song Shuhang retreated a step while the ghost general was sent flying upon impact.

It wasn't because Song Shuhang's punch was that powerful. Just like the ghost general Ku You, which the underlings of Altar Master had secretly brought along into the metro, this ghost general was in its weak stage right now.

A Daoist superstition that dictates that the blood of a black dog can break the power of evil.

# Chapter 194: This Time, Did I Royally Screw Up?

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‘Damn it. If I hadn’t been sleeping for so long due to that stupid seal in the graveyard, I wouldn’t be this weak,’ the ghost general thought to himself. Being knocked back by this little rascal that was still at the First Stage was somewhat humiliating for him.

Song Shuhang secretly shook his fist; that thing was quite hard! Even if it was weakened, the body of the ghost general could be compared to that of a cultivator of the Second Stage. If one were to compare it to a shield, its hardness wouldn’t be any less than that of the steel door that Song Shuhang had tried to destroy when recovering True Monarch White’s statue.

After stabilizing itself, the ghost general angrily howled at Song Shuhang, "Kid, do you really want to be our enemy?"

"Haha," Song Shuhang laughed. His hand turned into a dragon claw, and the Basic Fist Number Three exploded toward the ghost general at full power.

"You brat! Are you not afraid that we’ll kill the villagers?" The ghost general seemed to be an experienced fighter. His form flashed several times, and he evaded Song Shuhang’s powerful attack. At the same time, he started to flutter, putting up some distance between him and Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang thought to himself, I would be an idiot if I admitted that I care about the villagers. Isn’t it the same as telling

the enemy about your weaknesses, giving them a considerable advantage?

"What does that have to do with me?" Song Shuhang decided to assume a cut-throat appearance and said disdainfully, "If you want to kill them, go ahead. I'm only interested in you guys."

At this time, he had an indifferent expression, not showing a hint of weakness.

The ghost general was stunned.

Song Shuhang took advantage of the situation and dashed forward with the *«Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk»*. He seemed both fast and slow as he punched at the ghost general.

Faced with Song Shuhang's sudden attack, the ghost general grinned fiendishly.

Did he really think that I was distracted?

In the end, a cultivator of the First Stage doesn't have too much battle experience. He was easily led by the nose.

"You're just a puny cultivator of the First Stage. Do you really consider yourself to be someone great? You've brought about your own destruction!" The ghost general's armor exploded, changing into a huge cloak that tried to engulf Song Shuhang.

This cloak was an innate magical technique of the ghost general. Once it covered someone, they would be weakened. At the same time, their essence and blood would be continuously sucked out.

"If I suck out every bit of qi and blood in your body, I'll be able to recover around 40% of my strength. Hehe. At first, we were thinking of keeping a low profile and avoid conflicts with cultivators. But who would have thought that you would come to annoy us on your own initiative! Don't blame me for what's about to happen!" The ghost general laughed madly.

The black cloak engulfed Song Shuhang. At the same time, the ghost general took a deep breath and activated his technique. He wanted to absorb Song Shuhang's qi and blood forcefully.

However, the expression of the ghost general suddenly changed.

Thunder and lightning rose from the black cloak.

"Crack, crack, crack!"

"Lightning Palm!" Song Shuhang's voice echoed from within the black cloak.

It was a basic lightning-type technique—the Lightning Palm. Earlier, when he was talking on the phone, he had secretly drawn the 雷 character on his palm. This way, he could immediately use the Lightning Palm if he needed to.

When the ghost general was sure of his victory, he would use the 'Lightning Palm' to turn the tables.

The Lightning Palm mercilessly hit the ghost general.

The ghost general's overall defense had been drastically reduced due to the black cloak it had created.

"Boom!"

Half of his body was reduced to dust by the lightning technique. That black cloak he was so proud of was also shredded to pieces.

"H-how can you use the Lightning Palm?!" The upper half of the ghost general crashed into the wall. He was looking at Song Shuhang with his eyes wide open.

"Hm? Is it that strange?" Song Shuhang asked, somewhat puzzled. "I thought every cultivator of the First Stage could learn the Lightning Palm... and the current situation is indeed strange. Since you're a ghost, why didn't you guard against the Lightning Palm?"

Song Shuhang was really confused. This ghost general had actually covered him with the black cloak, giving him all the time he needed to use the Lightning Palm.

A technique that every cultivator of the First Stage can learn? Learn your sister! —the ghost general inwardly roared— If the Lightning Palm was so easy to learn, would there still be ghosts left in this world?!

If a random cultivator of the First Stage could learn the Lightning Palm, which had the power to kill or seriously injure a ghost general that was equivalent to a cultivator of the Second Stage, how could ghosts even still exist?

Song Shuhang was moved. He looked at the lightning dancing on his palm... Is this Senior White's custom-made Lightning Palm?

Alright, the only thing that matters right now is that I can properly use it! I can thank Senior White later.

Right now, I have to deal with this ghost general!

Song Shuhang conveniently took out an evil-warding talisman.

"Tell me, where are the guys controlling you hiding? Or rather, where are Altar Master's underlings hiding? I know that this place is their HQ," Song Shuhang smiled and pointed the evil-warding talisman in his hand toward the ghost general.

The ghost general looked terrified at the talisman—he could feel the baleful aura it was emitting. In his current state, he had no chance of resisting the power of the talisman.



"If you tell me the truth, I'll let you live," Song Shuhang wasn't lying this time. This ghost general was quite valuable. He wanted to take him away with him.

"You're looking for Altar Master's underlings?" The remaining part of the ghost general shrunk a bit, trying to hide from the scary talisman. Then, he continued, "If they are your objective, there is even less of a need for us to fight. Altar Master's underlings are already dead."

"Dead?" Song Shuhang froze for a moment.

Then, he immediately thought of a possibility—when Altar Master established the small organization known as 'Three Claw Marks Beast Head Medallion', aside from ghost spirits, they were also looking for resentful ghosts, evil ghosts, and so on. He had gained this knowledge from his dreams.

When he was still alive, Altar Master certainly knew how to keep ghosts sealed and under control. He would choose the most fitting ghost for each duty. However, if his underlings recklessly tried to undo the seal after his death, then...

"So, you killed all of them?" Song Shuhang smiled thinly.

"Yes." The ghost general swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

Song Shuhang heaved a sigh. He was looking for Altar Master's underlings because he wanted to ask them about the branch

Cultivator Sunflower belonged to.

Song Shuhang had no means to deal with a massive organization like the Limitless Demon Sect on his own, but he could still pass the information to Senior Seven. However, Altar Master's underlings were all dead now!

As the saying goes, the plan of man cannot compare to the plans of heaven.

At this time, he had more or less guessed why the ghosts were absorbing qi and blood from the villagers. After being sealed, they were in a weak state. Hence, they decided to secretly accumulate some qi and blood to strengthen themselves. Moreover, it seemed that they were planning to absorb only small quantities of it and flee from this place afterward.

"One last question. Altar Master's underlings were recently collaborating with a certain 'Cultivator Sunflower'. Do you know about his background?" Song Shuhang asked in a grave tone.

The ghost general shook his head. After they came out of the seal, they killed all the underlings. In addition, they tricked the members that were out carrying missions and made them return, finishing them off as soon as they came back.

The ghost general had no idea with whom these underlings had collaborated recently.

Song Shuhang frowned. After pondering for a moment, he took out his phone and started to write a string of characters.

Nine Provinces Number One Group.

Stressed by a Mountain of Books: "Is there any senior online? I just captured a ghost general and wanted to know how to seal or restrain it."

"You need to use a ghost-seizing tool. Something like the hundred ghosts streamer, the ghost ring, or the ghost-seizing jar will do," Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman replied. Lately, after teaching new words to the natives on the small Pacific Island, he was wondering how he should teach them about their proper usage.

For example, the natives would often improperly use characters like 的, 地, 得 since they had similar pronunciations. But let alone the natives, even Song Shuhang would often mix them up.

Therefore, Palace Master was frequently online to ask help from his friends.

"Does my spirit-binding ice bead work?" Song Shuhang asked.

"That's used to seal ghost spirits. Ghost spirits are different from your average ghost general ☺" Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman replied.

Song Shuhang asked, "Are there other ways?"

"You can usually use a sealing technique, but it's impossible for the current you to use one," Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman replied.

"This means I can't keep it?" Song Shuhang said depressed. He had already thought of this possibility. However, he still hoped to have some luck. Maybe some senior in the group could have helped him.

Since it's impossible to subdue the ghost general... should I kill it? However, he would have to take some precautions before killing this ghost general. At least, he needed to prevent the other ghosts from going on a rampage in the village.

Then, how should I proceed? Song Shuhang frowned as he was thinking of a solution.

But as soon as the idea of killing the ghost general flashed through his mind, the ghost spirit in his Heart Aperture came out as if it had received an order.

That's right. The ghost spirit had indeed taken it as an order. Its synchronization with Song Shuhang was not complete. Therefore, they could only share their consciousness intermittently.

Hence, the ghost spirit only understood the part where Song Shuhang was pondering about killing the ghost general, missing the part afterward.

"Roar!" When the ghost spirit appeared, it was wielding a golden short sword. This was the new innate ability it had gained after returning to the middle-rank. A sword to attack and a shield to defend.

The golden short sword rose and slashed down, cutting the now weak and seriously injured ghost general.

"Nooooo! If you kill me, you'll suffer the retaliation of my companions! Not only you, but the entire village will also be destroyed!" The ghost general angrily howled before dying.

Even if he was weakened, the ghost general thought he could run away from a small cultivator of the First Stage if he were at a disadvantage. But never would he have expected that this small cultivator had so many means. He had powerful talismans and a scary ghost spirit. Was he the illegitimate son of a powerful sect master?

"Slurp!" The ghost spirit opened its mouth and slurped, swallowing down the remnants of the ghost general. Afterward, it burped and returned to Song Shuhang's Heart Aperture.

Song Shuhang's hand that was holding the evil-warding talisman stiffened...

Mr. Paladin, there is something wrong with this development!

What now? If numerous resentful ghosts were to attack the village, what should he do?

He was alone and could at most protect a single place. He surely couldn't protect a whole village!

This time, did I royally screw up?

# Chapter 195: My Luck Is Pretty Good Today?

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What should I do?

Song Shuhang was vexed—it seemed like all he could do right now was to seek help from the seniors in the Nine Provinces Number One Group to get advice on his next course of action.

He fished out his phone and opened the chat group, starting to construct the message in his head. He was thinking about how to best describe what had just transpired and then ask them for counsel.

Just as he was about to type his message in the chat group, someone in his friend's list messaged him.

The person with the ID 'Young Monk Three Realms'—it was Great Master Profound Principle's disciple.

The last time he transferred the compressed file of the three techniques—'Spirit Brand Technique', 'Brand Induction Technique' and 'Temporary Sword Controlling Technique' to Song Shuhang.

Even though it was most likely an error on senior brother Three Realms' part, but thanks to the 'Temporary Controlling Technique' he sent, Song Shuhang could successfully kill the assassin that tried to kill Su Clan's Sixteen few days ago.

"Shuhang, are you there?" Young Monk Three Realms asked.

"Yeah, what's up?" Song Shuhang quickly asked.

"I heard that you asked in the Nine Provinces Number One Group a question with regards to sealing a ghost general. Is that right?" Young Monk Three Realms asked. He had not been added into the Nine Provinces Number One Group, but because of Great Master Profound Principle was his master, he was able to get wind of everything that went on within the group.

"Senior Brother Three Realms, do you have a way to seal a ghost general?" Song Shuhang laughed bitterly and said, "But it's too late, I have already killed it."

"Oh? What a pity..." Young Monk Three Realms sighed and casually asked, "Shuhang, I would like to ask where did you bump into this ghost general? In a place with a ghost general, there ought to be several other resentful ghosts and ghost soldiers, etc., aye? I don't think there's only one ghost general there, right?"

Young Monk Three Realms had recently been practicing a Buddhist magical technique which requires a lot of ghost souls to be collected and sealed within a pagoda, and lead them to the correct path by borrowing power from sacred scriptures, changing them into pure spirits. Lastly, these pure spirits were to be used to condense the pagoda.

Once the pagoda was complete, it would be used together with the 'Buddhist Ferrying Pagoda' magical technique. One move was



all one needed to crush the enemy. This power comparable to the Daoist's 'Universe Hiding Sleeve' technique.

Recently, looking for some random resentful ghosts might be possible, but searching for a large group of them would not be easy. China had been peaceful for so many years after all, and there were no huge wars or battles.

As for the older battlegrounds, most of the resentful ghosts had already been caught and cleansed by senior experts a long time ago.

Hence, when he heard that Song Shuhang caught a ghost general, he excitedly asked him right away.

"Even though I am not very certain... but the area I am at should have a huge amount of ghost souls. Whether or not there are still any ghost generals, that I'm not sure. But as for ghost soldiers, there should be quite a lot of them, and even more resentful souls," Song Shuhang hurriedly replied.

"Really? Where are you at?" Young Monk Three Realms asked with much excitement.

Song Shuhang replied, "J-City's Luo Xin street area."

"Haha, that isn't far from my current location. Wait for me, if I take the flying sword, I would take one hour at most to arrive!" Upon finishing his sentence, Three Realms returned to lurking.

Song Shuhang held onto his phone... it seemed that whenever he met a problem, a quick solution would suddenly appear?

It kinda felt like his luck was pretty good?

❄ ❄ ❄

After that, Song Shuhang called Tubo to tell him that he wanted to take a walk around the village and would probably return late. He did that to prevent Tubo from worrying about him and going out to look for him, and eventually ending up being dragged into the whole affair.

Right now, all he was hoping for was that Young Monk Three Realms would arrive before the army of resentful ghosts came to attack.

I hope I will have good luck today! Song Shuhang silently prayed in his heart.

Truth to be told... Song Shuhang's luck today was indeed not bad.

After about forty-five minutes, there was a sword light that whizzed down from the sky and landed in front of him. A man with bronze skin descended from the layer of light.

He was very handsome—definitely someone who belonged to the fit and healthy category of handsome guys. Even that bald and shiny head of his was not able to affect the degree of his good looks.

"Shuhang!" That man smiled at Shuhang—needless to say, he was exactly Great Master Profound Principle's disciple, senior brother Three Realms.

"Hello, Senior Brother Three Realms!" Song Shuhang felt a weight lifted off his chest and heaved a sigh of relief.

With him around, even if an army of violent ghosts or some other ferocious being came to attack, there was no need to fear! Senior brother Three Realms was a top disciple of Buddhism. His specialty was dealing with ghost beings.

However, wasn't senior brother Three Realms a layman? Why did he shave his head bald?

"There is a strong ghost qi in this place," senior brother Three Realms looked around his surroundings and squinted, nodding in satisfaction.

When Song Shuhang said that there was 'a huge amount of ghost souls', he initially thought that there were only a hundred odd at most. But based on the negative qi engulfing the village, solely counting the low-level resentful ghosts, there should be at least a thousand of them! Within such a huge crowd, there definitely had to be ghost soldiers and ghost generals present, too!

"Good, good, good!" Senior brother Three Realms said 'good' three times, and said, "Shuhang, I don't know how to thank you—you've really done me a huge favor!"

Song Shuhang laughed as well and said, "Haha, Senior Brother, you've helped me big time too."

"You don't have to say more, the number of resentful ghosts in this place is much more than I expected. When I'm done capturing all of them, I will definitely give you something good!" Senior brother Three Realms forthrightly patted Song Shuhang on the arm.

With the number of resentful ghosts here, if they were all captured by him, he more or less would be able to head back and practice the 'Buddhist Ferrying Pagoda' magical technique immediately. He would be able to save loads of time.

This was a huge favor—if he didn't give Song Shuhang a sufficient reward, he would definitely be laughed at by other members of his sect in the future. One must never be too stingy towards a junior from the same Nine Provinces Number One Group—especially a junior that was brought together by fate, as well as a cultivator from the Nine Provinces Number One Group.

His train of thoughts ended here and senior brother Three Realms made a call.

"Master, I want to hand down the <Immovable Body of the

Buddha》to little friend Shuhang to return a favor, is that ok?" Asked senior brother Three Realms over the phone.

On the other side, there was first silence, then came three steady sounds, made by three knocks on a wooden drum.

"Alright, thank you, Master," senior brother Three Realms smiled.

He patted Song Shuhang and said, "Little Friend Shuhang, are you still living together with Senior White?"

Song Shuhang nodded. Senior White was only temporarily away—he was currently on a hunt for his flying sword. He would still go back home.

"In that case, after you've returned home in a couple of days, inform Senior White to confirm the coordinates with me. After which, I will deliver the 《Immovable Body of the Buddha》technique to you via flying sword. You don't have to reject it, you deserve it," said senior brother Three Realms.

"《Immovable Body of the Buddha》? What technique is that?" The moment Song Shuhang thought about Buddhist techniques, he subconsciously touched his head. It took him much difficulty to acquire the 《Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk》in order to change the appearance of his 'True Self'. He sure did not want to change it back.

"Didn't you already learn the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>? The <Immovable Body of the Buddha> is its supplementary technique. It isn't a fist technique however, but a body refining technique of the First Stage. It strengthens your physical body. Using it together with the Basic Fist Technique will allow you to jump through the dragon gate much more easily!" Senior brother Three Realms laughed as he replied.

"Thank you, Senior Brother!" Once he heard that it was a supplementary technique to the <Basic Buddhist Fist Technique>, Song Shuhang knew that he definitely wanted the <Immovable Body of the Buddha>.

It didn't even matter if his 'True Self' became bald... reaching a higher realm was much more important than appearances. At worst, he could always wait to reach the Second Stage and cultivate techniques from the Erudite School to change the appearance of this True Self.

Anyway, everything went smoothly today. He did not only solve the issue of 'resentful ghosts taking revenge', but also got hold of a supplementary body refining technique of the First Stage from senior brother Three Realms.

His luck was quite good!



Half an hour later...

In the air above Luo Xin street area, a plume of black fog came rolling down, and it drifted lowly towards the village.

Ordinary people were unable to see this fog. Only cultivators with inborn spirit eyes or those who had already opened the Eye Aperture would see it. The rolling cloud of fog was made up of many resentful ghosts, all roaring ferociously.

After making shrilling ghost wails... dark and chill aura started to spread. Ordinary people standing under the ghost cloud would feel extremely cold for no apparent reason.

Aside from the hundreds of different kinds of low-level resentful ghosts, there were almost twenty ghost soldiers. They were all wearing an ancient armor, with all kinds of ancient weapons on their hands and scary masks on their faces. They look very cruel and evil.

Above these ghost soldiers, there was a ghost general, wearing an exquisite chain armor as well as wielding a glaive! He was wearing the same scary ghost mask on his face... Additionally, he was different from the ghost general that Song Shuhang had killed. This ghost general's ghost qi was fully charged, no longer in a weak state! Its power was equivalent to that of a top Second Stage Cultivator.

"Tsk tsk, I've hit the jackpot. Just based on the current number of the resentful ghosts, it is more than enough for my practice! Also, from the looks of it, there might be more ghost souls behind the scenes. The more resentful ghosts there are, the faster I'll master the magic technique," senior brother Three Realms rubbed

his hands with a face full of excitement.

Song Shuhang patted himself on the chest with a face full of joy— Luckily, senior brother Three Realms contacted him in time! Luckily, senior brother Three Realms was not far from J-City! Luckily, senior brother Three Realms rushed here immediately!

If senior brother Three Realms was late by half an hour, Song Shuhang could never face more than a thousand resentful ghosts on his own with his current status and skills.

I'm so lucky, Song Shuhang thought.

"Kill kill kill, kill every single one of the living souls here!" The ghost general hovering in the sky said angrily as he waved his glave. They had already heard the news of their comrade being killed and had come to take revenge.

"Let all the living souls in this village pay for the death of Fourth Brother!" The ghost general in the air with the glave said coldly.

The ghost soldiers cheered in a low voice and dispersed in all directions. Each of them led a troop of resentful ghosts and they steadily engulfed each and every corner of the village.

Thereafter, the ghost soldiers, along with the resentful ghosts they were leading, rushed towards every living soul in the village— regardless of whether they were human beings or animals. As long as they were living souls with qi and blood, they would be targeted



by them.

"Hahaha, welcome!" Senior brother Three Realms laughed and pulled something out from his back—a long pole wrapped in cloth.

When he unfurled it, it actually turned out to be a black flag. It was not known what material the flag was made of—it obviously had the softness of fabric, but also had the a metallic gloss and sheen to it.

Once this flag spread open, an enormous black hole appeared. After that... the entire sky full of resentful ghosts and twenty ghost soldiers were all screaming as they got sucked into the black hole.

## Chapter 196: Such Good Luck Smells Fishy!

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The ghost general in the air was still maintaining his posture, pointing his glaive at the village in a fierce and domineering manner. How was it that in the blink of an eye, his underlings and brothers have all been sucked into the black hole?

The ghost general was dumbfounded and spaced out for a moment. But after that, he escaped on his black cloud in a frenzy—he had met an expert! This person could actually capture all the ghost soldiers in one go, so he should escape and save his life first!

"Hahaha!" Senior Brother Three Realms laughed and kept the black flag he was holding in his hand.

Meanwhile, the people of Luo Xin street area felt a slight chill for a moment before recovering from it immediately after. The villagers were clueless, not knowing what just transpired.

"Shuhang, let's go!" After Senior Brother Three Realms put away his black flag, he grabbed Song Shuhang and they chased after the ghost general on a flying sword.

Senior Brother Three Realms obviously let the ghost general go on purpose... if he didn't let him go, how else would he find his lair and capture all of the resentful ghosts, ghost soldiers, and ghost generals once and for all?

The ghost general flying in front had a low IQ—it couldn't be helped, even though he had recovered most of the memories from

his past life, and had a certain amount of intellect, his IQ was normally on the lower end.

This was a handicap ghosts suffered from, increasing his rank and becoming a ghost commander was his only hope to escape from it.

Hence, the ghost general did not realize the possibility of him being spared by the enemy on purpose.

He only had one thing on his mind—escape! Return to his lair, at least there were two of his older bros there. Not to forget, there were more ghost soldiers and resentful ghosts in the lair too—for all he knew, they could help save his life.

He escaped as fast as he could. Senior Brother Three Realms concealed their presence and followed closely behind on the flying sword.



Very soon, the ghost general flew to the graveyard on the mountain behind Luo Xin street area.

Oh, so it was indeed in this place? Song Shuhang's eyes lit up. This was the place with 'ghost-like figures' sightings that Tubo's grandfather mentioned. This could very well be the lair of the ghost generals!

"It's going very smoothly," Senior Brother Three Realms said softly and smiled.

Yes, everything was indeed going very smoothly. Speaking of which, why did this sound kinda familiar?

As they were speaking, the ghost general in front burrowed into the ground of the graveyard.

Just like ordinary people going into the water, his body passed through the ground and entered deep underground. Ghost beings were not restricted by the physical world and its scientific laws, and hence, he could easily pass through walls and ground.

"Senior Brother Three Realms, how do we go in?" Song Shuhang asked, somewhat lost.

"Haha, why do we have to go in?" Senior Brother Three Realms had light-green rays shine from his eyes and a mysterious mark appeared on his eyes.

Eye Aperture innate skill—Clairvoyance! An Eye Aperture innate skill that was much better than Song Shuhang's 'Expert Sight'. It really made people envious.

With Clairvoyance, be it the graveyard or the ground, nothing could escape Senior Brother Three Realms' eyes.

"I saw it, the person who created this place is quite devious and

cunning," Senior Brother Three Realms laughed and brought Song Shuhang with him, and then continued to ride the flying sword, moving forward. At last, they landed before a mountain wall.

After the ghost general burrowed into the ground, he followed a long, long passageway and entered the mountain. The interior of the mountain had long ago been emptied by people, and there was a vast space inside.

The mountain wall had a secret door... but Senior Brother Three Realms didn't have the time to figure out how to open it. Hence, he reached out with his hand and struck the secret door. With a simple strike of his palm, the true yuan within his body exploded.

"Bang!"

The door got blown open!

Behind the secret door was a huge empty space, which was filled up with ghosts.

At the same time, the ghost general that escaped was flabbergasted—it was in the middle of explaining the situation to two even stronger ghost generals just now.

Just as it was recounting the events from just now, the secret door suddenly opened!

The ghost general that had been escaping from them turned his

head around and when he saw Senior Brother Three Realm, he got a huge scare for a moment.

"It's him, Big Brother, it is that human cultivator!" The ghost general shouted frantically.

"Don't be afraid, we'll attack together!" The leading ghost general stood up and snarled—this ghost general was nearing the realm of a 'ghost commander', and was a very crafty fella.

While instructing ghost soldiers to attack Senior Brother Three Realms and Song Shuhang, he himself kept retreating, preparing to escape.

"Hahahaha, where are you escaping to?" Senior Brother Three Realm unfurled his black flag once again and activated it—the black hole made its reappearance.

An enormous suction power emerged from within the black hole, and the ghosts in the area all got sucked into it. The leading ghost general screamed in anguish before being sucked into the black hole as well.

By the time Senior Brother Three Realms kept his black flag, every single one of the resentful ghosts had already vanished from the immortal cave.

"Great harvest, great harvest!" Senior Brother Three Realms was very contented and satisfied. He was in a really good mood.

Song Shuhang looked around his surroundings. This had to be the headquarters of the Three Claw Marks Beast Head Medallion organization of Altar Master. But today, this organization had finally ceased to exist and became a thing of the past.

"Good and evil will always be rewarded and punished. It is only a matter of time," said Song Shuhang softly—in a while, he would inform Palace Master Seven Lives Talisman that the Three Claw Marks Beast Head Medallion was officially and entirely eradicated.

At least one of Palace Master's 'wishes' when he was younger had been fulfilled.

"Eh, Shuhang, you know this place?" Senior Brother Three Realms asked.

"Yeah, there was an organization here that once had a personal feud with me. But now, everything has ended," Song Shuhang smiled. He was in high spirits.

"You came all the way here to deal with this organization?" Senior Brother Three Realms asked.

"Yeah, but... all the members have already been killed by the ghost generals and resentful ghosts. I initially still had some questions for them." Song Shuhang sighed and continued, "This organization used to exterminate villagers—sacrificing human beings to resentful ghosts. But now, they have all died in the hands of resentful ghosts. Every injustice has its perpetrator, every debt

has its debtor."

Senior Brother Three Realms nodded and then said, "If low-ranking cultivators once resided here, Shuhang, you should search this place. For all you know, you might chance upon some extra loot."

As long as it was a cultivator organization, regardless of its size, there was bound to be some hidden treasure hoard here.

Song Shuhang quickly understood his words. When he'd killed Altar Master, he managed to loot a black leather suitcase with some good stuff. This was the base of Altar Master, it should definitely contain more treasures, right?

"Let me lend you a helping hand," Senior Brother Three Realms activated his innate skill, 'Clairvoyance'. His eyes started to scan the entire space within the stone wall.



With the help of Senior Brother Three Realms, Song Shuhang could quickly retrieve the items one by one from the stone wall.

Firstly, there was a large black leather suitcase with money—there was about 3,000,000 RMB in cash inside it.

Altar Master and his organization did not want to keep too much money in the bank. They normally handled their transactions in



cash. Originally, Altar Master amassed billions in cash, diamonds, gold, etc... but after his death, most of those had been split amongst his underlings. What was left behind was the three millions in cash, temporarily stored at their headquarters as emergency funds.

Apart from that, there was a box of black pearls, with strong and thick ghost qi within them.

"What are these things?" Song Shuhang was puzzled. They were definitely not common black pearls.

Senior Brother Three Realms glanced at them, then smiled and said, "These must be the 'soul beads' left behind after the death of ghosts. Apart from ghost cultivators, nobody else would collect these things, they are pretty much useless."

Song Shuhang nodded his head. They were probably useless.

Just as he thought as such, the ghost spirit in his Heart Aperture sent a vague message to him—food!

Food?

Song Shuhang immediately thought of the the scene where the ghost spirit devoured the ghost general. Could it be that these soul beads could be given to the ghost spirit as food? Then this box of soul beads wasn't useless after all.

Lastly... there was a pile of medicinal herbs.

When he saw those medicinal herbs, he felt that they looked very familiar.

"Ah, are these the medicinal herbs to refine blood and qi pills?" Song Shuhang exclaimed in shock. He was very surprised—the medicinal herbs in the list given to him by Senior White were all right before his eyes!

"Seems like Senior Medicine Master taught you quite a number of things~ these are indeed the medicinal herbs for refining qi and blood pills."

"Senior Brother, I need these medicinal herbs. Can I take the majority of them?" Song Shuhang asked brazenly as he was preparing to split the battle spoils with Senior Brother Three Realms.

"Hahahaha, it's fine. You can have all of them!" Senior Brother Three Realms patted Song Shuhang on his shoulder. "I have absolutely no need for cash and the soul beads; as for qi and blood pills, I already have as many as I need. Since you're in need of these items, you don't have to stand on ceremony. Besides... the number of resentful ghosts, ghost soldiers, and ghost generals that I caught today had already surpassed my expectations, I am extremely satisfied with this fruitful trip."

Song Shuhang brazenly nodded and said, "Then, Senior Brother, I'm not gonna stand on ceremony with you!"

He really needed this stuff—it wasn't time to be polite and pretend he didn't need them.

If he continued to insist that Senior Brother Three Realms took some of the herbs, and if the latter ended up accepting and kept some of it, then Song Shuhang would really regret the squandered opportunity.

With the help of Senior Brother Three Realms, he managed to pack the medicinal herbs, taking along the box of 'soul beads' and cash too.

Senior Brother Three Realms smiled and said, "Let's leave. Even though we have eradicated the ghosts here, this place is still somewhat dark and eerie, and it isn't comfortable for us to stay in long."

After finishing his sentence, he used his flying sword and brought Song Shuhang along with him, leaving the empty area within the mountain and returning to Luo Xin street area.

Song Shuhang stared at the box and the package in his hand.

Today, his luck was too good. Not only did he successfully get rid of the harmful underlings of Altar Master, he also managed to gather all the medicinal herbs required for concocting the 'qi and blood pill' as Senior White instructed him to!

Such a luck was practically defying the natural order!

However... today's luck was undoubtedly good, but why did he keep feeling uneasy, like something smelled fishy?

Was he overlooking something?



At this moment, in the sky, Branch Leader Jing Mo clenched his teeth as he headed towards J-City's Luo Xin street area.

Beside him was an arrogant man standing on a bottle gourd—he was a helper found by Branch Leader Jing Mo, a Fourth Stage loose cultivator!

It took him a long time to wait for 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' to separate from the senior cultivator next to him. Such an opportunity should not be missed, and hence, Branch Leader Jing Mo swore that he would get hold of 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' and retrieve the Blood God Crystal!

The loose cultivator next to him was Branch Leader Jing Mo's one and only friend. He came out of seclusion just now, and since he had nothing better to do, he decided to accompany Branch Leader Jing Mo for a stroll.

When he heard that Branch Leader Jing Mo was going to deal with another cultivator, he excitedly tagged along.

# Chapter 197: Is It A Natural Calamity Or A Man-Made Disaster?

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The arrogant man stepping on a bottle gourd bore the dao name ‘Daoist Half Gourd’. For loose cultivators, to reach the Fourth Stage was actually pretty rare.

Daoist Half Gourd knew the hardships of the loose cultivators. The higher the stage he was at, the more resources he needed for practice, and hence being by himself—without a sect’s support—made him feel more and more burdened as time went by.

Thus, he did everything in his power to become friends with Branch Leader Jing Mo.

The process of becoming good friends with Jing Mo was... one painful memory.

This silly chap, Branch Leader Jing Mo, had an explosive temperament—nobody knew when he would suddenly go berserk and starting beating people up.

In order to obtain Branch Leader Jing Mo’s friendship, when Jing Mo went berserk and wanted to hit people, Daoist Half Gourd would prepare and put himself in the mode of ‘getting beaten’. He wanted to allow him to feel enough gratification from beating him, while at the same time showing a bit of resistance to display his powers, in a way telling him that he wasn’t weak.

Hence, he had to fight with crazy Jing Mo more than one hundred rounds, and eventually show that his strength was not on par with his and ultimately "lose" each time. He had acted out this scene more than ten times. It was honestly not easy.

The only good thing that came out of it was that he got rewarded for his efforts—he successfully became good friends with Branch Leader Jing Mo.

Because of his personality making it hard for him to make friends, Jing Mo treated this ‘friend’ extra nicely and cherished him a lot—except that when he went berserk, he would still beat him up.

But, when he had something good going on, he would always think about his only friend.

Daoist Half Gourd managed to enjoy quite a number of benefits from the Limitless Demon Sect using his relationship with Branch Leader Jing Mo. Right now, he just had to wait for an opportunity to reach the Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperor to obtain a chance to join the Limitless Demon Sect and possibly become a branch leader himself!

As for him tagging along this time, it was because he wanted to keep up his act of being at Branch Leader Jing Mo’s beck and call to deepen the friendship between them.



Senior Brother Three Realms sent Song Shuhang back to the village—he looked for an empty spot with no one nearby before landing and dropping him off.

"Shuhang, I'm gonna go ahead first. After capturing so many ghosts, I can't wait to get cracking," Senior Brother Three Realms smiled at Song Shuhang.

"I wish you quick success," Song Shuhang smiled as he waved his hand.

Senior Brother Three Realms placed his palms together and bowed.

The flying sword reappeared and off he went, disappearing without a trace.

Song Shuhang was dragging with him a box and a large package, walking towards Tubo's grandfather's house.

'At this moment, if only there were space rings or storage bags, etc., it would be so much easier,' Song Shuhang complained inwardly.

He was merely fantasizing about it—Medicine Master had once said that his entire fortune put together was not enough to exchange for a space ring. Unless his luck was extremely good, otherwise he could just forget about owning such a high level equipment.

After all he wasn't Senior White, who would get whatever he wanted.



Upon returning to Tubo's grandpa's house, the first thing he did was to put the box and the medicinal herbs in the back of the hatchback.

However, the trunk had limited space; it was very inconvenient for storage.

Ah, if I had known, I would have gotten Senior Brother Three Realms' help in regards to performing some illusory art on these items to conceal them. Either that or I should have driven a normal sedan to J-City in the first place. All I can do now is to hope that nothing happens to the items in the car...

After locking up the car, Song Shuhang prepared to enter the house.

At this time, Tubo and his grandfather—together with Li Yangde—donned comfortable clothes, carrying a couple of bamboo baskets. They were just about to leave the house.

"Ah, Shuhang, you're back," Tubo saw Song Shuhang and laughed. "I was just about to call you, we are preparing to go up the mountain to pick some waxberries. Let's go together."



"Alright, let's go together!" Song Shuhang smiled.

"Do you wanna change your clothes? There are a lot of mosquitoes on the mountain," Tubo suggested.

"It's okay, I'm not that delicate," Song Shuhang grinned—he still had the 'spirit-binding ice bead' on him. Ordinary mosquitoes wouldn't dare to go near his body. If they were less fearful and approached him a little, they would die immediately from the cold emitted by the ice bead.

"Then let's head out!" Tubo and Li Yangde were in high spirits and led the way in front. Song Shuhang followed them behind.

As for Tubo's grandfather, after walking a certain distance, he slowed down to walk together with Song Shuhang.

His facial expression showed that he seemed to have something he wanted to say.

"Grandfather, is there anything you wanna tell me?" Song Shuhang smiled as he asked.

"Shuhang, I wanna ask, are you close to the young lady you came with the last time? When will you bring her here to play again?" Tubo's grandfather tried his best to make it sound as natural as possible.

Song Shuhang blinked his eyes and said, "Yeah, that young lady is occupied with something recently. She rarely goes out these days."

If he invited Soft Feather to hang out together, she would definitely be overjoyed. But recently, she was in the midst of synchronizing with a ghost spirit, so she was still in seclusion.

Tubo's grandfather's face twitched a little and he sighed in disappointment.

After a while, he asked again, "Then Shuhang, do you have a way to contact her and describe the strange happenings in this village to her? Can you ask her for some advice?"

The main point was, the villagers completely ran out of solutions and ideas... not only were they unable to diagnose the cause of weakness in their bodies, there was also a lot of strange and mysterious happenings in the village, causing everyone to feel very anxious. Even people who did not believe in the supernatural still felt uneasy.

Song Shuhang lightly shook his head—there wasn't a need for this anymore, since all the ghost-related problems in this village have been solved after the eradication of the ghost beings.

Tubo's grandfather sighed once again in disappointment. Lastly, he asked him, "Shuhang, do you have any solutions to solve the problems in this village?"

"Grandpa, it's not my specialty," replied Song Shuhang.

Tubo's grandfather was utterly disappointed.

Song Shuhang couldn't help but feel sorry for him. After thinking for a bit, he said softly, "But Grandpa, perhaps these health problems are only temporary? Perhaps in the next couple of days, it would get better?"

"It would get better in the next couple of days?" Tubo's grandfather zoned out for a bit.

He suddenly recalled that not long ago, his body felt a chill for a moment before quickly reverting to its original state. He felt a glimmer of hope.

He simply nodded and said, "I sure hope so."

After a long pause, he secretly asked, "Shuhang, are there really ghosts in this world?"

"If you believe they exist, then they do. And vice versa," replied Song Shuhang. He was not going to walk Tubo's grandfather through the mindset of the world of cultivators. He didn't want to say too many things about it as to avoid involving Tubo's grandfather and bring him trouble.

"Regardless of whether they do exist or not, after listening to your words, I feel a lot more relaxed," Tubo's grandfather laughed.

After that, Tubo's grandpa brought the three young men to waxberry yard.

Maybe it was that Song Shuhang's assurance was effective, but Tubo's grandfather felt that most of the weakness in his body was gone. He felt more energetic.

Eventually, the four of them went home after harvesting a few baskets worth of waxberries.



It was nighttime.

After Song Shuhang finished meditating, he got up, went to the window and looked up into the sky full of stars.

All was quiet and still outside the house, there were only a few houses with the lights on. This area was quite a distance away from downtown, hence it wasn't as bustling. It allowed people to feel relaxed and at peace.

"I can't fall asleep somehow," Song Shuhang sighed and took out the list.

At the bottom of the list was the message left behind by Senior White: "Little Friend Shuhang, I hope that your trip to J-City

would be a successful one. I also wish you success in finding the medicinal herbs for the qi and blood pill on the list!"

Meditating, he recalled 'Senior White's blessing' as he thought back to today's entire day's worth of loot and rewards.

Just like Senior White's blessing, this trip to J-City went so smoothly that it made people boil with anger.

It was practically as though whatever you lack, you get it! When he needed help, Senior Brother Three Realms rushed to his side from afar and helped him get rid of the resentful ghosts; when he needed cultivation techniques, Senior Brother Three Realms sent him a supplementary body refining technique.

And at the same time, just like Senior White's message, he successfully gathered all of the medicinal herbs needed for the qi and blood pill—the quantity was not small as well.

Come to think of it, he constantly felt that his luck today was extremely good—could it be because of Senior White's blessing?

Senior White's luck... could it be that it was not limited to himself? And that it could follow his will and affect the people around him?

If it was really Senior White's blessing... then he had to be more careful. Senior White's good luck belonged to the category of 'wealth comes with great danger'.

Right now, the wealth was in his hands— where's the danger then?

Could it be a natural calamity? For example, a meteorite crashing down from the sky in his sleep, leaving him half dead?

Or could it be a man-made disaster? For example, when a formidable cultivator was fighting with someone, he would suddenly get caught up in it, leaving him half dead?

The more he thought about it, the more uneasy he felt.

He felt that there was an impending danger approaching him!

As the time went by, this premonition of danger got stronger and stronger, causing him to be unable to calm down.

If there was really some danger approaching... I can't drag Tubo and his grandpa into this!

Every cultivator had to trust their own intuition when it came to danger—better to be safe than sorry!

After thinking, Song Shuhang first put the car keys on the table.

After that, he put away the list.

Then, he put the talisman treasures, the disposable flying sword, the treasured saber Broken Tyrant, and Doudou's dog fur, and so on his body.

He lightly pushed the window open and executed the <Virtuous Man's Ten Thousand Mile Walk> footwork. He lightly leaped, and disappeared into the night.

After landing nimbly, he went forward, running towards the former base of Altar Master.

Under the stone wall, there was a huge piece of empty land.

This area was behind the graveyard—nobody would be here at night.

If it was really a meteorite that came crashing down from the sky, the impact on the village would be the smallest here. And if it was a battle between cultivators, this would also be a good location.

As he was immersed in his thoughts, his mind sensed some sort of danger and his mood became heavier and heavier.

Song Shuhang squeezed Doudou's dog fur and that armor talisman in one hand, while holding tightly onto the sword talisman with the other. His state of alertness heightened as he looked around his surroundings as well as the sky.

From the sky... there was indeed something falling at an extremely high speed from the sky, coming toward him!

But, it wasn't a meteorite.

It was a huge bottle gourd—its color the same as that of red wine—which was emitting a sheen that normally surrounded magical treasures.

From the looks of it, it was a man-made disaster?

"Armor!" Song Shuhang immediately activated the armor talisman, and a layer of pale golden light enveloped his entire body.

At the same time, without having to activate it, Doudou's fur started floating out from his hand as though it was bestowed with life and inflated. In the blink of an eye, it took on the form of a formidable big pekingese.

It looked just like Doudou, but this big pekingese seemed slightly weaker. It should be one of Doudou's clones.

"Woof!" The big pekingese that was formed from Doudou's fur pounced onto that big bottle gourd...



# Chapter 198: Disposable Flying Sword, Launch!

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From the looks of it, Senior White's blessing did indeed have some aftereffects.

"Thump!"

In the sky, Doudou's clone leapt into the air and struck the red bottle gourd with its claws.

The huge red bottle gourd flew upon impact and went back in the direction it came from.

"Woof!" Doudou's clone was extremely powerful. It looked coldly into the sky.

There were two figures hidden in the dark.

After the bottle gourd flew away upon impact, it went back underneath the feet of one of the men, whose face was filled with arrogance; he steadily held onto it.

The other figure belonged to a man whose head was full of silvery, spiky hair. There was lightning flashing in his eyes.

They were indeed Branch Leader Jing Mo and his good friend, Daoist Half Gourd. Both of them stared coldly at Song Shuhang

and Doudou's clone.

"Ah, he actually had a monster beast guardian?" Daoist Half Gourd was a little shocked. Furthermore, this monster beast should be at least at Fourth Stage, judging from its aura.

He was just a First Stage fella, how could he actually have such a powerful monster beast by his side? This little guy, don't tell me he's an illegitimate child of some leader from a big sect?

"Hmph, if all he has is a mere monster beast, it isn't enough to save his life. Additionally, this monster beast isn't the real body, it is one of its clones. There's no way it could last long against us," said Branch Leader Jing Mo. He was standing firmly in the air with a cloud of fog beneath his feet—probably a kind of magical treasure used for flying.

But, when he was on his way to J-City, he was using a flying sword.

The flying sword which was originally beneath his feet... launched a surprise attack at this moment!

"Ding!"

Sparks flew off Song Shuhang's body; a black sword made a sinister appearance out of nowhere and struck the protective shield of the 'armor talisman'.

Upon being attacked, the protective shield actually burst open!

This armor talisman's protective shield was a strong and powerful protective talisman that could withstand an all-out attack from a cultivator at the Third Stage. Now, it actually got broken by an attack from a sword. Song Shuhang quickly realized why—the opponent was a Fourth Stage cultivator!

...Does he have to be so cruel? I am after all only but an inexperienced, small First Stage cultivator. Couldn't he have arranged an opponent that's in a similar realm as I am so that I can actually learn something from the exchange?

"Tsk, the magical treasures equipped on his body sure aren't wanting. But, it's of no use. No matter how many magical treasures you have, you won't be able to escape from me!" Branch Leader Jing Mo said coldly with his fist clenched.

The black flying sword waved once again and attacked towards Song Shuhang's back at an extremely high speed.

After all, a flying sword was capable of taking the enemy's head from a thousand miles away!

Song Shuhang's armor talisman broke—before he even had time to activate the second one, the sword before his eyes was about to slash him!

"Swoosh!" Doudou's clone flashed and leapt over twenty meters

from the sky. Then, it hit accurately in the middle of the black sword with its claws.

Just like the wine red-colored bottle gourd from earlier, the black sword flew back upon impact and returned underneath the feet of Branch Leader Jing Mo.

"This monster beast isn't an ordinary being," Half Gourd said in a deep voice—it crossed over twenty meters in the blink of an eye and its speed was faster than that of the flying sword.

"It's fine. Its level is only Fourth Stage at most. I will deal with it, and you will take down that bastard!" Branch Leader Jing Mo laughed coldly, lightning flashing in his eyes. Once again, he changed the course of the black flying sword, aiming at Doudou's clone so that it didn't have time to turn around and help Shuhang.

Daoist Half Gourd nodded his head slightly and used the bottle gourd in his hand to attack once again.

But this time, he did not use the bottle gourd to smash Song Shuhang; he opened the cork of the bottle gourd and said, "Absorb!"

After his command, a suction power came alive within the bottle gourd, pulling at Song Shuhang's body. Daoist Half Gourd had a lot of skills, but most of them came from this red bottle gourd, which possessed all kinds of mystical functions.

"Woof!" Doudou's clone in the sky roared, and with a leap, it turned back to save Song Shuhang.

"Wishful thinking!" Branch Leader Jing Mo laughed and wielded its sword, blocking Doudou's clone as a string of sword light spilled out of his blade. Even though his personality was lacking, his power and capabilities were high.

This string of sword light enveloped Doudou's clone's body within it and wrapped around it tightly, depriving him of the chance to display his scary speed.

Doudou's clone was unable to turn back to help Song Shuhang, hence it angrily turned around and wrestled with Branch Leader Jing Mo.

At this time, Song Shuhang's body was getting pulled and sucked into the bottle gourd.

This gourd person, is he also a Fourth Stage Cultivator?

If that's the case... it's time to use THAT magical treasure!

Song Shuhang grabbed something from his waist and pulled out the 'disposable flying sword 004', holding it tightly in his hand.

He only had one chance—he was gonna see how effective this protective object Senior White had given him would be. If it was of no use, then the only thing he could do was to activate the Ten

Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique ‘tattooed’ on his body.

After his body was sucked halfway into the sky, Song Shuhang grabbed his ‘flying sword launcher 013’ and channeled all his power of the qi and blood from within his Heart and Eye Apertures into the flying sword launcher.

The flying sword launcher synchronized with Song Shuhang... thereafter, a scope appeared in his eyes.

This scope—he was very familiar with it.

Gamers who play games such as CS or ‘Cross Fire’ would be very familiar with it. It was that kind of scope in first-person shooter games. Song Shuhang just had to aim the scope at the cultivator controlling the bottle gourd—target locked!

Senior White... ever since you came out of seclusion till now, after owning a computer, what have you been exposing yourself to?

But at this time, Daoist Half Gourd suddenly felt his heart palpitate—and this feeling, it was actually coming from the First Stage kid before his eyes, who was just about to be sucked into the gourd!

"Absorb, absorb, absorb!" Daoist Half Gourd immediately increased his energy output and urged his bottle gourd on in frenzy!

As a loose cultivator, he had a very keen sixth sense. Even though he did not know why this little rascal could make him feel such palpitations, increasing the speed of sucking him into the gourd wasn't a wrong thing to do!

"Launch!" Song Shuhang pressed the button on the 'flying sword launcher' as hard as he could.

At the same time, he gathered all his mental energy and channeled it towards the tattoo on his wrist—if there was any fishy development, he would prepare to run!

"Swoosh!" The disposable flying sword went off.

If the speed of the black sword—owned by Branch Leader Jing Mo—earlier exceeded that of a race car, then the speed of the disposable flying sword that shot out from Song Shuhang's hand would be the same as that of a supersonic airplane!

The sword light flashed!

Daoist Half Gourd opened his eyes and saw a blinding and narrow ray of light.

He wanted to dodge, but no matter how he tried to adjust his body, he was still targeted by the sword light. It was locked onto him.

In his anxiety, he gave up the act of ‘sucking Song Shuhang into the gourd’ and tried to hold the gourd in front of him, taking cover behind it.

However, before the gourd in his hand moved, the narrow light ray had already entered his body—its speed was too fast!

The sword pierced through his heart!

At the same time, the sword intent erupted and ended Daoist Half Gourd’s life.

Daoist Half Gourd only had disbelief in his eyes. His head lowered and he took his last breath.

After piercing Daoist Half Gourd, the disposable flying sword did not stop—with Daoist Half Gourd being stuck onto it, it flew right up into the sky.

Flying and flying at last it disappeared without a trace.

If nothing happened, Daoist Half Gourd’s corpse would be sent deep into space. After all, Senior White developed this ‘disposable flying sword 004’ for the purpose of ‘burning corpses and obliterating all evidence’.

Such a waste, his bottle gourd was a pretty decent magical treasure. This gourd seemed like it wasn’t refined by Daoist Half Gourd, most likely he picked this treasure up in some ancient



ruins.

It was also unknown what kind of fate would await this bottle gourd after it had gone into space. Would it get smashed into smithereens by meteors? Or would it fall onto a star and melt? Or would it wait for its new predestined owner to pick it up in space and use it again?

With the disappearance of the suction force from the bottle gourd, Song Shuhang fell to the ground from high above.

After he fell onto the ground, it was so painful that he grimaced.

"Half Gourd!" Branch Leader Jing Mo cried out, not able to believe his eyes. Within the blink of an eye, his only good friend Half Gourd died!

Killed in the hands of this First Stage bastard!

"Woof." Doudou's clone got out from within his sword light and smirked.

Song Shuhang sure wasn't one that's easy to deal with!

"Cruel, cruel! You guys actually dared to kill Half Gourd, you killed my only good friend!" Branch Leader Jing Mo bellowed with rage and sadness.

Song Shuhang pointed a middle finger at him without any hesitation and said, "Your only good friend? You must be quite a failure as a person."

"Arghhhhhhh!" Branch Leader Jing Mo charged fiercely towards Song Shuhang and said, "Little boy, I don't want the Blood God Crystal anymore, I just want to kill you!"

Blood God Crystal, could it be someone from the Limitless Demon Sect?

"Doudou, block him!" Song Shuhang called out.

"Woof!" Doudou's clone roared and displayed its extreme speed once again, blocking Branch Leader Jing Mo as it continued to fight him.

Song Shuhang held the treasured saber Broken Tyrant in one hand and grabbed onto an armor talisman with the other.

Doudou was indeed very reliable at critical moments!

The seniors in the chat group thought of Doudou as a nuisance, but Song Shuhang felt that even though Doudou could be a nuisance at times, most of the time, he greatly aided Song Shuhang in times of need!

"Keep going, Doudou!" Song Shuhang secretly held onto the last sword talisman, preparing to attack Branch Leader Jing Mo in the

sky at the critical moment!

"Woof!" Doudou's clone called out—his will to fight was stronger than ever!

Its fight with Branch Leader Jing Mo escalated and they both exchanged over a hundred moves at lightning speed. Thereafter, they both separated and stood facing each other for a moment.

At this time, Doudou's clone turned its head around and forced a smile as it looked at Song Shuhang.

That forced smile was very unsightly.

"What?" Song Shuhang was puzzled.

"I don't think I have any strength left," Doudou's clone smiled apologetically.

"Poof!" Its body became a cloud of fog before condensing into a strand of dog fur, drifting in the air before fluttering to the ground.

"..." Song Shuhang.

I was wrong, at critical moments, Doudou is still as unreliable as always, ughhhhh!!!

"Muahaha, this time, let's see who's gonna save you!" Branch Leader Jing Mo laughed sinisterly in the sky, lightning in both eyes. It seemed like he had already entered a state of extreme rage.

The black sword in his hand swung a few times and cut Doudou's dog fur, which had already exhausted all its power, into pieces.

At the same time, the black sword activated and came flying towards Song Shuhang with a strong murderous aura!

Within the blink of an eye, the flying sword had already appeared right before Song Shuhang.

He could only depend on himself! He had to block this attack first before using the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique' immediately after to escape!

# Chapter 199: A Shameful Trump Card

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The sword was coming at him too fast, thus Song Shuhang only had one choice—"innate skill of the Eye Aperture, Expert Sight!"

He instantly activated the innate skill of the Eye Aperture.

In a flash, the whole world slowed down; as for the lightning-fast black sword's trajectory, he could see it clearly!

It was just that the consumption of Song Shuhang's qi and blood within his Heart and Eye Apertures as well as his mental energy was very rapid—it was way too much; based on his current realm, at the peak of his condition, he could only activate 'Expert Sight' for a few breaths.

Within that short interval, Song Shuhang used all his might to move his arms; when his wrist flipped, it activated the Flaming Saber Technique on the ancient bronze ring.

Under the Expert Sight, Song Shuhang could see that the speed which his wrist was moving at was as slow as a turtle's... luckily, based on the estimation of the trajectory, his saber should be able to make it in time!

"Clank..." flames burned brightly on his treasured saber Broken Tyrant, hitting against the black sword.

Thanks to Senior White, Song Shuhang managed to learn and

master basic use of saber from the young man in a green robe in the vast desert.

The full power of the 'Flaming Saber' was unleashed in all its entirety by him.

Saber and sword clashed.

Thereafter, flames burned everywhere. The Flaming Saber Technique got broken by the black sword.

Song Shuhang felt his [purlicue](#) going numb and a tightness in his chest; his entire being flew upon impact.

Even if he used the Flaming Saber, it was only but a Second Stage attack.

And, this flying sword Branch Leader Jing Mo used to attack with his boiling rage was after all a Fourth Stage cultivator's weapon.

A full-on attack with Broken Tyrant could only be used to delay the black flying sword's attack. Under the control of Branch Leader Jing Mo, the black sword still swung ruthlessly towards Song Shuhang as before.

Truth to be told, if what Song Shuhang was holding in his hand wasn't the treasured saber Broken Tyrant, then not only his weapon would have been destroyed, he would have lost his life as well.

After being attacked head on, Song Shuhang's innate skill, Expert Sight, disappeared. At the same time, he used up all the qi and blood within his Apertures, as well as his mental energy.

Just as he was looking at the flying sword swinging towards his body once again, a small golden shield suddenly appeared in front of him.

The ghost spirit within the Heart Aperture sensed his master was in danger and used all its qi and blood to forcefully activate its innate skill—forming a small shield to defend Song Shuhang.

"Clank!"

The sword and shield came in contact with each other.

In the next moment, the shield broke...

...and the attack made by the black flying sword finally was blocked!

However, the remnants of the sword qi from the flying sword swept Song Shuhang's body away, once again causing him to fly and crash heavily against the mountain wall.

Song Shuhang slid down the stone wall, and weakly sat on the floor as he gasped for air. He was unable to move.

His entire qi and blood was fully consumed; even the qi and blood the ghost blood stored had already been used earlier for the small golden shield to ward off the attack. Moreover, due to the injuries he had received from the remnants of the sword qi, he couldn't even raise a finger.

In the sky, Branch Leader Jing Mo did not wave his sword another time. The golden lightning flashing in his eyes started to be tamped down. The pain and rage of losing his friend were actually being suppressed by him.

He landed from the sky and talked down to Shuhang from an elevated position as he said, "Bastard, I initially wanted to swing my sword and slash you, ending everything. But I can give you a chance—give me the Blood God Crystal and I will spare your life!"

Killing this bastard just like that was practically too merciful. He killed his only good friend, so he was definitely gonna capture this bastard and take him back to the Limitless Demon Sect to torture him in several thousands of different ways and make him wish he was dead!

The Limitless Demon Sect specialized in such torture.

"Hehe." Song Shuhang laughed softly, he wasn't frightened.

That's because he had one last trump card left.



He never thought that he would have to resort to this. Honestly, if there were any traces of his qi and blood or energy within his body, he wouldn't be willing to resort to this move.

Because... it was too shameful. Just thinking about the steps to activate it, he got the feeling that the world hated him, doing this to him.

However, in the face of death... he felt that even if it was an embarrassing trump card, it still had to be used.

"Moon Prism Power... Make Up!" Song Shuhang gritted his teeth and shouted.

As he chanted that, he had already cursed Doudou more than ten times in his heart!

"?" Branch Leader Jing Mo was on his guard—actually, transforming oneself was quite common in the world of cultivators.

Many cultivators possessed ancient bloodlines or monster beast's bloodlines, and when they were facing death, they could activate their own bloodline and raise their combat effectiveness exponentially via body transformation.

Except that... Moon prism power transformation, what kind of ancient bloodline was it? Jing Mo had never heard of it before.

As he was distracted and in a daze, all he saw was a hologram of a '3D Calabash Brother' appearing out of Shuhang's wrist. This hologram enveloped Song Shuhang and after that, 'Pow'—it became a string of light particles, wrapping around Song Shuhang and sending him fleeing into the sky, escaping at a very fast speed...

Describing the entire situation in words might make it sound quite long, but in reality, the time taken for Song Shuhang to recite the chant and make his escape at lightning speed took only a split second!

You f\*cker, transformation my a\*ss! It's nothing but an escape technique!

As Song Shuhang was rolled up by the light particles in the midst of escaping, he thought to himself, This is Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique? Its speed is insanely fast.

At this moment, he was flying towards southeast—if successful, he would ultimately fly to Senior White's side.

After being at a loss for a moment, Branch Leader Jing Mo started entering his crazy mode once again, shouting, "B\*stard, thinking about escaping from me? Dream on!"

He stepped onto his flying sword, flying off at maximum speed.

He, who was riding on the flying sword, transformed into a bolt

of lightning, chasing closely after Song Shuhang.

Branch Leader Jing Mo's specialty was lightning-type techniques. Amongst the cultivators in his realm, his flying speed was the best amongst the best. At this moment, coupled with the added speed from pushing his secret technique, the speed of his flying sword steadily increased to that of a 'Fifth Stage cultivator' within a short time.

I can catch up, I definitely can catch up with that bastard!

There is a distance limit set for each escaping technique. If I reach him, I will kill him immediately. At worst, I'll spare some extra labor to extract his soul and retrieve the memories pertaining to the 'Blood God Crystal' from it!

Even though retrieving the memories of a ghost spirit required the consumption of a huge amount of spirit stones, if he could get the Blood God Crystal in exchange, it definitely would not be a loss.

D\*mn it. If I had known, I wouldn't have spouted so much nonsense and just slashed this bastard to death immediately.

Branch Leader Jing Mo was full of regrets.

As he was thinking, he continued erupting in anger, swearing that he was gonna chop off Song Shuhang's head... to make up for his regrets.



At the same time.

Near Jiangnan College Town.

Doudou lay down in a 7-passenger minivan, next to the window, looking at the scenery on the outside and faintly sighed.

He never thought that the strand of dog fur he gave Shuhang would actually be activated... Shuhang must have met a formidable enemy.

But he wasn't worried about Song Shuhang's safety—if Song Shuhang was in the face of death, the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique' mark on his arm would automatically activate and bring him to safety next to Senior White's side.

Yes, apart from calling out 'Moon Prism Power, Make Up!', it also had an automatic return function that would trigger when the host was severely injured. After all, this was left behind by Senior White for Song Shuhang to protect his life—he would have considered all kinds of scenarios.

Hmm... it seemed like he might have forgotten to tell Song Shuhang about it?

But it didn't matter, telling him or not was still the same. The point was that he wouldn't die. That was Doudou's exact sentiments.

If Song Shuhang found out that Doudou kept such an important function of the 'Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique' from him, he would certainly go rabies and let Doudou experience how it felt being bitten by someone affected by rabies!

'Hmm, let's forget about him. I should care more about myself now,' Doudou turned to look at its surroundings. There were several cages lined up all around. In every cage, there was a small dog trembling.

There were pet dogs, stray dogs, mongrels, and expensive 'branded' dogs. There was a huge variety. All of these dogs were weakly lying down in their cages, they did not even have the strength to whimper. They were obviously drugged.

...Doudou was in the hands of 'dog theft syndicate'! And after, it got placed in the car, and they prepared to send him and the other dogs to their central headquarters before they get split up and sent to respective dog meat hotpot restaurants to be sold.

The driver was a fat man—while he was driving, he was also laughing, saying, "Tsk tsk tsk, Jiangnan area is still the best. There are many dog owners here. Their alertness is way too low. All you gotta do is go out for a stroll and you can capture so many dogs. One is going at about 200 RMB, so one car full of dogs would fetch at least a few thousands."

"But it's about time for us to change our area of operation. The police here have started to take action," said a strong man in the shotgun seat.

"What are you afraid of, this is not our first or second time in the area of Jiangnan. When will the police here ever catch us?" The fat man said, bubbling with joy.

"Even if you walk along the shores often, you still have to be careful or you might get your feet wet," said the strong man.

The police of Jiangnan area were not to be underestimated. Even though the dog thieves had never been caught, that was because they were very experienced—their tactics were always changing. As for the other dog theft syndicates, quite a number of them had been caught by the police of Jiangnan area.

As they were speaking, the fat man drove to an abandoned factory.

This place was initially a large iron refining factory. For some reason, it was closed down and eventually became the base and a transfer station for this dog theft syndicate.

"Ok, we're here." The fat man parked his car nicely and opened the door of the minivan.

The small pet dogs within the cages in the car tucked in their tails

and trembled, staring uneasily at the strangers and the unfamiliar environment.

The strong man jumped out of the car and said loudly, "Seven, Frog, come give us a hand and bring these dogs inside. Today we shall deal with the dogs, we'll leave the area of Jiangnan tomorrow."

Soon, two muscular men ran out from within the abandoned factory and prepared to help out, moving the large dogs from within the car.

Right at this moment, suddenly, there was a deep voice coming from within the minivan, saying, "Oh, have you arrived at your base? Seriously... my butt hurts from sitting through the car ride!"

"Who's that?" The strong man got a huge scare, his hair standing on end. After all, they were committing illegal acts—if they got found out, they would have to be locked up in prison. This was certainly not a joke.

"Bang!"

At this time, the sound of metal cage being smashed from within the 7-passenger minivan was heard.

Thereafter, a small pekingese casually walked out from the minivan.

It went to the entrance of the minivan and stood on its hind legs with half of its body leaning against the frame of the door. It then used a playful stare to look down on the human beings that were present and said, "There are four people outside and seven inside. Are these all that you've got?"

The small pekingese's mouth opened and closed, speaking human language.

The strong man rubbed his eyes—he felt as though he was going crazy right now. Am I actually seeing a pekingese speaking like a human?

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# Chapter 200: A Tragic Aerial Collision!

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Did I drink too much? Or am I having hallucinations? Or maybe someone is playing tricks on me?

While he was thinking, the pekingese suddenly took out a mobile phone out of nowhere! Afterward, it used its small paw and pressed on the keyboard three times, dialing a certain number.

...It called the 110!

Then, the pekingese started to talk on the phone, its tone very relaxed, "Hello? Am I talking with a police officer in the Jiangnan College Town area? I'm a concerned citizen, and I discovered the traces of the dog theft syndicate in an old factory on the Fenghuang Street outside the city. This place is full of poor dogs that were seized and taken away. Please, come here as soon as possible to save them!"

The big man was dumbfounded. I must be dreaming, right? Yep, I'm probably still sleeping in my bed... the fact that I'm seeing a pekingese calling the police can't be real, right?

This isn't a frigging movie!

"Oi, this son of a b\*tch is calling the police! Stop him, quickly!" Roared the fatty on the side. No matter where this pekingese came from, it was still reporting them to the police!

"I wonder about that. Although my mother was surely a beautiful pekingese, I was raised by stupid Yellow Mountain," Doudou hung up the phone and said coldly.

The fatty cast all caution to the wind and pounced toward Doudou.

The big man also instinctively put a hand on the dog catching net hanging around his waist, preparing to catch Doudou.

Doudou sneered and used his paw to hit the fatty—who was immediately sent flying. After falling to the ground, he called out pitifully. He wouldn't be able to get up for a while... no, let alone for a while, it was likely that he wouldn't be able to get up for the next two weeks.

After sending the fatty flying, Doudou turned around and jumped up. Then, just like those experts in action movies, he landed on the big man's face, starting to furiously hit him with his paws.

"Sbam, sbam, sbam..."

The big man was hit till he was lying on the ground half dead.

After instantly taking out these two members of the dog theft syndicate, Doudou aggressively barked, "Woof, woof!"

"It's a monster!" The other members of the dog theft syndicate almost pissed their pants from fright. They ran away as fast as they

could.



After one minute, all members of the gang were lying on the ground, unconscious. Doudou had piled them up and formed a human pyramid in the middle of the abandoned factory. There was no way for the average man to outrun a monster dog.

After 15 minutes, the police arrived at the scene.

When the police officers barged into the abandoned factory, they saw the human pyramid formed by the members of the dog theft syndicate. On a side, there were many dog cages with hundreds of different puppies inside. The police officers looked at each other, somewhat confused.

"Is this the doing of the person that reported the crime? Only an outstanding boxer should be able to take on ten people alone." The young police officer said.

The two older police officers squatted down and dumbfoundedly looked at the dog claw marks left on the members of the gang.

This time, they had managed to catch a bunch of sly criminals and save hundreds of pet dogs. This should be quite the achievement, right?

But for some reason, these experienced police officers kept

having the feeling that there was something wrong with this situation.

On the roof, Doudou quietly watched as the members of the dog theft syndicate were arrested and the puppies freed.

Afterward, he lightly jumped and left, just like a hero secretly leaving after saving the day!

At this time, Doudou felt that he was very cool.



China, southeast. Here, there was a mysterious place where no average man could set his foot. This place was engulfed in mist all year long. A lot of adventurers were attracted to this place and decided to explore it. However, no matter how experienced these people were, after entering, they would unknowingly return to their original position.

According to ‘experts’, this place was a natural labyrinth. And since it was always covered by fog, all those that entered would walk till they got lost, unknowingly returning to the starting point.

But in reality... there was a powerful seal set in this place.

The core of this mysterious area was a meteorite. A Sixth Stage True Monarch used the meteorite as a base for the Five Fingers

Mountain Sealing Technique, and sealed a powerful cultivator in this place!

The person sealed in this place was Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist, an influential and powerful cultivator.

200 years ago, he was a well-known elder of the Penniless Thief Sect. He had looted many immortal caves that belonged to Fifth Stage Spiritual Emperors; his achievements were outstanding.

This Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was the same person that had provoked True Monarch Yellow Mountain and had been later sealed in this place due to his death-seeking behavior.

While he was suppressed by the seal, True Monarch Yellow Mountain abused him in various ways.

For example, he specifically created a server and an instant messaging program for him. Afterward, he added 300 fake accounts to keep him company and let him boast about his deeds.

This way, he wouldn't be bored while remaining sealed.

Nowadays, Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist was brimming with confidence and was ready to break the Five Fingers Mountain Sealing Technique, staging a comeback.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain was also very curious. These days, he took some time out of his busy schedule and hid on the

site. He wanted to see just how Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist planned to break the seal.

At first, True Monarch Yellow Mountain was planning to savor Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist's great escape all alone.

But now... a cute girl with a chubby face was standing beside him. She was both anxious and conflicted, and her hands were tightly clasped together.

However, besides her was also standing a handsome... no! He could be described as the most perfect and the most good-looking cultivator in the world. And right now, that cultivator was smiling. His smile resembled the spring breeze caressing one's face.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain was looking at the handsome cultivator with a pained look—he had tried to hide with all his might, and yet, he still ended up meeting Senior White!

"Venerable White, how come you're here?" True Monarch Yellow Mountain asked cautiously. At the same time, he was trying to keep his state of mind under control, not daring to look at Venerable White too much.

"It was quite the coincidence. I didn't expect to meet fellow daoist Yellow Mountain either. I'm here to retrieve my Meteor Sword." Venerable White held his fair chin and nodded, continuing his explanation, "When I was closing up, my Meteor Sword was stolen by a disciple of the Penniless Thief Sect. That disciple is named Liu

Tianzong, but he seems to go by the name of 'Cold Flame Sword' nowadays.

From what I know, Liu 'Cold Flame Sword' Tianzong is planning to come here to rescue Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist from the seal. Therefore, as long as I wait in this place, I'll be able to retrieve my Meteor Sword."

At this time, True Monarch Yellow Mountain really regretted his actions.

Since he wanted to play tricks on Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist, he didn't release him at the scheduled time. And now, it had brought Senior White here.

Had he known this earlier, he would have released Daoist Priest Cloudy Mist ahead of time. Not only that, he would have also arranged a banquet for him and asked him to get the hell out of this place.

But now, it was too late to regret.

Leaving this aside... it seems that Venerable White has changed a bit. Has his mysterious charm weakened? Did he learn to control his charm after breaking through to the Seventh Stage?

"Yep, your guess is correct. I've finally learned to control my aura," Venerable White suddenly turned his head and smiled at True Monarch Yellow Mountain.

What? I'm sure I was thinking that stuff in my mind. I didn't say it out loud... True Monarch Yellow Mountain was at a loss.

"It seems that fellow daoist Yellow Mountain didn't change from last time. Whatever you're thinking in your heart will appear on your face. Just by looking at you, I can more or less guess what you're thinking," Venerable White said with a gentle smile.

F\*ck! So it wasn't a mind-reading technique! True Monarch Yellow Mountain quickly straightened his face, erasing all traces of emotions from it.

"Hehe." Venerable White gently laughed.

Then, he stretched out his hand and swung back his long black hair. Along with his movement, his hair started to flutter in the wind~

Next, Venerable White brightly smiled and released some of the charm he was restraining.

The world was immediately overshadowed.

The scene afterward was the same as that of a few days ago when Song Shuhang was courting death. This time, Venerable White had become the center of the world in True Monarch Yellow Mountain's eyes.



The entire world was black and white, and only Venerable White retained his colors... dazzling and beautiful!

True Monarch Yellow Mountain's heartbeat couldn't help but speed up a bit.

Soon after, Venerable White restrained his charm, and all the feelings from before disappeared.

After staying silent for a moment, Yellow Mountain revealed a clumsy and forced smile.

"How was it? Incredible, isn't it? Now I can restrain and release it at will!" Venerable White said proudly. "Therefore, you lot don't need to avoid me anymore! I already know that many daoists in the group are avoiding me. However, I didn't feel like calling you out."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain silently nodded.

Then, as soon as Venerable White turned his head... he quickly took out his mobile phone and opened the Nine Provinces Number One Group. Afterward, he clicked on Fairy Lychee's avatar and entered her group space.

After looking at a few of her beautiful selfies, True Monarch Yellow Mountain heaved a sigh of relief.

Then, he cautiously shot a look at Venerable White—he felt that this Venerable White that could freely control his charm was even

more dangerous than the one that couldn't!!!



"Ah! I haven't arrived yet?" At this time, Song Shuhang was still flying. Since he had flown for a long time, his head had started to spin.

And that was not all... the ferocious-looking Branch Leader Jing Mo hadn't given up and was still chasing him!

Just where is Senior White? I hope he isn't riding his flying sword. Otherwise, wouldn't I keep chasing after him forever?

While he imagined all this, the figure of a man stepping on the void appeared in front of him.

It was a middle-aged man with a solemn and cold expression. He had a long sword in his hand, and he was stepping on the void as if stepping on flat ground.

He wasn't riding a flying sword, and he didn't seem to be using any particular footwork. This man with a solemn and cold expression seemed to be pondering about something very important. Therefore, he was distracted while he was treading in the sky.

However, this wasn't the real problem. The real problem was that the man was exactly on the trajectory that Song Shuhang was

following!

"No, I'm gonna crash!" Song Shuhang called out in alarm... he would have liked to control his trajectory and avoid the man in the front. Unfortunately, he had no control over the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique.

Moreover, since Venerable White seemed to be nearby, the speed of the Ten Thousand Mile Flying Escape Technique was getting faster and faster. It almost seemed to be in some frenzied state.

The middle-aged man with a cold and serious expression was so lost in thoughts that he didn't hear Song Shuhang's scream at all.

Then, Song Shuhang crashed into the back of the middle-aged man like a cannonball, and they continued flying together...